LVCANS

PHARSALIA:

OR

THE CIVILL WARRES OF ROME,

between POMPEY the great, and IVLIVS CÆSAR.

The whole tenne Bookes,

Englished by

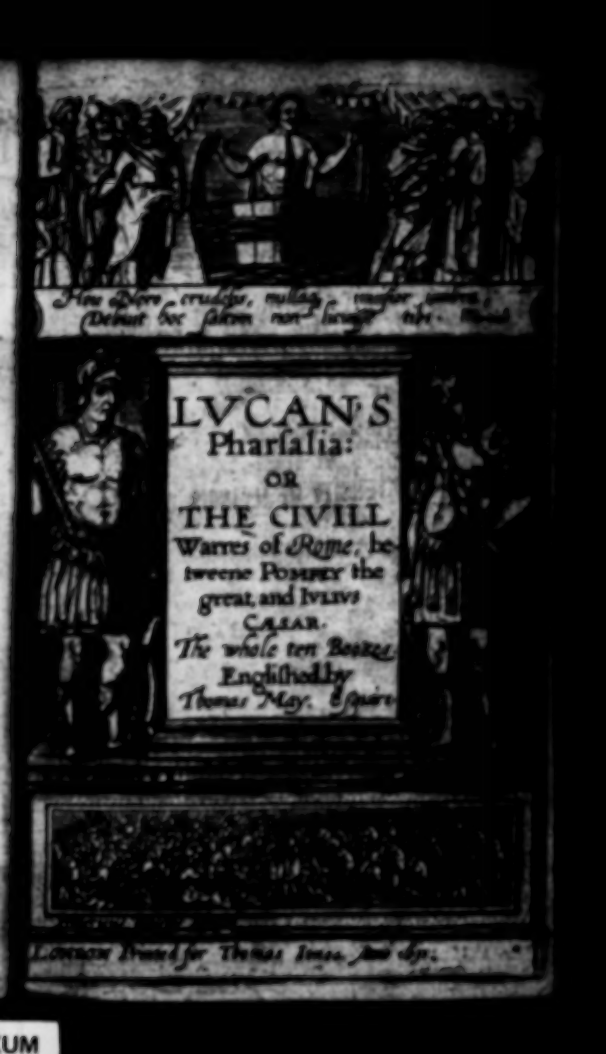
THOMAS MAY, *Esquire.*

The second Edition, corrected, and the Annotations inlarged by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed by *Aug. Mathewes*, for *Thomas Iones*, and are to be sold at his shop in St. *Dunstanes* Church-yard. 1631.

THis dying Figure that rare Lucan shewes,
Whose lofty genius great Apollo chose
When Roman liberty oppress should dy,
To sing her sad, and solemne obsequy
In stately numbers, high, as Rome was great;
And not so much to yeares indebted yet,
As thou, fam'd Maro, when thy infant verse
The Gnats low funerall did first rehearse.
Thy favour'd Muse did finde a different fate:
Thou got'st Augustus love, he Nero's hate;
But was an all more great, and high to move
A Princes envy, then a Princes love.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William Rayner 1792

Edw.d Proger

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TORY.

TO THE RIGHT Honorable WILLIAM, Earle of *Devonshire*. &c.

MY LORD,

THe great subiect of this stately *Poem*, together with the worth of the noble *Author*, haue enboldned me to present the Translation (how meanely soever I have performed it) to your

729862

Honourable hand. I cannot but presume that the high, and rich conceits of *Lucan* from your deepe iudgement shall finde their proper, and due approbation, and my defects, from your noble *candor*, an easie, and gentle censure. The matter of this Worke is a true History adorned and heightned with *Poetical raptures*, which doe not adulterate, nor corrupt the truth, but giue it a more sweet and pleasant relish. The History of it, is the greatest of Histo-

ries,

ries, the affaires of *Rome*, whose transcendent greatnes will admit no cõparison with other *States* either before, or after it; *Rome* was then at that great height, in which S. *Augustin* wished to haue seen it, which after Ages almost with adoration haue admired, and do rather coniecture then fully comprehend. The blood of her valiant citizens, and the conquests, and triumphs of so many ages had raised her now to that vnhappy height, in which shee

could neither retaine her freedom without great troubles, nor fall into a *Monarchy* but most heavy and distastfull. In one the greatnesse of private Citizens excluded moderation: in the other the vast strength, and forces of the Prince gaue him too absolute and vndetermined a power. The vices of *Rome* did at this time not only grow vp to their power, but overthrow it. *Luxury* and *Pride*, the wicked daughters of so noble a Mother as the *Roman Vertue*,

Vertue, began to consume that which brought them forth. These were the seeds of that faction, which rent the State, and brought in violently a change of government. The two heads of this great division (if wee may terme *Pompey* the head of a faction, & not rather the true servant of the publike State) were *Pompey* the great, and *Julius Cæsar*, men of greater eminence then the former ages had seene any, whose prosperous atchiuements in

forreine

forreine wars had too far enabled them to ruine that ſtate, which before they ſerved. The Author of it was a noble Roman, rich in his minde as his large fortunes, of whoſe happy conceits, and high raptures I forbeare to diſpute, or any way anticipate your Lordſhips iudgement. To whoſe noble cenſure I refer both the Author, and my poore endeavours, and ſhall ever reſt.

Your Lordſhips to command,

THO. MAY.

THE LIFE OF MARCVS ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

MARCVS *Annæus Lucanus* was by nation a Spaniard, and borne at Corduba. His fathers name was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, sonne to *Lucius Annæus Seneca* the orratour, and brother to *Iulius Gallio*, and *Lucius Seneca* the Philosopher, *Nero's* Tutor. The two elder Brothers employed at Rome in state affaires (especially *Seneca*) arrived at the height both of dignity, and renowne. They were both Senatours, and by their worthy endeavours deserved not only to bee powerfull in their owne times, but famous to all posterity. *Marcus Mela* the youngest brother content with that title, which his birth gaue him, a Roman knight, and preferring the sweetnesse of a country life before the glorious trouble of

of a court employment, lived at home at his native Corduba; hee married *Caia Acilia* the daughter of *Acilius Lucanus* the Orator, on whom hee begat *Marcus Annæus Lucanus* surnamed of his grandfather by the mothers side. *Annæus Mela*, though but a Roman Knight, was (saith *Tacitus*) a great man, and hee begate *Lucan*, no small addition to his greatnesse; a great testimony of *Lucan's* worth from so judicious an author as *Cornelius Tacitus*. He was borne at Corduba, the third of the Nones of November in the second Consulship of *Caius Cæsar Germanicus* with *Lucius Cæsianus*. When he was eight moneths old, his father brought him to Rome, to season his infancy (so soone as it might bee capable) with the choisest education in learning, and manners. At which time (if we may credit fame, and as was before reported of *Plato*) Bees swarmed about the childes cradle, and pressed in clusters toward his mouth. A happy presage, (as the learned interpreted it) of his future wit, and admired eloquence. His Tutors, and Schoolemasters were the most eminent, and famous men of those times, *Rhemnius Palæmon* the Grammarian, and *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician. By whose carefull instructions, as by his owne diligence, and admirable facility of naturall wit, he arrived in a short

a short time to an high perfection as well in the Greeke, as Roman language. Of all his schoolefellowes hee most vsed the friendship of *Sabinus Bassus*, & *Anlus Persius* the Satyrist. Hee marryed *Polla Argentaria* the daughter of *Pollius Argentarius*, a Noble, Rich, and learned Lady. Brought to the Court by his Vncle *Seneca*, he grew suddainly into great favour with *Nero* the Emperour. He was made Quæstor before the vsuall time, and admitted into the Colledge of *Augurs*. But what vertue could long be safe in such a Court? the jealous tyrant being not able to brooke another mans praises; who amongst all his other cruelties, was most severe in depressing the fame of deserving Men. *Nero* therefore envying the Wit, and excellent Poetry of *Lucan*, suppresst his works, and forbad him any more to recite Verses. Which indignity of all other most hard to bee endured (as witty *Martial*.

Qui vellit ingenio cedere rarus erit.)

Discontenting *Lucan*, drew him into *Pisos* conspiracy. The conspiracy detected, *Lucan* by *Nero* was commanded to dy, but liberty given him to choose his death. Who after a full feast, bad the Physitians cut his veines; and when hee perceived through losse of blood his hands, and feete to waxe cold, and the vitall spirits forsaking the outward parts of his bo-

dy,

dy, with a minde, and looke vndaunted hee recited these Verses of his owne in the third booke of his Pharsalia.

Scinditur auulsus, nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus; ruptis cadit vndique venis;
Discursusque animæ diversa in membra mean-
Interceptus aquis; nullius vita perempti (tis
Est tanta dimissa via.

But others say he did not repeat these Verses, but those in the ninth Booke,

Sanguis erant lachrymæ: quæcunque foramina novit (dant,
Humor, ab his largus manat cruor: ora redun-
Et patulæ nares: sudor rubet: omnia plenis
Membra fluunt venis: totum est pro vulnere corpus.

These were his last words. Hee dyed the day before the Calends of May, in the seven and twentyeth yeare of his age, *Nerva Syllanus*, and *Vestinius Atticus* being Consuls. He was buryed at Rome in his owne most faire, and sumpteous Gardens.

TO

To my choſen Friend,

The learned Tranſlator of LVCAN,

THOMAS MAY,

Eſquire.

VVHen, Rome, I reade thee in thy mighty paire,
And ſee both climing vp the ſlippery ſtaire
Of Fortunes wheele by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line ſome pin thereof ſhould ſtacke
At leaſt, if not the generall Engine cracke.
But when againe I view the parts ſo peiz'd,
And thoſe in number ſo, and meaſure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæſar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calme Brutus tenor ſtart, but all along
Keepe due proportion in the ample ſong,
It makes me raviſh'd with juſt wonder cry
What Muſe, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan theſe true measures? replyes my ſenſe
What gods but thoſe of arts, and eloquence?
Phœbus, and Hermes? They whoſe tongue, or pen
Are ſtill th'interpreters twixt gods, and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and wrought
Lucans whole frame vnto vs, and ſo wrought,
As not the ſmalleſt wyre, or pentleſt word
To the great maſſe, or machine there is ſtirr'd?
The ſelfe ſame Genius! ſo the worke will ſay.
The Sunne tranſlated, or the Soone of May.

Your true friend to Iudgement
and Choiſe

BEN. IONSON.

Vpon this vnæquall'd worke, and the Author.

ROme had beene still my wonder: I had known
Lucan, in no expression but his owne:
And had, as yet confessed it a wrong,
To have prais'd Cæsar in another tongue.
To bring forth One that could but vnderstand,
I thought a pride too great, for any Land,
Yea, for Romes selfe. Who would be proude to tell
How great she was, when she could write so well.
Till truth was better brought by thee: till I
Found Lucan Language'd, like my infancy.
Till Rome was met in England in that State
That was, at once, her greatnesse, and her fate;
So all to vs discover'd, that naught's hid
Which either she could speake, or Cæsar did.
Beyond which, nothing can be done by thee,
Though thou hast more of Lucan, then we see
Reveal'd in this: wherein there is so much
Of myracle, that I dare't doubt him, such
As thou hast rendred him. But that I know
'Tis crosse to be thy friend, and Lucans foe,
Whom thou hast made so much thy selfe, that we
May almost strive about his Pedigree,
Since Rome hath nothing left, to prooue him best
But the foule substance of his Murtherers.
So nearly hast thou reft'd her of his name,
That she can onely restore't with a shame,
Which may she doe, whilst Natures reckon thee,
Lucan in all, except Romes infancy.

I. VAVGHAN.

LVCANS
Pharſalia.

The firſt Booke.

The Argument of the firſt Booke.

The fatall cauſes of this warre are ſhowne,
Enraged Cæſar paſſes Rubicon,
Inuades Arim'num, where to him from Rome
Curio, *and both the baniſh'd Tribunes come*
With new incitements to the ciuill Warres.
Cæſar's *Oration to his Souldiers,*
Bold Labienus proteſtation, which by all
The reſt confirmed makes the Generall
Draw out from euery part of France at once
His now diſperſ'd, and wintring Legions,
Rome's feare, great Pompey with the Senate, flyes;
Heauen, eyre, and earth are fill'd with prodigies.
The Prophets thence, and learned Augures ſhow
The wrath of Heauen, and Romes enſuing woe.

ARres more then ciuill on Æmathian plaines
We ſing: rage licens'd where great Rome diſdaines
In her owne bowels her victorious ſwords;
Where kindred hoaſts encounter, all accords

Of Empire broke: where arm'd to impious warre
The strength of all the shaken world from farre
Is met; knowne Ensignes Ensignes doe defie,
Piles (*a*) against Piles, 'gainst Eagles Eagles fly.
What fury, Countreymen, what madnesse cou'd
Moove you to feast your foes with Roman blood?
And choose such warres, as could no triumphs yeeld,
Whilst yet proud Babylon vn or quer'd held
The boasting trophæs of a Roman hoast,
And vntevenged wander'd *Crassus* (*b*) Ghost?
Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you haue tane,
With that bloods losse, which ciuill hãds haue drawne?
Yours had been *Titans* rising, yours his sett,
The Kingdomes scorched in Meridian heate,
And those, where winter, which no spring can ease,
With lasting cold doth glaze the Scythian seas;
The *Seres* yours, the wilde *Araxis* too,
And those that see Niles spring, if any doe,
Then 'gainst thy selfe, if warre so wicked, Rome,
Thou loue, when all the world is overcome,
Turne backe thy hand: thou didst not want a Foe.
But now that walles of halfe fall'n houses so
Hang in Italian Townes, vast stones we see
Of ruin'd walles, whole houses empty be,
And ancient Townes are not inhabited;
That vntill'd Italy's with weedes orespread,
And the neglected Plowes want labouring hands,
Not thou fierce *Pyrrhus*, nor the Punicke Bands
This waste haue made; no sword could reach so farre,
Deepe pierce the wounds receiu'd in ciuill warre.
But if no other way to *Neroes* raigne
The Fates could finde, if gods their Crownes obtaine,
At such deare rates, and Heaven could not obey
Her *Ioue*, but after the sterne Giants fray;
Now we complaine not, gods, mischiefe and warre
Pleasing to vs, since so rewarded, are;

Let

Let dire *Pharſalia* grone with armed Hoaſts,
And glut with blood the Carthaginian Ghoſts:
With theſe let *Munda's* (c) fatall Battle goe,
Mutina's (d) Siedge, *Peruſian* (e) famine too:
To theſe add *Actiums* (f) bloody Navall fight,
And neere Sicilia (g) *Sextus* flaviſh Fleete.
Yet much owes Rome to civill enmity
For making thee our Prince; when thou the ſky
Though late, ſhalt clime, & chāge thine earthly reigne,
Heaven, as much grac'd, with joy ſhall entertaine,
And welcome thee, whether thou wouldſt put on
Iowes Crowne, or ride in *Phebus* burning Throne,
(Earth will not feare the change) thēce maiſt thou ſhine
Downe on thy World; to thee all power divine
Will yeild, and Nature to thy choiſe will give
What god to be, or where in Heaven to liue.
But neere the Northern Beare oh doe not reigne,
Nor croſſe the point of the Meridian,
From whence obliquely thou ſhouldſt Rome behold,
If all thy weight one part of Heaven ſhould hold,
The Honour'd loade would bowe heavens Axletree;
Hold thou the middle of the poyſed Sky:
Let all the ayre betweene transparent be,
And no darke Cloud twixt vs, and *Cæſar* fly.
Then let Mankinde forget all warre and ſtrife,
And every Nation loue a peacefull life.
Let peace through all the world in this bleſt ſtate
Once more ſhut warre like *Ianus* Iron gate.
Oh be my god: If thou this breaſt inſpire,
Phebus from *Cirrhaes* ſhades I'll not deſire,
Nor Nyſa's *Bacchus*, *Cæſar* can infuſe
Vertue enough into a Roman muſe.

The cauſe of theſe great actions Ile declare,
And ope a mighty worke, what drew to warre,
Our furious People and the World beſide;
Fates envious courſe, continuance ſtill deny'd;

To mighty States, who greatest falls still feare,
And Rome not able her owne weight to beare.
So when the knot of Nature is dissolu'de,
And the worlds Ages in one houre inuolu'd
In their old Chaos, Seas with Skyes shall ioyne,
And Starres with Starres confounded loose their shine:
The Earth no longer shall extend her shore
To keepe the Ocean out: the Moone no more
Follow the Sunne, but scorning her old way
Crosse him, and claime the guidance of the day.
The falling worlds now iarring frame no peace,
No league shall hold; great things themselues oppresse,
The gods this bound to groning States haue set;
But to no Forraine armes would Fortune yet
Lend her owne envy ere great Rome, that awes
Both Land and Sea; shee's her owne ruines cause
Subiected ioyntly to three (6) Lords; how ill
Proone shared rules accords, and fatall, still?
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th'happinesse
To mixe your powers, and ioyntly th'earth possesse?
Whilest Land the Sea, and Ayre the Land shall bound,
Whilest labouring Titan runnes his glorious round,
And through twelue heavenly signes night follows day,
No faith keepe those, that kingdomes ioyntly sway;
Rule brookes no sharers; doe not this beleeue
In forraine States, Rome can examples giue.
A brothers bloud did our first walls distaine,
Nor was the fracious earth and watry maine
This mischiefes price: a refuge for theeues fled.
A little house this brothers hatred bred.
This iarring concord lasted for a space
Dissembled twixt the two: for *Crassus* was
The warres sole let; like that small necke of land,
That in the middst of two great Seas doos stand,
And will not let them ioyne; that take away,
Straight the Ionian meets th'Ægean Sea:

So

So when war parting *Crassus* sadly slaine
With Romane bloud did Asian Charan staine,
That Parthian losse to homebred rage gaue reines;
More then you thinke you did fierce Parthians
That day: our civill war your conquest wrought,
And now Romes Empire by the sword is fought:
That State, that mistresse ore the World did reigne,
Rulde Land and Sea, yet could not two containe.
For *Iulia's* (t) death, whom cruell Fates before
Had slaine, the pledge of their alliance bore
Downe to her graue, if Fate had spar'de her life,
Her furious husband, and sterne fathers strife
She had compos'de, and made their armed hands
Let fall their swords, and ioyne in friendships bands:
As once the Sabin women enterpos'de,
Their sires and husbands bloody iarres compos'de.
Thy death, faire *Iulia*, breakes off all accords,
And giues them leaue againe to draw their swords:
On both sides powerfull æmulation beares
On their ambitious spirits: great *Pompey* feares
That his pirraticke Laurell should giue place
To conquerde France, and *Cæsars* deeds deface
His ancient triumphs; fortunes constant grace
Makes him impatient of a second place;
Nor now can *Cæsar* a superior brooke,
Nor *Pompey* brooke a peere; who iustlier tooke
Vp armes, great Iudges differ, heaven approoues
The conquering cause, the conquerde *Cato* loues.
Nor were they æquall, one in yeares was growne,
And long accustomde to a peaceful gowne
Had now forgot the Souldier: Fame he bought
By bounty to the people: and much sought
For popular praise: his Theaters loud shout
Was his delight; new strength he sought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes fame,
And stood the shadow of a glorious name.

As an old lofty Oake, that heeretofore
Great Conquerors spoiles, and sacred Trophies bore,
Stands firme by his owne weight, his roote now dead,
And through the ayre his naked boughes does spread,
And with his trunke, not leaues, a shaddow makes:
He, though each blast of Easterne winde him shakes,
And round about well rooted Trees doe grow,
Is onely honour'd; but in *Cæsar* now
Remaines not onely a great Generalls name,
But restlesse valour, and in warre a flame
Not to be Conquer'd; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call,
His forward Sword, confident of successe,
And bold the fauour of the gods to presse:
Orethrowing all that his ambition stay,
And loues that ruine should enforce his way;
As lightning by the winde fir'd from a cloude
Breakes through the wounded aire with thunder loud,
Disturbes the Sky, the people terrifyes,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *loues* owne Temple spares it, when no force,
No barre can hinder his prevailing course,
Great waste, as forth it sallyes and roures,
It makes and gathers his dispersed fires.

These causes moou'd the Cheefes, and such as are
In mighty States the common seeds of warre
For since our Chests the conquer'd world hath fill'd
Too full, and vertue did to riches yeild,
Since spoiles, and warrelike rapine taught vs riot,
Excesse in Plate, in buildings reignes; he dyet
Of former times wee scorne, that soft attire
That Women were asham'd of, Men desire.
Strength-breeding poverty is fled, and nought
But wealth from all the spoiled world is sought,
The bane of States, those Lands encreas'd they hold
In th' hands of vnknowne Tenants, which of old

Camillus

Camillus plow share wounded, and the hands
Of th'ancient *Curii* till'd; the state now stands,
Not as of old, when men from auarice free
Could liue in peace, and wisht but liberty.
Hence quarrels grow; what pouerty esteemed
A vild offence: now's greatest honour deem'd,
By Sword our Countreys power in curbe to hold:
Might measures right: Lawes and decrees are sold,
Consuls and Tribunes iarres all right suppresse,
Fasces are bought, the peoples suffrages
Corruptly sought, and giuen; hence bloody iarres
Oft staine elections in the field of *Mars*:
So griping Vsury growes, so faith is left,
And ciuill warre, as gainefull, sought by most.
By this time *Cæsar* the cold Alpes orepast,
In his great thoughts the future warre had cast,
And now to Rubicon's small current come,
He dreames the Image of affrighted Rome
With countenance sad through dusky night appeares;
On her towre-bearing head her hoary haires,
Hung downe all torne, her armes were nak'd when she
Thus sighing speakes, oh whither carry yee,
My Ensignes Souldiers: If you come as friends,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends (c)
A suddaine feare straight chilles the generall veines,
His haire's with horrour rais'd, faintnesse detaines
His steps vpon the banke; then thus he prayes:
Thou, *Ioue*, whose eye these Cities walles surueyes
From thy Tarpeian hill: You Deities,
Of Troy, and *Romulus* hid misteries,
Tarn Latian *Ioue* worshipt on th'Alban mount,
You Vestall fires, and Rome, whom I account
My greatest God, blesse this attempt; not thee,
Doe I inuade: Conquerour by land and sea
Thy *Cæsar* comes, thy Souldier still: Be bee
He in the fault, that caus'd this enmity

Then brooking no delay, the streame showre-swell'd
He marches ore, so in a Libyan field
A Lion viewing his sterne foe at hand,
Till he collect his ire doth doubtfull stand:
But straight whē his Tailes swindge has made him hot,
And rais'd his shaggy Mane, from his wide throat
He roares, then if a Mauritanian Speare,
Or Shaft haue pierc'd his side, voide of all feare,
Regardlesse of that wound he rushes on.
Gently along flowes ruddy Rubicon
From a small Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley dooes divide
Gallia from Italy, now Winter lent
Him strength, and *Cynthia* her full hornes had spent
In showres to rayse his flood, and melted snow
The moist East-wind made downe the Alpes to flow.
The Horse-men first are plac'd against the streame,
To take the waters fury: vnder them
The Foote men shelter'd, found a passage ore
More calme, the current being broke before
But now when *Cæsar* had orecome the flood,
And Italy's forbidden ground had trod,
Here Peace, and broken Lawes I leave, quoth he,
Farewell all Leagues: Fortune Ile follow thee.
No more weele trust: Warre shall determine all:
This said, by Night the actiue Generall
Swifter then Parthian back-shot shaft, or stone
From Balearicke Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum; when every star
Fled from th'approaching Sunne but Lucifer,
And that day dawn'd, that first these broiles should see,
Either the moist Southwindes, or Heavens decree
With pitchy Cloudes darkned the fatall day;
When now the Soldiers by command made stay
Ith Market place, shrill trumpets flourisht round,
And the hoarse Hornes wicked alarums sound.

With

VVith this sad noise the Peoples rest was broke,
The young men rose, and from the temples tooke
Their Armes, now such as a long peace had marr'de.
And their old bucklers now of leather's bar'de:
Their blunted Piles not of a long time vs'd,
And Swords with th'eatings of blacke rust abus'd.
The Roman Colours, and knowne Eagles then,
An' *Cæsar* in the midd'st high mounted scene,
The townesmens trembling joynts for horror faint,
And to themselues they make this sad complaint:
Oh ill built City too too neere the Gaule,
Oh sadly situated place; when all
The world haue peace, we are the spoyle of warre,
And first that are inuaded: happier farre
Might we haue liu'd in farthest North, or East,
Or wandring tents of Scythia, then possest
The edge of Italy. This towne of ours
First felt the furious Gaules, and Cymbrian powers,
Hither the Libyans first, and Germans come,
This is warres way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
Thus silently they mourne, and durst not lend
Their griefe a word, nor teares in publique spend.
As Birds by winters raging cold are still'de,
And the mid-ocean dooes no murmur yeild
But when bright day dissolu'd the dampes of night,
The Fates new fire brands bring, and stirre to fight
Cæsars yet doubting minde, leaving no pause
To shame, but fortune findes him out a cause
Of armes, and labours to make iust his war.
The factious Tribunes by the Senate are
Against their sacred priuiledge exil'de,
And by the *Gracchi's* (*l*) factious names reuil'de.
These now to *Cæsar* came, and brought along
With them bold *Curio's* (*m*) mercenary tongue:
That tongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
Gainst armed great ones for the publike good.

Nor,

Hee when he saw the Generall musing, said,
While this my voice, *Cæsar*, thy cause could aide,
Wee did prorogue, though gainst the Senate's will,
Thy government, while Oratoryes still
Could turne the wauering Peoples hearts to thee.
But since by warres rough hand Lawes silenc'd be,
Wee are exil'd, and gladly it sostaine,
To be endenis'd by thy Sword againe,
Whilst their yet strengthlesse side is only scarr'de,
Vse no delay: delay hurts men prepar'de,
A greater price on equall danger heere
Is set; in Gallia's warre alone ten yeare,
Thou hast consum'd: but here, one field well fought,
Rome has the world to thy subiection brought,
Now thy returne from France with victory
No pompous triumph waites: no Bayes for thee,
Shall deck the Capitoll; baste enuy's hands
Keepe back thy due: conquest of warrelike Lands,
Is made a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule: nor canst thou now diuide
The world; the world thou maist possesse alone.
This speech gaue fire to *Cæsar* too too prone
Before to warre; so peoples showtes raise more
A fierce Olimpicke Steed striuing before
To force the Lists, and breake th' opposing barres,
Straight to the Standard all his Souldiers
Cæsar assembling, 'midst their murmuring noise
Commands a silence with his hand and voice,
Fellowes in Armes, that haue endur'd with me,
A thousand stormes in ten yeares victory,
Haue our spent bloods in northerne Climes deseru'de
This, all our woun'ds, so many winters seru'de
Vnder the Alpes? not more prouision Rome
Would make for warre, if *Hannibal* had come
Ouer the Alpes: Cohorts they reinforce,
Forrests are fell'd for Shipping; all the force

Of

Of Land and Sea is arm'd gainſt *Cæſar* now.
What more (had wee beene vanquiſht) wou'd they do?
If the fierce Gaules our flying backes purſu'de,
That dare now wrong vs; when our warres conclude
Succeſſefully, and friendly Gods vs call?
Let the long peace-infeebled Generall
His gownes, and new rais'd Souldiers bring along,
Vaine names the *Catoes*, and *Marcellus* tongue.
Muſt he with Forreigne, and bought clients be
Glutted with ſtill continuing ſoueraignty?
Can hee triumphant Charriots mount before
The Year's appointed, (*) and let goe no more
Honours (o) vſurp't? why ſhould I now complaine
Of the lawes breach, and famine (p) made for gaine?
Th' affrighted *forum* (q) with arm'd men beſet,
Drawne ſwords enuironing the Iudgement ſeat,
When 'gainſt all law, *Milo* for murder try'de
Pompey's proude Colours clos'd on euery ſide?
Now left his age, though tir'd, a primate ſtate
Should end, by impious ciuill warre his hate
He ſeekes to glut, ſcorning but to excell
His Maſter *Sylla's* guilt: as Tigers fell, (blood
Whom their fierce Dammes with ſlaughtred Camels
VVas wont to nouriſh in th' Hyrcanian wood,
Nere looſe their fury: ſo thou *Pompey* vs'd
To lick the blood that *Sylla's* ſwords effus'd
Retain'ſt thy former thirſt; neuer againe
Grow thoſe fawes pure, that blood did once diſtaine.
VVhen wilt thou end thy too long tirannie,
VVhere bound thy (r) guilt? in thisat leaſt to thee
A patterne let thy Maſter *Sylla* be
To leaue off ſuch vſurped ſoueraigneety.
After the Pirates, and tir'de Ponticke King,
VVhoſe war to end ſcarce Poiſons (t) helpe could bring
Muſt *Cæſars* fall *Pompey's* laſt triumph make,
Becauſe commanded I did not forſake

My

My conquering Army? but if I be barr'd
My labours meede, let these haue the reward
Of their long seruice; let these Soldiers all
Triumph, though vnder any Generall,
Where shall their bloudlesse age after the Warre
Finde rest? what lands shall my old Soldiers share?
Where shall they plow? where shall their City stand?
Are Pirates, (t) *Pompey*, worthier of Land?
March on victorious colours, march away,
The strength that we haue made, we must employ.
He giues the strongest all things, that denyes
His due; nor want we ayding Deities,
Nor spoile these armes doe seeke, nor Soveraignty:
Butto free Rome, though bent to slauery.
Thus spake he: the yet doubting Soldiers
Vncertaine murmurs raise: though fierce with warr
Long vse, their houshold gods their minds gan moove,
And piety: but straight the swords dire loue
And feare of *Cæsar* turnde them backe againe.
Lælius the first Files leading did obtaine:
For saving of a Roman Soldier
Oake-crownd, and freed from duties of the war.
If I may speake, Romes greatest Generall,
Thy Soldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieues vs all,
That such long patience kept thee from so just
A war: or didst thou not thine army trust?
While life-bloud keepes this breathing body warme,
While beandisht Darts fly from this agile arme,
Wilt thou weake gownes, and Senates raigne endure?
In civill war is Conquest so impure?
Lead vs through Libyas gulfes, cold Scythian land,
Lead vs ore thirsty Affricks scorched sand.
This arme the conquerde world behind to leaue
Has plowde the British Oceans curled waue,
And broke the Rhines swift current; thy command
To doe, my will's as ready as my hand.

Here

Hers not my friend, gainst whom thy trumpets sound,
By these thy colours, which ten Camps haue found
Ever victorious, *Cæsar*, here I sweare,
And by thy triumphs, ore what foe so ere,
If thou command me spill my brothers life,
Kill my old Father, or my pregnant wife,
Ile doo't, though with a most vnwilling hand;
Fire Temples, rob the godds at thy command.
Great *Iuuees* Temple in our flames shall sinke;
If to encampe on Tuscan Tybers brinke,
Ile boldly pitch in Italy thy tent.
If to dismantle townes be thy entent,
These armes of mine the battering Ram shall place,
Although the city, thou wouldst quite deface,
Were Rome it selfe. The Souldiers all agree,
And promise him their lifted hands on high
To any war. Their shout not that can passe,
Which the loud blast of Thracian *Boreas*
On piny Ossa makes, and bowes amaine
The ratling wood, or lets it rise againe.
Cæsar perceiving that the Fates gaue way
To war, and his Men prone, fearing delay,
His troopes through France dispers'd straight calling
With flying colours marches on to Rome. (home
They leaue their tents pitcht by Lemanus (v) Lake,
And those on Vogesus high Rockes forsake,
Which aw'de the painted Lingones so strong.
Isara's Fords they leaue, that runne so long
Alone; but in a River of more fame
Falling to' the Ocean beares an other name.
The yellow Ruthens eas'de of their long feare;
Milde Atax ioyes no Roman shipps to beare;
And Varus Italyes encreased bound.
That haven Alcides consecrated ground
With Clifses orelookes the Sea; no Northwest winde,
Nor West blow there: *Cirrius* their proper winde

Reignes

Reignes there, where safe Alcides fort doeth stand.
And that still double full coast, that Sea and Land
Calleuge by turnes: firme land it is when low
The Ocean ebbes, but sea at every flow.
VVhither the winde strong blowing from the Pole,
And then retiring, to and fro doe rowle
The Sea: or that the Moone his course doe guide:
Or but using *Titan* most foode to provide,
Attracting lift the Ocean to the sky,
Seeke you that labour for such skill: for me,
VVhat ere thou be that cause this ebbe and flow,
Be still conceal'd, since heauen will haue it so.
They march away that Nemasus did hold,
And Adors bankes, where Tarbe does enfold
In her crookt shore the sea that gently flowes.
The Santoni reioyce now free'd from foes:
Th'Leuci and Rhemi Archers good; with those
Bituriges, and Speare-arm'd Suessones.
The dwellers neere Sequana skilfull riders.
The Belgæ hooke-arm'd Chariots expert guiders.
Sprung from the Troian blood the Hedui,
That durst claime b other-hood of Italy.
Rebellious Nesuiares (a) stain'd with Cotta's gore;
And they that in loose Mantles imitate
Sarmatia; fierce Batauians whom to warre
Crookt Trumpets call; those neere Cingaare;
VVhere Araris with Rhodanus now met
Runnes ioyn'd into the Sea; the men whose seate
Is on Gebenna mount couer'd with snow.
The Pictones now free their fields can plow.
The fickle Turones are not restrain'd
By garrison; the Andian now disdain'd
To pine in Medua's thick fogges: but goes
For pleasure, where delightfull Liger flowes.
Faire Genabos is freed from garrison;
Treuer is glad the warre from thence is gon:

The

The Ligurs now shorne, once like the rest,
Long haird, of all the vnshorne Gaules the best:
And where with offrings stayn'd of humane blood
Hermes and *Mars* their cruell Altars stood,
And *Ioue* that vil as Scythian Dian's are.
Then you that valiant soules, and slaine in warre
Doe celebrate with praise that neuer dyes,
You Bards securely sung your Elegyes.
You Druides now free'd from warre maintaine
Your Barbarous rites, and Sacrifice againe.
You what heauen is, and gods alone can tell,
Or else alone are ignorant; you dwell
In vast, and desert woods: you teach no spirit
Plutoes pale kingdome can by death inherit.
They in another world informe againe:
The middst twixt long liues (if you truth maintaine)
Is death. But those wilde people happy are,
In this their errour, whom feare greatest farre
Of all feares iniures not, the feare of death;
Thence are they prone to warre: nor losse of breath
Esteeme: nor spare a life that comes againe,
They that the hair'd *Cayes* did conteine
In their obedience, marching now to Rome, (come
From Rhines rude bankes, and new found countrey
VVhen *Cæsar's* now collected strength had bred
More lofty hopes, through Italy he spred
His troopes, and all the neighbouring Cities seiz'd,
Then idle rumours their true feares encreas'd,
And peirc'd the peoples hearts, swift fame gan show
The warres approach, and their ensuing woe.
Then euery tongue a false alarum yeilds:
Some dare report that on the pasture fields
Of faire Metania is the warre begunne,
And bloody *Cæsar's* barbarous Cohorts runne
VVhere Vmbrian Nar does into Tyber flow:
That all his Eagles, and ioyu'd Standards now

With

With a vast strength make furious approach:
Nor doe they now suppose him to be such,
As once they saw him: fiercer far then so
They thinke, and savadge as his conquer'd foe:
That all th' inhabitants twixt th' Alpes and Rhine
Drawne from their countries and cold Northerne clime
Follow: and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By barbarous hands shall fall; thus every one
By feare giues strength to Fame: no author knowne,
They feare what they suppose: but not alone
The People dooes this vaine surmise deceive:
The Senate shakes; th' affrighted Fathers leave
Their seates: and flying to the Consuls giue
Directions for the war; Where safe to liue,
What place t'avoide they know not: whither ere
Their soddaine wits directs their steps, they bere
Th'amazed people forth in troopes: whom nought
So long had stirr'de: a man would then haue thought
The city fir'd, orth'houses sudaine fall
By earthquake threatned, the madd people all
With hasty steppes so vnadvised runne,
As if no way at all were left to shunne
Their imminent, and feard destruction,
But to forsake their habitation:
As when rough Seates by stormy *Auster* blowne
From Libia's Sands, haue broke the maine mast down,
Master and Marriners their Ship forsake
Not torne as yet, leape into th'Sea, and make
Themselues a Shipwracke: so from th' City they
Fly into warre: no Sire his sonne can stay,
No weeping wife her Husband can perswade:
No not their houshold gods, till they haue made
Vowes for their safety; none an eye dares cast
Back on lou'd Rome, although perhaps his last.
Irrevocably doe the people flye.
You gods that easily giue prosperity,

But not maintaine it, that great city fill'd
With natiue soules, and conquer'd; that would yeeld
Mankinde a dwelling: is abandon'd now
An easie prey to *Cæsar*; when a foe
Begirts our Souldiers in a forreine Land,
One little trench nights danger can withstand;
A soddaine worke rays'd out of earth endures
The foes assault; th' encamped's sleepe secures.
Thou Rome, a war vnt noyfd, art left by all,
Not one nights safety trusted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when *Pompey* flyes,
Tis time to feare; then left their hearts should rise
With hope of future good, sad augury bodes
A worse ensuing fate: the threatning gods
Fill heaven, and earth, and sea with prodigies.
Vnheard-of Starres by night adorne the skies:
Heaven seemes to flame, and through the Welkin fire
Obliquely flyes: state-changing comets dire
Display to vs their bloud portending haire:
Deceitfull lightnings flash in clearest ayre.
Strange formed Meteors the thicke ayre had bred
Like lavelins long, like lampes more broadly spread.
Lightning without one cracke of thunder brings
From the cold North his winged fires, and flings
Them 'gainst our Capitoll: small starres, that vie
Onely by night, their lustre to diffuse,
Now shine in midst of day: *Cynthia* bright
In her full orbe, like *Phœbus*, at the sight
Of earths blacke shades eclipses: *Titan* hides,
(When mounted in the midst of heaven he rides)
In clouds his burning Chariot, to enfold
The world in darkenesse quite: day to behold,
No Nation hopes: as once backe to the East
He fled at sight of sad *Thyestes* feast,
Fierce *Vulcan* opes Sicilian Ætna's throate,
But to the sky her flames she belches not,

But on th'Italian shore obliquely flings;
Blood from her bottome blacke Charibdis brings:
Sadlyer barke *Scyllaes* doggs then they were woat:
The Vestall fire goes out: on th'Alban mount
Ioues sacrificing fire it selfe divides
Into two parts, and rises on two sides,
Like the two Theban Princes funtrall fires. (spires
Earth opes her threatning jawes: th'Alpes nodding
Shake off their snow: *Thetis* does higher now
Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spaines Calpe flow.
The native gods did weepe: Romes certaine thrall
The Lares sweating shew'd: the offrings fall
Downe in the Temples: and (as we haue heard)
Nights fatall Birds in midst of day appear'd:
VVilde Beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
Beasts make with mens articulate voice their mone;
Births monstrous both in limmes proposition,
And number; mothers their owne infants fear'd:
Sibilla's fatall lines were sung and heard
Among the people: and with bloody armes
Cybel's head-shaking Priests pronounc'd their charmes,
Th'peoples eares howling a balefull mone:
And Ghosts from out their quiet vrnes did grone.
Clashing of armour, and loude showtes they heare
In desert groues, and threatnings Ghosts appeare.
The dwellers neere without the City wall
Fled: fierce *Eryinnis* had encompast all
The towne: her snaky haires, and burning brand
Shaking: as when she rul'd *Agaue's* hand,
Or the selfe maim'd *Lycurgus*: such was she,
VVho once, when sent by *Iuno's* crueltie,
Great *Hercules* (new come from Hell) did fright:
Shrill trumpets sounded, dismall ayres of night
That horrid noise, that meeting armies yeild,
Did then present: in midst of *Mars* his field

Rose Sylla's ghost, and woes ensuing told:
Plowmen neere Anions streames Marius beheld
Rise from his sepulchre, and flye appall'd.
For these things were the Tuscan Prophets call'd
As customs was: the sagest of them all
Dwelt in Etrurian Luna's desert wall.
Arruns, that lightnings motion understands,
Birds flight, and entrailes op'te: he first commands
Those monstrous births, that from no seede did come,
But horrid issues of a barren woombe,
To be consum'd in fire: then all the towne
To be encompast in procession:
Th' high Priests (whose charge it is) he next doth vrge
The City walles with hallowed rites to purge
Through their whole circuit: following after these
Th' inferiour Priests attir'd Gabinian wise:
The Vestall Maides with their vail'd Sister come,
That only may see Troy's Palladium:
Then those that Sybyll's secret verses keepe,
And Cybell yearely in still Almon steepe:
Septemuiri that governe sacred Feasts,
The learned Augurs, and Apollos Priests:
The noble Flamen, Salius that beares
On his glad neck the target of great Mars.
VVhilst they the towne compasse in winding tracts,
Arruns the Lightnings dispers'd fire collects,
And into th' earth with a sad murmure flings:
Then names the places, and to th' altar brings
A chosen Bull: then wine betwixt his hornes
He powres, and sprinkles ore with Salt and Corne
His knife: the Bull impatient long denyes
Himselfe to so abhor'd a Sacrifice.
But by the guirded Sacrificers strength
Hanging vpon his hornes, orecome at length
Bending his knees holds forth his conquer'd necke,
Nor did pure blood come out, but poyson black

Instead of blood, from the wound open'd flyes
Arms grew pale at this sad Sacrifice,
And the gods wrath he in the Entrailes seekes,
VVhose colour fear'd him: pale they were with streakes
Of blacke th'infected blood congealed showes
(Sprinkled with different paleneſſe) various.
The liver putrifi'de, on th'hoſtile ſide
VVere threatning veines: the lungs their fillets hide:
A narrow line divides the vitall parts:
The heart lyes ſtill, and corrupt matter ſtarts
Through gaping clefts: no part oth'cauſe is hid:
And that which never w-thout danger did
Appeare, on th'entrailes was a double head,
One head was ſicke, feeble, and languiſhed:
The other quicke his pulſes nimbly beates.
By this when he perceiu'de what woe the Fates
Prepar'de, he cri'de aloud, all that you doe
O gods, I muſt not to the People ſhow:
Nor with this hapleſſe ſacrifice can I
Great *Iupiter* thy anger pacifie:
The blacke infernall deities appeare
In th'entrailes: woes vnſpeakable we feare,
But greater will enſue: you gods lend ayde,
And let no credit to our Art be had,
But couzned *Tages* fiction: thus with long
Ambages darkly the old Tuſcan ſung.
But *Figulus*, whoſe care it was aright
To know the gods and heavens: to whom for ſight
Of planets, and the motion of each ſtarre,
Nor great Ægyptian *Memphis* might compare,
Either no lawes direct the world, quoth he,
And all the ſtarres doe move vncertainely;
Or if Fates rule, a ſwift deſtruction
Threatens mankinde, and th'earth, ſhall Cities downe
By earthquakes ſwallow'de be? intemperately
Shall ayre grow hot? falſe earth her ſeedes deny?

Or

Or shall the waters poyson'de be? what kinde
Of ruine is it, gods, what mischiefes finde
Your cruelties? many dire aspects meete,
If *Saturne* cold in midst of heaven should sit
Aquarius would *Deucalions* flood haue bred
And all the earth with waters overspred;
If *Sol* should mount the Nemean Lions backe,
In flames would all the worlds whole fabrick cracke,
And all the sky with *Sol's* burnt chariot blaze.
These aspects cease; but thou that burn'st the clawes,
And fir'st the tayle of threatning Scorpion, (downe
VVhat great thing breedst thou *Mars*? milde *Ioue* goes
Oppressed in his fall, and in the skyes
The wholesome starre of *Venus* dulled is;
Mercury looses his swift motion,
And fiery *Mars* rules in the sky alone
VVhy doe the starres their course forsaking, glide
Obscurely through the ayre? why does the side
Of sword-bearing *Orion* shine too bright?
VVarres rage is threatned, the sword's power all right
Confounds by force: impiety shall beare
The name of Vertue, and for many a yeare
This fury lasts; it bootes vs not to craue
A peace: with peace a master we shall haue.
Draw out the series of thy misery,
O Rome, to longer yeares, now onely free
From civill warre. These prodigies did scarre
The multitude enough: but greater sarre
Ensue; as on the top of Pindus mount
The Thracian women full of *Bacchus* wont
To raue; so now a matron ran possest,
By *Phœbus* vrging her inspired brest.
VVhere am I carried now? where leau'st thou me,
Paean, already rapt aboue the Sky?
Pangæa's snowy top, Philippi plaines
I see: speake, *Phœbus*, what this fury meanes:

VVhat swords, what hands shal in Romes battels meet,
VVhat warres without a foe? oh whither yet
Am I distrastid? to that Easterne land,
VVhere *Nile* discolours the blew Ocean?
There, there alas I know what man it is,
That on *Nile's* banke a trunke deformed lyes.
Ore Syrtes sands, ore scorched Libya,
VVhether the reliques of Pharsalia
Erinnis carry'd ore th' Alpes cloudy hill,
And high Pyrene am I carried still.
Then backe againe to Reme, where impiety,
And fatall warre defiles the Senate house.
The Factions rise againe; againe I goe
Ore all the world; shew me new Kingdomes now,
New Seas; *Philippi* I have seene; this spoke
The furious fit her wearied breast forsooke.

FINIS Libri primi.

Annotations on the first Booke:

(a) *Romane Darts or Iavelins which their footmen used, about five foot long. If any man quarrell at the word Pile, as thinking it scarse English, I desire them to give a better word. For, Dart or Iavelin is a word too generall, and cannot intimate a civill warre: for darts had fought against darts, though a Roman Army had fought against barbarous, and forreigne Nations. But Pilum was a peculiar name to the Roman darts, and so meant by* Lucan, *which if any deny, let him read these Verses in the seventh booke of our Author:*

—— sceleris sed et mine nullo
Externam maculant Chalybem, stetit omne coactum
Circa pila reus. ——

(b) Marcus Crassus *a great, and rich Roman, ruling the*

the Province of Syria, went with a Consular Army to the Parthian warre, and was there defeated, and slaine, together with his Sonne, and his whole Army, by Surena *the Kings Generall.*

(c) *Nere* Munda *a City in Spaine, the two Sonnes of* Pompey *were overcome by* Iulius Cæsar. Cneius *was slaine, and* Sextus *fledde, thirty thousand Pompeians were there slaine: insomuch that* Cæsar *to besiedge the conquered, made a countermure of dead carkasses.*

(d) Antonius *besiedged* D. Brutus *in Mutina a city of Gallia Cisalpina: in raising which siedge, both the Consuls,* Hircius *and* Pansa *were slaine: but* Augustus *afterward raised it.*

(e) *Perusia a city in Thuscia, whither* Lucius Antonius *had fledd, was by* Augustus *forced to yeed through Famine.*

(f) *Where* Augustus *in a sea-fight vanquished* Antonius *and* Cleopatra.

(g) *A fight on the Sicilian Sea, where* Sextus Pompeius *had armed Slaues and bondmen against* Augustus, *by whom he was there defeated*

(h) *These three were* Crassus, Cæsar, *and* Pompey; *who all excelling in wealth, dignity, fame, and ambition, reconciled to each other, and linked together in affinity, entred into such a league, that nothing should be done in the Common wealth, that displeased themselues, diuiding among themselues, Provinces, and Armies.* Pompey *by his Lieutenants governed Spaine and Affrica,* Cæsar *had his government over all Gallia prorogued for another fiue yeares;* Crassus *governed all Syria*

(i) Iulia *a vertuous Roman Lady daughter to* Cæsar, *and wife to* Pompey *the great; who dyed vntimely for the Common wealth, since her life might haue preserved peace betweene her husband and her father.*

(k) *Beside Rubicon was a pillar raised vp, and vpon it a decree of the Senate engraven, that it should not bee*

 lawfull

lawfull for any to come armed homeward beyond that place.

(l) Quintus Cassius *and* Marcus Antonius *Tribunes of the people, for speaking boldly in the behalfe of* Cæsar, *were commaunded out of the Court by the two Consuls,* Marcellus *and* Lentulus, *who vpbraided them with the sedition of the* Gracchi, *and threatned the same ende to them, vnlesse they departed; the Tribunes escaping out of the Citty by night, in poore and base attire, fled to* Cæsar, *and with them* Curio.

(m) *This* Curio *had lately beene Tribunt of the people, and a great enemy to* Cæsar; *he was beloved by the vulgar, and an excellent speaker; but being much in debt,* Cæsar *relieved him, and made him of his Faction.*

(n) *The lawfull age to triumph in, was thirty yeares old; but* Pompey *the great had triumphed over* Hiarbas *King of Numidia, when hee was but foure and twenty yeares old.*

(o) *The Pretorship* Pompey, *without voyces, tooke to himselfe, being twenty three yeares olde, he was Consull alone, and had held other Honours contrary to custome.*

(p) Pompey *the great, that hee might bee chosen at Rome overseer for Corne, tooke a course that none should bee brought in from other parts, insomuch as that the City enaured famine: vpon which* Clodius *could say, The law was not made for the Famine, but a Famine was brought in of purpose, that such a Law might bee made.*

(q) *When* Milo *was arraigned for* Clodius *death,* Pompey *to suppresse the tumult of the people, environed the iudgement place with armed men, a thing vnlawfull to doe.*

(r) Sylla 60. *yeares old gaue over his Dictatorshippe, and lived privately at* Puteoli.

(s) Mithridates *King of Pontus warred with the Romans forty yeares; he was weakened, and received*

overthrowes

overthrowne from Sylla and Lucullus, and conquered by Pompey, being besieged in a towne by his sonne Pharnaces, he could not perswade himselfe, having much vsed Antedates, but fell vpon his sword, and dyed.

(t) Pompey the great had made a Colony of Cicilian pirats, whom he had vanquished.

(v) Lac de Lorange; those seuerall townes and Countries of France, where Cæsars Army lay in Garrison, and from whence they were now drawne, are heere set downe by their old names; and this little volume will not afford roome so far to enlarge my Annotations, as to set down the names as they are now called, being all changed.

(x) The most fierce people of the Belgians, where Titurius Sabinus, and Aruunculus Cotta, two of Cæsars Lieutenants, with fiue Coherts were entrapped, and slaine by fraude of Ambiorix.

LVCANS.

LVCANS
Pharſalia.

The Second Booke.

The Argument of the ſecond Booke.

Th' author complaines that future fates are knowne,
The ſorrow of affrighted Rome is ſhowne.
An old man calls to minde the civill crimes
Of Marius, *and* Syl a's *bloudy times.*
Brutus *with* Cato *does conferre, to whom*
Chaſt Martia *come from dead* Hortenſius *Tombe*
Againe is married in a funerall dreſſe.
Pompey *to Capua flyes. What Forts poſſeſt*
By Cæſar *are ſurpriſde, who without fight,*
Puts Sylla, Scipio, Lentulus *to flight,*
And takes Domitius *at Corfinium.*
Pompey's *Oration. From* Brunduſium
He ſends his eldeſt Sonne to bring from farre
The Eaſterne Monarchs to this civill Warre,
But there beſiedg'd by Cæſar *ſcarſe can he*
Scape ſafe away by nights obſcurity.

NOw the gods wrath was ſeene: playne ſignes of warre
The world had given: foreſpeaking nature farre
From her true courſe, tumultuous monſters made,
Proclaiming woe, Oh *Ioue*, why doſt thou adde
This care to wretched men, to let them ſee,

By

By dire portents their following misery?
Whether the worlds Creator when he did
From the darke formlesse *Chaos* light divide,
Stablisht eternall Lawes, to which he ty'de
The creatures, and himselfe, and did divide
The worlds seu ages by vnchanged fate:
Or whither (nothing precordain'd) the state
Of mortall things chance rules: yet let that be
Secret that thou entendst: let no eye see
His future Fate, but hope as well as feare.
VVhen the sad City had conceiu'd how deare
Heavens truth would cost the world: her generall woe,
Proclaim'de a Fast: the mourning Senate goe
Like the Pl beians clad: the Consuls ware
No purple Roabes: no words their griefe declare:
Mute is their sorrow; such a silent woe
A dying man's amazed household show,
Before his funerall conclamation,
Before the mothers lamentation
Call on the k. varts weeping, but when she
Feeles his stiffe limmes, dead l okes, and standing eye,
Then tis no feare but griefe: downe she doth fall,
Howling vpon him. So Romes Matrons all
Leaue off their habits, and attires of grace,
And in sad troopes the Altars doe embrace.
One weepes before the gods; one her torne lockes
Throwes in the sacred porch: another knocks
Her breast against the ground: the go's, whose eares
VVere vide to p ayers, now onely howling heares:
Nor to *Iaues* ten ple did they all repaire:
They part the gods: no altar wants his share
Of envy-making mothers: but one there
Her pl aint-bruisde armes, & moystned cheekes did teare
Now, now, quoth she, oh mothers teare your haire,
Now beat your breasts, doe not this griefe deferre
Till the last ills: while the Cheifes doubtfull are;

VVe

We may lament: when one is conquerer,
We must reioyce; thus griefe it selfe did mooue.
Such just complaints against the powers aboue
The Souldiers make, that to each army turne:
Oh miserable men, that were not borne
When Carthage warr'de, at Trebia's overthrow,
Or Cannæ's mortall field; nor beg we now
For peace, oh gods; stirre each fierce Nation,
Raise mighty Cities: let the world in one
Conspire: let Median powers from Susæ come,
Nor let cold Ister hold his Scythians from
This war: the Suevians from the Northren clime
Let Albis send, and the rude head of Rhine:
Make vs all peoples foes, so not our owne:
Here let the Daci, there the Getes come on:
Let one his forces against Spaine employ;
Gainst th'Easterne bowes let tothers Egles fly:
Let Rome haue war with all; or if our names
You gods would ruine, let the sky to flames
Dissolv'd fall downe, and quite consume our coasts;
Or thunder strike both Captaines with their hosts
While they be guiltlesse, *Ioue*, seeke they to try
With so much mischeife who Romes Lord shall be?
'Twere scarse worth civill war that none should reigne;
Thus then did bootlesse piety complaine.
But the old men mov'd with particular griefe
Curse their old age, and ill prolonged life,
Their yeares reserv'd againe to civill war:
(a) One seeking presidents for their great feare;
Such woes, quoth he, the gods intended vs,
When after (b) both his triumphs, *Marius*
His flying head among the reedes and sedge
Once hid; the Fennes then cover'd Fortunes pledge;
But taken he endur'd a prison's stinch,
And his old limmes did iron shackles pinch.
To dye a Consull, happy, and in Rome

Before

Before (e) hand suffered he for guilt to come,
Death fled him oft, and power to shed his blood
In vaine a Cimbrian (d) had, who trembling stood;
Offring a stroke, his faultring hand the sword
Let fall; his dungeon did strange light afford.
Th' affrighted Cimbrian furyes seem'd to see,
And heard what *Marius* afterward should be:
Thou canst not touch this life: to fate he owes
Thousands of liues, ere he his owne can loose:
Cease thy vaine fury: if you Cimbrians wou'd
Revenge on Rome your slaughtered Nations blood,
Sane this old man, whom their sterne will to serue
Not the gods loue, but anger did preserue:
A cruell and fit man, when Fate contriu'de
Romes ruine: he on Libyan coasts arriu'de
Wandred through empty cottages vpon
Triumphed *Iugurth's* spoil'd dominion,
And Punicke ashes troad: each others state
Carthage (e) and *Marius* there commiserate,
And both cast downe, both now the gods excus'd:
But into *Marius* minde that ayre infusde
A Libian rage; when Fortune turn'de againe,
Slaues from (f) their Lords, & prisoners frō the chaine
He free'de, and arm'de: no man his Ensignes bore,
But who the badge of some knowne mi chiefe wore,
And brought guilt to the campe: oh Fates how sad
A day was that, when conquering *Marius* had
Surpris'de the walls? how swift flew cruell death?
Senators with Plebeians lost their breath.
The sword rag'd vncontrol'de: no breast was free:
The temples staind with blood, and slippery
Were the red stones with slaughter, no age then
Was free, the neere spent time of aged men
They hasten'de on; nor sham'de with bloody knife
To cut the Infants new span thread of life.
What crime had Infants done to merit death?

But 'twas enough that they could loose their breath,
Fury directs them, guilty lines to take
A long, seem'd too remisse; for number sake
Some fall; one cutt' off heads he does not know;
Whilst empty-handed hee's a sham'd to goe.
No hope to scape, but kisse the blood-staind (g) hand
Of *Marius*; though a thousand swords did stand
Ready, base People, did you not disdaine
At such a price a life, though long, to gaine,
Much lesse a time so short, so troublesome,
And breath but respited till *Sylla* come?
Who now has time to waile Plebeian fates?
Scarce can we thine, braue *Babius*, (h) whom the hates
Of the fierce multitude in pieces tore:
Nor thine *Antonius* (i) that thy death before
Couldst propheſie, whose gray-head bleeding yet
On *Marius* table the rude Souldier ſett.
Torne are the headleſſe *Craſſi*, (k) impious wood
Is ſtain'd with ſacred Tribunitiall blood.
Thou *Scævola* (m) that didst a kiſſe diſdaine
Of *Marius* hand, at *Veſtaes* Altar ſlaine,
And never quenched fires; but ages drought
Left thee not ſo much blood; as would put out
The flame. His ſeventh (n) Conſulſhip now come,
Old *Marius* dies: a man, that had orecome
Fortunes worſt hate, and her beſt loue enjoy'de,
And taſted all that Fates for man provide.
How many neere the Colline port were kill'd,
How many Carcaſſes on heapes were pil'de
At Sacriporium? (o) where almoſt her ſtate
Had the worlds Empire chang'd, and Samnis yet
Hop'd deeper fame to wound the Roman name,
Then at the Caudine (p) Forkes; then *Sylla* came
With a revenge more bloody: His ſword reft
Rome of that little blood before was left.
Whilſt cutting off (cruell Chirurgian)

Th'

Th' affected parts, too farre his lancing hand
Followes the sore; first guilty men are slaine,
At last when none but guilty could remayne
Their hates take greater freedome; forth they breake
Without the curbe of any law; they wreake
Their private angers now: for *Sylla's* sake
All is not done: for every one fulfills
Their owne bloodthirsty, and revengefull wills
Pretending his command; with impious steele
Servants their masters, sonnes their fathers kill;
Which sonne shall be the parricide by strife
They seeke: a brother sels a brothers life.
Some hide themselues in tombes: liue men remaine
Among the dead: beasts dennes can scarse containe
The flying multitude; one strangled dyes
By his owne hand; one from a precipice
Dyes broken with the fall, preventing so
The tyranny of his insulting foe.
His funerall pyle one making, ere he dyes
Leapes in, and whileſt he may, those rites enjoyes.
Great Captaines heads born throgh the streets on speares
Are pil'de vp in the Market; there appeares
Each secret murder; not so many heads
In stables of the tyrant *Diomed's*
Thrace saw; nor *Lybia* on Antæus wall,
Nor mourning Greece in *Oenomaus* hall.
Limmes putrifi'de, which all knowne markes had left
Worne out by eating time, by fearefull theft
The wretched parents take, and beare away:
My selfe (I still remember that sad day)
Desirous those forbidden rites to do
To my slaine brothers head, searcht to and fro
The carkasses of *Sylla's* peace, to see
What trunke 'mongst all, would with that head agree.
What neede I tell how *Catulus* was paide
With blood, how *Marius* a sad offring made

Who

And wretched sacrifice before the tombe
Of his perchance vnwilling foe did come.
His (g) mangled joynts, as many wounds as limmes
We saw: yet no wound deadly given him
Through his spoyl'd body, an example rare
Of cruelty, a dying life to spare.
His hands chopt off, his tongue cut out as yet
Wagg'de, and the ayre did with dumbe motions beat:
One slits his nostrils, one cuts off his eares;
His eyes out last of all another teares,
Left in till then his mangled limmes to see,
A thing past credit, one poore man should be
The subject of so many cruelties.
A lumpe deform'd his mangled body lyes
So strangely slaughter'd, nor disfigur'de more
Floates a torne shipwrackt carkasse to the shore
From the mid-Sea. The fruit of all your toile
Why doe you loose, and *Marius* face so spoile,
That none can now discerne him; 'twere more needt
Sylla should know him to applaud the deed.
(r) *Praeneste's* fortune saw her men all dye
In one death's space, the flowre of (f) Italy,
The onely youth of Latium sadly slaine
Did wretched Romes Ovilia distaine.
So many men to cruell death at once
Oft Earthquakes, Shipwrackes, or infections
Of Aire or Earth, Famine, or Warre hath sent:
Never before a doome of punishment
The souldiers throng'de could scarcely weild at all
Their killing hands, the slaine could hardly fall
Supported so; but number did oppresse
The dying people, and dead carcasses
Encreasde the slaughter, falling heavily
On living bodies; his strange cruelty
Secure and feareleese *Sylla* from above
Beheld; nor could so many thousands moove

His heart, by him commanded all to dye.
I'th' Tyrthene gulfe their pil'de vp bodies lye.
The first throwne in vnder the water lay,
The last on bodies; strongest ships they stay,
And Tiber parted by that fatall bay
Sends one part to the Sea; carkasses stay
The other; till the violent streame of blood
Enfore'd the waters course to Tibers flood.
Nor can the bankes the River now containe,
But ore the fields the bodies floate againe
Rowling at last into the Tyrthene maine,
On the blew waues it sets a purple staine.
For this did *Silla* merit to be stil'de
Happy, and (o) saviour, and in *Mars* his field
To be interr'de? but these blacke mischiefes are
To be endurd againe; this cruell war
Will the same order, and conclusion take,
But feares more horrid suppositions make,
And in this war mankind shall suffer more.
The exil'de *Marsi* sought but to restore
Themselues againe; and *Sylla's* victories
Sought but the ruine of his enemies.
Their aymes are higher; both long powerfull take
Vp armes; and neither civill war would make
To doe as *Sylla* did. Thus wayles old age,
Remembring past, and fearing future rage.
This terror strooke not noble *Brutus* heart,
Nor in this frightfull stir was he a part
Of the lamenters; but at midnight he
(When now her waine *Parrhasian Helice*
Turn'de) at his unkle *Catoes* no large house
Knockes; him he findes waking and anxious,
For Rome, and the whole State a fearefull man,
Not for himselfe; when *Brutus* thus began.
Banisht, and flying vertue's onely hold,
And refuge, which no storme of fortune could

Ere

Ere reaue thee off? guide thou this wauering heart,
And to my thoughes a certaine ſtrength impart
At *Cæſars* ſide, or *Pompeye's* others ſtand,
Ore *Brutus* none but *Cato* ſhall command.
Wilt thou keepe peace, and in this doubtfull age
Vnſhaken ſtand? or mingling with the rage
Of the mad rout, this ciuill war approue?
Others to this ſad war bad cauſes moue:
One his ſtain'd houſe in peace, and feare of Lawes,
Another fights for want, mingling that cauſe
VVith the worlds wracke; blind fury leades on none:
All drawne with gainefull hopes; but thee alone
The war it ſelfe affects. VVhat booteſt thee
T'haue beene ſo long from the times vices free?
This onely meede of thy long vertue take,
The warres find others guilty, thee they make.
But let not wicked war haue power t'employ
Theſe hands, O gods, let not thy lauelin flye
'Mongſt others in a thicke skie darkning cloude:
Let not ſuch vertue be in vaine beſtowde.
The warres whole chance will caſt it ſelfe on thee.
VVho would not dye vpon that ſword, and be
Cato's offence, though ſlaine by another hand?
Thou might'ſt alone, and quiet better ſtand,
As ſtarres in heaven ſtill vnſhaken are,
VVhen lightnings, ſtormes and tempeſt rend the ayre,
Nearer to earth: VVindes rage, and Thunders ſpight,
Plaine grounds muſt ſuffer; when *Olympus* height
Plac'd by the gods aboue the cloudes, is free;
Small things iarres vexe, the great ones quiet be.
'T will glad proud *Cæſar*, in this war, to heare
So great a Citizen has deign'de t'appeare:
Nor will it grieue him that great *Pompeye's* ſide
Is choſe, nor his; 'twill be enough his pride
That *Cato* has approu'd of ciuill war.
Romes Senate, and both Conſuls armed are

Vnder a priuate man, and many moe
Of note and worth, to these adde *Cato* too
Vnder command of *Pompey*, none liues free
In all the world but *Cæsar*; but if we
Doe for our countreyes, Lawes, and freedome goe
To war; then *Brutus* is not *Cæsars* foe,
Nor *Pompeys*, but the Conquerours, who ere:
Thus *Brutus* spake; when for an inside cleare
These sacred words drew *Cato*; We confesse,
Brutus, that ciuill war's great wicked nesse:
But where the Fates will leade, vertue shall goe
Securely on; to make me guilty now
Shall be the gods owne crime; who would endure
To see the world dissolue, himselfe secure?
Who could look on, when heaven should fal, earth faile,
And the confusde world perish, and not waile?
Shall vnknowne Nations in our Roman war
Engage themselues? and forreine Kings from far
Crossing the Seas? and shall I rest alone?
Farre be it, gods, the *Dani*, and *Getes* should mone
Their losses in Rome's fall, and *Cato* lie
Secure: as parents, when their children die,
In person mourne, build vp with their owne hands
The funerall pyle, and light the fatall brands;
I will not leaue thee, Rome, till I embrace
Thy hearse, and liberty, thy dying face,
And fleeting Ghost with honour doe attend.
So let it goe; let th'angry gods intend
A compleate Romane sacrifice; no bloods
Will we defraud the warres; would the gods
Of heaven, and *Erebus* would now strike dead
For all our crimes this one condemned head.
Deuoted *Decius* by his foes could fall:
Me let both Roman hosts assault, and all
Rhines barbarous troupes; let me i'th midst receiue
All darts, all wounds, that this sad war can giue.

Let

Let me redeeme the people: let my Fate
What ere Romes manners merit, expiate,
Why should the easily conquer'd people die,
That can endure a Lord? Strike onely me,
Me with all swords, and Piles, that all in vaine
Our wronged lawes, and liberties maintaine:
This throate shall peace to Italy obtaine.
After my death he that desires to raigne,
Need not make war: but now let's follow all
The common Ensignes, *Pompey* generall.
Though he orecome, 'tis not yet knowne that he
Meanes to himselfe the world, sole Monarchy,
Ile helpe him conquer, least he should suppose
He conquers for himselfe. From thisarose
Young *Brutus* courage: this grane speech too farre
Made the young man in loue with civill warre.
Now *Phebus* driving the cold darke away,
They heard a noyse at doores; (v) chast *Martia*
Come from *Hortensius* tombe, stood knocking there:
Once given a Mayd in marriage happier:
But when the fruit, and price of wedlocke she
Three births had payd: another Family
To fill, was fruitfull *Martia* lent a Bridle,
To joyne two houses by the Mothers side.
Now when *Hortensius* ashes vrned rest,
She in her funerall robes, beating her breast
With often strokes and tearing her loose haire,
Sprinkled with ashes from the Sepulchre,
To please sowre *Cato*, with a gesture sad
Thus speakes: Whilst blood, & mylding strength I had,
Cato, I did thy will, two husbands tooke:
Now worne away, and with oft travell broke
I come, no more to part: grant now our old
Wedlocks vntasted rites: grant me to hold
The empty name of wife, and on my Tombe
Write *Cato's Martia*, least in time to come

It may be ask'de whether I left the bed
Of my first Lord bestow'de or banished.
Nor came I now prosperity to share,
But to partake thy labours, and sad care.
Let me attend the Campe; leaue me not heere
In peace, *Cornelia* to the war so neere.
These speaches mou'd the man; though these times are
Vnfit for *Hymen*, when Fate calls to war,
VVithout vaine pompe to tye a nuptiall knot
In the gods presence, he refuses not.
No garlands on the marriage doores were worne,
Nor linnen fillets did the posts adorne:
No bridall Tapers shone: no bed on high
VVith Ivory steps, and gold embroidery:
No Matron in a towred crowne, that led
The Bride, forbid her on the threshold tread:
No yellow veile cover'd her face, to hide
The fearefull blushes of a modest Bride:
No precious girdle guirded her loose Gowne:
No Chaine adorn'd her necke; nor linnen downe
From off her shoulders her nak'de armes orespred;
So as she was, funerall habited,
Even like her Soones, her Husband she embrac'de,
A funerall robe aboue her purple plac'de.
The vsuall Ieslts were sparde: the husband wants,
After the Sabine vse his marriage tants.
None of their kindred met; the knot they tye
Silent: content with *Brutus* austicy.
His ore-growne haire he from that sacred face
Shaues not, nor will in his sad lookes embrace
One joy (since first that wicked war begun
He lets his vnshorne hoary lockes fall downe
Ore his rough front, and a sad beard to hide
His cheekes, for he alone from factions free'd,
Or hate, had leasure for mankinde to weepe)
Nor in his bridall bed would *Cato* sleepe,

Even

Even lawfull loue could continence reiect.
These were his manners, this towre *Cato's* sect,
To keepe a meane, hold fast the end, and make
Nature his guide, dye for his Countreys sake.
For all the world, not him, his life was leat
He thinks; his feasts but hungers banishment;
His choisest buildings were but fence for cold:
His best attire rough gownes, such as of old
VVas Roman weare; and nothing but desire
Of progeny in him warm'd *Venus* fire:
Father, and husband both to Rome was he,
Seruant to iustice, and strict honesty:
For th'publike good, in none of *Catoes* acts
Creepes selfe borne pleasure, or her share exacts.
Now with his fearefull troopes *Pompey* the great
To Trojan *Capua* fled, mean't there to seate
The war: his scatter'd strength there to vnite,
And his aspiring foes assaults to meete.
VVhere *Apenine* rais'd somewhat higher fills
The midd'st of Italy with shady hills:
Then which no part of earth dooes swell more high
In any place, nor neerer meetes the sky.
The mountaine twixt two seas extends it self stands
Th'vpper, and lower sea: on the right hand
Is *Pisa* seated on the *Tyrrhene* shore:
Ancona on the left vex'd evermore
VVith stormes and windes that from Dalmatia blow.
Heere from vast fountaines doe great rivers flow,
And into th'double seas divorce doe slide
In severall channells; downe on the left side
Metaurus swift, and strong Crustumium flow,
Isaris ioyn'd t'Isaurus, Sonna too
And Ausidus the Adriaticke beates:
Eridanus, then which no river gets
More ground; whole forrests rowles into the sea
Orcturn'd: and robs of rivers Italy.

They say that Poplars on this rivers side
First grew, when *Phaeton* amisse did guide
The day; his wandring Chariot burnt the skie,
And scorcht the earth: all rivers then were drye
But this; whose streames did *Phebus* fires withstand,
Nor lesse then Nile, if on playne Libyan sand
It flow'd like Nile: not lesse then Ister 'twere,
Vnlesse that Ister running every where
The streames that fall into all seas, does meet,
And not alone the Scythian Ocean greet
From springs, that downe the hils right side doe flow;
Rutuba, Tyber, swift Vulturnus grow:
Night-ayre infecting Sarnus, Liris too
Runnes, strength'ned by the Vestine rivers, through
Marsicans wooddy lands: Silet that glides
Through Salerne's fields; Macra whose Ford abides
No ships, into the sea neere *Luna* fall.
The hill (where he in length extended all
Meeting the bending Alpes France oversees)
To the Vmbrians, Marsians, and Sabellians is
Fertile, and does with wooddy armes embrace
The people of the ancient Latine race:
Nor leaues he Italy, before he end
In the Scyllæan caverns, and extend
Vnto Lacinian *Iuno's* house his hill.
Longer he was then Italy, vntill
The sea divided him, and water forc'd
The land; then when two meeting seas divorc'd
What was conjoyn'd, part of the hill the sea
Gaue to *Pelorus* in Sicilia.

Cæsar now mad of war loues not to finde,
But make his way by blood, nor is his minde
Ioy'd that in Italy he sees no foes,
No Countreys guarded from him, meetes no blowes:
But counts his journey lost; desires to breake
Not open gates, and loues his march to make

By

By fire and sword, not sufferance, thinkes it shame
To tread permitted paths, and beare the name
Of Citizen. The Italian Cities are
Doubtfull which way to leane, and though when warre
Makes her first fear'd approach, all easily
VVill yeeld: with Bulwarkes yet they fortifie
Their walls, dig trenches round about below:
Vast stones and weapons from aboue to throw
They get, and engines on their walles provide.
The People most encline to *Pompey's* side:
But faith with terrour fights: so when we see
The South-windes horrid blastes possesse the sea,
The waues all follow him, still by the stroke
Of *Aeolus* his Sp-are, the open'd Rocke
To the rough seas lets out the Eastrne winde:
They still retaine, though new assaults they finde,
The old, though th'Eastwind th'aire with darke stormes fill,
The Ocean dres the Southwind challenge still.
But peoples minds feare changes easily,
And Fortune swayes their wauering loyaltie.
By *Libo's* flight *Etruria's* naked left,
And *Vmbria, Thermus* (y) gone, of freedome reft:
Sylla farre differing from his fathers fame
In ciuill war, flyes bearing *Cæsars* name.
Varus, (z) before the first assault forsakes
Auximum's walles, and flight disorder'd takes
Ore rockes and desarts: *Lentulus* (a) is beate
From Asculum: the foes pursuing get
His men; that now alone the Captaine flies
With empty Standards reft of Companies.
Thou *Scipio*, (b) leau'st the trust committed thee
Luceria's Fort, though in thy Campe there be
The valiantst Youth, whom feare of Parthian war
From *Cæsar* tooke, whom *Pompey* to repaire
His French losse, lent him; and while he thought good
Beflow'd on *Cæsar* th'vse of Romane blood.

But

But fake Corfinium's well fenc'd walls containe
Thee, ſtout *Domitius*: (c) in thy Campe remaine,
Thoſe that arraigned *Milo* did incloſe.
He when a cloude of duſt from far aroſe,
And on bright Armes the Sunne reflecting ſhone,
And glittering ſwords, cries, run my Souldiers, run
Downe to the river, drowne the bridge, and thou
Encreas'd from all thy empti'd fountaines now
Riſe ſwelling ſtreame: breake downe and beate away
This ſcatter'd bridge: there let the war now ſtay:
Let thy bankes make our furious enemy
Linger a while: weele count it victory
That *Caſar* firſt ſtaies here. This ſaid, in vaine
He ſends ſwift Cohorts from the towne amaine.
For *Caſar* firſt, when from the fields he ſpy'de,
His paſſage loſt by bridge, enraged cry'de,
Cannot your walles, baſe cowards, ſhelter you
Enough, but that the fields and rivers too
Muſt helpe? Ile paſſe, through Ganges in my way
Row'd all his ſtrength: no ſtreame ſhall *Caſar* ſtay
Since Rubicon is paſt; goe winged Horſe,
Second bold foote, the bridge now falling force.
Thus ſpake he: foorth the winged Horſe-men ride,
And like a ſtorme of Haile on tother ſide
The water, their well brandiſht Iavelins light:
Caſar then takes the river, puts to flight
The Souldiers all that were in ſtation
To guard the banke, and ſafe before the towne
Is come: when ſtraight vp lofty workes are throwne,
And Engines rais'd the walles to batter downe.
When Io (oh ſhame of war) opening the gate
The Souldiers brought their Captaine bound, and at
The feet of his proud Foe preſent: but he
With lookes not ſhaming high Nobility
Offers his throate vndaunted: *Caſar* ſees
Death's ſought, and mercy fear'd, then thus replies,

Liue, though thou wouldst not, by our bounty liue,
Enioy this light, and to the conquer'de giue
Good hope: th'example of our clemency
Be thou: or else against warres fortunes trie:
Naught for this pardon *Cæsar* from thy hands
Expects, if thou orecome: with that commands
T'vnbinde him: had his death the Conqueror pleas'd,
How much a Romans blush had fortune easde.
For following Romes, the Senates, *Pompey's* armes,
Pardon t'a Roman was the worst of harmes.
He yet vnfear'd, his anger doth restaine,
Speakes thus t'himselfe: Wilt thou, base man, againe
See Rome, or seeke peacefull retirements? No,
Rather into warres fury dying goe,
Rush boldly through the midst, fate ende to make,
Of this loath'de life, and *Cæsars* gift forsake.
Pompey, not knowing he was slaine, provides
Forces, to strengthen with ioyn'd power his side;
Meaning his Campe next morning to remoue,
The Souldiers spirits before their march to proue,
He thus with a majesticke voice bespake
His silent troopes; guilt-punishers, that take
The better side, you truely Roman band,
Arm'de by the State, no private mans command,
Feare not to fight: Italy's wasted all
By barbarous troopes: throgh the cold Alpes the Gaule
Is broken loose: blood has already dy'de
Cæsars polluted swords: the gods prouide
Well that the mischiefe there begins, and we
First suffer wrong; oh now let Rome by me
Take punishment: nor can you call it here
True war, but our reuenging countrye's ire:
Nor is this more a war, then that wherein
Nak'de-arm'de *Catheguu*, and fierce *Catiline*
Meant to fire Rome, *Lentulus*, and their mates,
Oh malefactors to be pitied: when the Fates

Would

VVould with *Camillus*, and *Metellus* joyne
Thee *Cæsar*, thou to *Marius* shouldst enclose,
And *Cinna*: fall thou shalt, as *Lepidus*
Fell vnder *Catulus*, *Carbo* by vs
Beheaded then, that in Sicilia lyes,
And he that made the Spaniards fierce to rise
Banisht *Sertorius*: though I grudge with those
Thou *Cæsar* should be plac'd: and Rome oppose
My armes 'gainst thee VVould from the Parthian war
Crassus had safe return'd, and conquerer?
That thou in such a cause as *Spartacus*
Mightst fall: but if the gods intend so vs
Thou shalt one title adde: this arme a dart
Can ably brandish yet: about this heart
The blood is hote; know then not all that loue
To liue in peace, in war will cowards proue:
Nor let my age affright you, though he call
Me worne, and weake: let an old Generall
Be in this campe; in that old souldiers be.
I haue assay'd what ere a people free
Can giue, and nothing but a Monarchie
Aboue me left: he that in Rome would be
Greater then I, no priuate state demands.
Heere both Romes Consuls, heere her Senate stands
Shall *Cæsar* then subdue the Senate? sure
Th'are not quite shamelesse, fortune, to endure
Things should so blindly turne. Dare rebell France
So long a taming, and those waues aduance
His thoughts so high? because from Germany
He fled; and calling a small streame a sea
On the fought Brittaines then'd his flying backe?
Or swells he cause all Rome, though arm'd, forsake
The Citie, hearing his fierce troops are nigh?
Ah foole, they flie not thee, all follow me.
My glorious Ensignes on the Ocean borne,
Ere *Cynthia* twice had fill'd her waned horne,

All

All Pirats fled the seas, and at my hand
Humbly crav'd dwellings in a narrow Land.
I that stout King, that stayd Romes growth, did force
Flying along the Scythian seas divorce,
(VVhich *Sylla* ne'r could bring to passe) to dye
By his owne hand: no land from me is free:
My Trophees all that *Tetan* sees possesse.
Going from thence Phasis cold river sees
Me conquerour in the North: in the hote Zone
Knowne Ægypt, and Syene, that at noone
No shadow spreads: my lawes the West obeyes,
Bætis, that morts the farthest VVesterne seas:
Me tam'd Arabia knowes, th'Æniochs bold,
And Colchos fam'd for her stolne fleece of gold.
The Cappadocians from my Colours flie,
And Iewes that serue an vnknowne Deitie:
Me soft Sophene feares, th'Armenians,
Taurus, and the subdu'd Cilicians:
VVhat warres for him, but civill, doe I leaue?
These words his souldiers with no shout receiue,
Nor are they eager of the fight: their feares
Great *Pompey* sees, and backe his Standard beares,
Loath in so great a war to venture men
Orecome with fame of *Cæsar* yet not seene.
As a Bull beat in the first fight he tries,
Through th'empty fields, and desart forrests flies
Exil'd, and tries 'gainst ev'ry tree his hornes,
Nor till his strength be perfited, returnes
To pasture, then recovering his command,
Maugure the Heardsman, leads them to what land
He list: so now as weakest, Italy
Dooes *Pompey* leaue, and through Apulia fly,
Himselfe immuring in Brundusium's hold,
A towne by Cretan colonies of old
Possest, that in th'Athenian nauy fled,
VVhen lying sailes reported *Theseus* dead,

Hence

Hence Italy's now straightned coast extends
Her selfe in forme of a thin tongue, and bends
Her horned'st inclose the Adriaticke sea:
Nor yet could these straight shut vp waters be
A haven, if high cliffes windsviolence
Did not restraine, and the tir'd waters fence
On both sides, Nature, the windes tyranny
To stop high cliffes opposes to the sea;
That ships by trembling cables held may stand.
Hence all the Maine lyes ope, if to thy land
We saile *Corcyra*, or our courses bend
On the left hand, where Epidamnus tends
To the Ionian; thither Saylers flye
When th'Adrian's rough, and cloudes obscure the high
Ceraunian mountaines, and with violent dash
The fourning seas Calabrian Sason wash.
When of forsaken Italy there was
No hope at all, nor that the war could passe
Into the Spanish coast, for twixt that land
The lofty Alpes did interposed stand.
Thus th'eldest of his noble progeny
Pompey bespake; the worlds far Regions try
Nile and Euphrates, whereso'e my name
Is spread: and all the Cities where Romes fame
I haue advanc'd; bring backe vnto the seas
The now dispers'd Cicilian colonies,
The strength *Pharnaces* holds I charge thee bring:
Arme my Tigranes, and th'Ægyptian King.
Those that inhabit both Armenia's ore,
And the fierce nation by the Euxine Shore:
Riphæan bands, and those, where Scythian carres
On his slow back congeal'd Mæotis beares.
Why speake I more? through all the East my Sonne
Carry this war; through every conquer'd towne
I'th'world: to vs all triumph'd regions joyne.
But you, whose names the Latian feasts doe sigue,

To

To Epire saile with the first Northeast winde,
Through Greece and Macedon new strength to finde
While winter giues vs respite from the war.
To his commands they all obedient are,
And from th'Italian shore their anchors weigh.
Cæsar impatient of warres long delay,
Or rest, lest changing fates might ought withstand,
His flying Soone in law pursues at hand,
So many townes at first assault surpria'de,
And Forts disarmed others had suffic'de:
Rome the worlds head, warres greatest booty, left
A prey; but *Cæsar* in all actions swift,
Thinking nought done, whilst ought vndone remain'd,
Fiercely pursues, and though he haue obtain'de
All Italy, and that great *Pompey* liues
In th'vtmost edge, that both are there, he grieues:
Nor would he let his foes passe foorth againe
By Sea, but seekes to stop the watry maine,
And with vast hills damme vp the Ocean:
But this great labour is bestow'de in vaine:
The Sea those mountaines swallowes, mixing all
With sands below; so if high *Eryx* fall
Into the midst of the Ægæan Sea,
No land aboue the water seene can be;
Or if the lofty *Gaurus* quite torne downe
Were to the bottome of Auernus throwne.
But when no earth throwne in would firmely stand,
Then with a bridge of fastned ships the Land
He joynes; each Galley doe foure anchors stay:
Once ore the Sea proud *Xerxes* such a way
Made by report: when ioyn'd by bridge he saw
Sestos t'Abydos, Europe t'Asia;
And fearing not th'Eastwinde, nor Wests affront
Walk'd ore the curled backe of Hellespont,
When ships their sayles round about Athos spread,
So now this Haven's mouth Ships straightened,

Oa

On which their Bulwarkes vp space they raise,
And lofty towers stand trembling on the seas.
When *Pompey* saw that a new land orespread
The ocean's face: care in his brest is bred
To ope the sea, and carry foorth the warre.
Fill'd sailes, and stretching shrowds the Ships oft bare
Against the e works, breaking them downe made roome
Into the Sea for other ships to come.
Oft well driven engines lighten'd the darke night
With flying fires. When time for their stolne flight
Was come: he warnes his men, no Sailers noyse
Might on the shore be heard: nor trumpets voice
Divide the hours: nor cornets sound at all
The mariners should to their charges call.
Now nere her end *Virgo* began to be;
And *Libra* followes his first day to see.
The silent fleete departs: the anchors made (weigh'd
No noise, when from thicke sands their hookes are
Silent, while they the sayle-yard bow, and reare
The maine-mast vp the fearefull masters are:
The Saylers softly spread their sailes, nor dare
Shake their strong shrowds within the whizzing aire.
The Generall makes his prayer, Fortune, to thee
To giue him leaue t'abandon Italy,
Since thou'lt not let him keepe it, but alas
The Fates will scarce grant that: the waters flash,
And furrow'd with so many keeles at once
The stemme beat sea with a vast murmur groanes.
The foes let in by gates, and vp the wall
(Which faith by Fortune turn'd had open'd all)
A long the havens flagge-like Horses they runne
Swiftly to shore, griev'd that the fleete was gon.
Is *Pompey's* flight so small a victory?
A straighter passage lets him out to sea,
Then where th'Eubœan channell Chalcis beates,
Here stuck two shipps, which fast the engine gets.

In

In fight, and neere the shore the skirmish tri'de:
Heere first the Sea with civill blood was dy'de.
The Fleet escap'd of those two ships bereft:
So when Thessalia *Iasons* Argo left
For Colchos bound, Cyaneon Isles at sea
Shot foorth; the tayle-maim'd Ship escap'd away
Amidst the rockes: in vaine the Ilands beat
The empty sea: she comes a tayler yet.
Now that the Sunne was neere the Easterne skie
Declar'd, palefac'd before his rosie dye:
The Plejades grow dimme: each neerer star
Looses his light: *Bootes* lazy carre
Turnes to the plaine complexion of the skies,
And *Lucifer*, the great starres darkned, flies
From the hot day: and now wert thou at sea
Pompey, not with such Fate, as when from thee
The fearefull Pirats through all seas retir'd:
Fortune revolts with thy oft triumphs tyr'd:
Now with thy Countrey, Houshold gods, thy Sonne,
And Wife, art thou a mighty exile gone.
A place for thy sad death is sought afar,
Not that the gods envy thee Sepulcher
At home; but damn'd is Ægypt to that crime,
And Latium spar'd: that Fates in forreine clime
May hide this mischiefe, and the Romane land
Cleare from the blood of her deare *Pompey* stand.

FINIS Libri secundi.

Annotations on the second Booke:

(a) *An old man to exaggerate the present calamity, repeats the whole course of the civill war, betweene* Marius *and* Sylla, *as it followes in this discourse.*

(b) Marius *had twice triumphed, once over* Iugur-

tha *King of Numidia, and afterward over the Cimbrians and Teutones, but afterwards envying the honour of* Sylla, *to whose hands* Bocchas *King of Mauritania had delivered* Iugurtha, *and endeavouring by the ayde of* Sulpitius *Tribune of the People to hinder* Sylla *from his expedition against* Mithridates *King of Pontus, had incensed* Sylla *being then warring in Campania, so farre, that* Sylla *brought his Army to Rome, and entring the Citie, subduing his adversaries, got them to be iudged enemies by the Senates decree, and banished the citty;* Marius *escaping by flight, hid himselfe in the Fennes neere Minturna, but being there taken, he was put in a dungeon at Minturna.*

(c) Marius *suffered before hand at Minturna for these cruelties, which he afterwards acted at Rome, when he returned, and was Consull the seventh time.*

(d) *The executioner of* Minturnæ *being a* Cymbrian, *entering the darke dungeon to kill* Marius, *saw fire sparkling out of* Marius *his eyes, and heard a voyce saying, darest thou kill* Caius Marius? *at which the* Cymbrian *affrighted fled away, and the men of* Minturnæ *moved with pitty, and reverence of the man that once had saved* Italy, *released* C. Marius, *and let him goe*

(e) Marius *escaped from* Minturnæ, *tooke flight by obscure passages toward the Sea, and getting into a ship, a tempest arising, was cast upon the Ilands called* Meninges, *where he received some comforts, and heard that his Sonne, with* Cethegus *were gotten safe into* Affrick, *to* Hyempsall; *he then sayled to the coast of* Carthage, *but being forbidden by the Lieger of* Sextilius *the Prætor, to set foot in* Affrick; *Goe tell thy Prætor, quoth he, that thou hast seene* Caius Marius *sitting in the ruines of Carthage not vainly comparing the ruin'de estate of that great Citty to his owne now decayed fortunes.*

(f) When Caius Cinna *the Consull appealed to the people, for restoring those banished men, whom the Senate*

at

at request of Sylla had indged enemies: a great contention arising, Cinna was expelled the City, by his colleague Cneius Octavius and flying, fallicited the cities of Italy to war. he armed slaues and prisoners, and inuiting himselfe to Marius returning, they entred Rome in a seuerefold army, Cinna, Marius, Carbo, Sertorius, and tyrannized ouer their Aduersaries.

(g) Marius had giuen this token to his Souldiers, that they should kill all, whom he did not salute, and offer his hand to kisse.

(h) Barbius was turne in pieces by the Souldiers.

(i) Marcus Antonius an excellent Orator, that by his eloquence made the Murtherers relent: at last his head being cut off, Anius the Tribune brought it to Marius, as he was at supper, who handling it a while, and scoffing at it, commanded it to be nayled to the Rostra.

(k) Fimbria a cruell Souldier of Marius killed the two Crassi, Father and Sonne, in each others sight.

(l) That place of the prison, from whence offenders vse sed to be cast downe headlong, was stained with the blood of Licinius the Tribune, whose Office was sacred.

(m) Mucius Scævola the high Priest, an old man embracing the Altar of Vesta, was there slaine.

(n) C. Marius entring his seuenth Consulship, was him thirteene dayes after dyed mad of a disease in his side, being 70. yeeres old, hauing tasted the extremities of prosperity, and aduersity.

(o) At Sacriportum, not far from Prænesta, Sylla ouercame Caius Marius the Sonne of old C. Marius, who fled to Prænesta; Sylla sent Lucretius Ofella to besiege him there; but Marius offering to escape through a Mine vnder ground, and being discouered there killed himselfe; Sylla then set ten furlongs from Porta Collina ouerthrew Lamponius, and Telesinus, two Captaines of the Samnites, who came to raise Ofellas siedge. At these two places Sylla slew about seuenty thousand men.

(p) Marius had promised the Samnites, who had been of his party, that he would transfer the seat of the Empire from Rome to them, who now conceived a hope of subjecting the Romans more then once they did ad Furcas Caudinas, where the Romans under the conduct of Titus Veturius, and Spurius Posthumius received a disgracefull overthrow.

(q) Quintus Luctatius Catulus, which had been Colleague with C. Marius, and triumphed with him over the Cimbrians, hearing that Marius was determined to put him to death, entring his chamber, voluntarily choaked himselfe. In revenge of which, his brother Catulus obtained of Sylla, that Marius the brother of C. Marius might be delivered into his hands, who sacrificed him at his brothers Tombe, and wounding his armes, thighes, and legs, he cut off his nose, and eares, put out his tongue, and digged out his eyes, letting him so live awhile that he might die in paine of every limme.

(r) Lucretius Offella by Sylla's command having taken Praeneste, had killed, or cast in Prison all the Senators, that he found there of Marius faction: but Sylla comming thither, commanded five thousand men of Praeneste, who in hope of mercy had cast away their armes, and prostrated themselues upon the ground, to be all slaine.

(s) Sylla commanded foure whole Legions, which had been of his Enemies side, among whom were many Samnites, to be all killed at one time in the field of Mars.

(t) Sylla called himselfe Felix: he named his Sonne Faustus, and his Daughter Fausta, leaving his Dictatorship, he lived privately at Puteoli, where he dyed eaten with Lice, his Funerals were kept with great honour in the field of Mars.

(v) Martia being a virgin was married to Cato, by whom she had three children, and then his friend Hortensius desiring to have her, and wanting children, Cato bestowed her upon him, being then great with childe: after

Hortensius

Hortensius his death she returned thence to Cato.

(x) Cornelia the daughter of Lucius Scipio, and widdow of Publius Crassus, was married to Pompey after Iulias death.

(y) At the fame of Cæsars approach, the Governors through Italy all fled, not daring to withstand him, or maintaine any Forts against him; many of those are here named: First Scribonius Libo leaues his charge at Hetruria, and Thermus forsakes Vmbria: Faustus Sylla, son to Sylla the Dictator, wanting his Fathers spirit, and fortune in ciuill war, fled at the name of Cæsar.

(z) Atius Varus, when hee perceiued that the chiefe Citizens of Auximum fauoured Cæsar, tooke his Garison from thence, and fled.

(a) Lentulus Spinther with ten cohorts, kept the Towne of Asculum who hearing of Cæsars comming, fled away, thinking to carry with him his cohorts, but was forsaken by most of his Souldiers.

(b) Lu. Scipio father in law to Pompey the great, fled from Luceria, although hee had two strong Legions. Marcellus to diminish the strength of Cæsar, counselled the Senate to make a decree, that Cæsar should deliuer one Legion, and Pompey another to Bibulus, whom they pretended to send to the Parthian warre: Cæsar according to the Senates decree, deliuered to him one Legion for himselfe, and another Legion which he had borrowed of Pompey for a present supply, after the great losse receiued by his two Praetors, Tetturius, and Cotta, both those Legions Cæsar deliuered, and they were now in Scipio's campe.

(c) Lu. Domitius Ænobarbus with twentie cohorts was in Corfinium: hee had with him those Souldiers of Pompeys who had enclosed the Forum, when Milo was arraigned for Clodius death. Hee sent fiue cohorts to breake downe the bridge of the River which was three miles from the Towne; but those cohorts missing the

forerunners of Cæsars army, were beaten backe againe.

(d) Spartacus *a Thracian Fencer fled with 70 companions of his, from* Lentulus *his games at Capua, and gathering slaues to his party, and arming them, made vp an army of 70000 he ouercame many Roman Praetors, and Consuls; at last he was vanquished, and slaine by* Marcus Crassus.

(e) Cæsar *hauing wasted Germany with fire and sword, after eighteene dayes returned in o France, cutting downe the Bridge behind him, that it should not be vsefull to the Germanes; which* Pompey *detractingly calls a flight.*

LVCANS.

LVCANS
Pharsasia.

The Third Booke.

The Argument.

Faire Iulia's *Ghost a dreame to* Pompey *shewes.*
Curio *for corne into Sicilia goes.*
To Rome comes Cæsar *with vnarmed Bands,*
Where though Metellus *all in vaine withstands,*
He robs the Treasury. Each Nations name
That to the Warre in ayd of Pompey *came.*
Cæsar *thence hasts to Spaine, and by the way*
Layes cruell siege to true Massilia,
But stayes not there himselfe: Brutus *maintayns*
The siege, and Cæsars *first Sea-conquest gaines.*

THe wind-stuff'd sailes had forth the Navy sent
Into the main, the Sailers lookes were bent
Vpon th' Ionian wants: but *Pompey's* eye
Was nere turn'd backe from his deare Italy,
His native coast, and that beloved shore,
Which fate ordaines he nere shall visite more,
Till the high cliffes no more for clouder he sees,
And the hilles lessening vanish from his eyes:
Sweete sleepe did then his weary limbes compose,
When *Iulia's* ghost through the cleft ground arose

In wofull wise, and with a funerall brand
Seem'd fury-like before his face to stand.
From the blest soules abode, th'Elizian field,
To Scygian darknesse, and damn'd Ghosts exil'd
Since this sad war, I saw the furies fire
Their brands (quoth she) to mouse your wicked ire.
Charon prepares more boates for soules to come,
And hell's enlarged for tormenting roome.
Three sisters speedy hands cannot suffice,
For breaking threads hasty'rd the Destinies,
Pompey, whilest mine, a life triumphant led:
Thy fortunes changed with thy marriage bed:
Strumpet *Cornelia*, damn'd by destiny
To ruine her great Lords, could marry thee,
My funerall fire scarse out. Let her in flight
Attend thee now, and through this civill fight
Follow thy Standard, whilst I still have power
To breake your rest at every sleepy hower.
No how regiues freedome to your leaues delight;
The day holds *Cæsar*, *Iulia* holds the night.
Lethe's dull waters made not me forget
Thee husband, and hell princes did permit
That I should follow thee; through both the hosts
Ile rush, while thou art fighting: *Iulias* ghost
Shall tell thee still whose Sonne in law thou art;
Thinke not that war shall this alliance part:
This war shall make vs meete againe. This fed
She through her feerefull lords embraces fled.
He, though the gods by ghosts doe threaten, still
Madder of war, with sure prefage of ill,
Why are we scarr'd (quoth he) with fancies vaine?
Either no sense doth after death remaine,
Or death is nothing. Now the setting Sunne
To drowne as much of his bright Orbe begun,
As the Moone wants, when after full she waines,
Or growes neere full. *Dyrrachium* entertaines

His

His navy now; the Saylers make to shore,
Pull downe the tailes, and labour at the oare.
Cæsar perceiving all the Ships were gone
Past sight with prosperous windes, and he alone
Left Lord in Italy, no joy receiv'de
In th' honour of great *Pompey's* flight, but griev'd
His foes fled safe along the Ocean;
No fortune could suffice this eager man,
Differing of the war to him seem'd more
Then this small conquest; but he now giues ore
Warres care awhile, entent on peace againe,
And knowing how the peoples loues to gaine,
That corne most stirres their hate, most drawes their loues,
That onely famine to rebellion moues
Cities, and feare is bought, where great men feede
The sloathfull Commons; nought starude people dread.
Curio is sent to the Sicilian Townes,
Where once the violent Sea did either drowne,
Or cut the Land, and made it selfe a shore
In the mid-land, the waters ever roare,
And struggle there, left the two hills should close.
Part of the war into Sardinia goes:
Both famous Ilands for rich fruitfull fields,
No land to Italy more harvest yeelds,
Nor with more Corne the Roman Garners fills:
Not Libia these, as Granaries, excells,
When *Boreas* blasts (the Southwindes ceasing) teare
The showring clowdes, and make a fruitfull yeare.
These things provided thus, with peacefull showes,
And Troopes vnarm'd to Rome the Conquerour goes.
Oh had he but come home with victory
Onely of *Brittaine*, *France* and *Germany*,
What long triumphant pompe, what honour than,
What stories had he brought? How th'Ocean,
And the Rhine both his Conquests bridled,
The noble *Gaules*, and yellow *Brittaines* led

Behind

Behind his lofty Chariot; winning more
He lost those triumphs were deserv'd before.
No flocke of people now his comming greet
VVith ioy; all feare his lookes, none stand to meet
His troopes; yet proud is he such feare to moone,
And would not change it for the peoples loue.
Now Annus sterpest hills he had orepast,
VVhere a moist path ore Pomine fennes is plac'd;
VVhere the high wood does Scythian *Diane* show:
VVhere to long *Alba* feasts the Consuls goe.
From an high recke he viewes the towne afar
Not seene before in all his Northren war.
Then thus (admiring his Romes wall) he spake,
Could men not fore'd by any fight forsake
Thee the gods seate: VVhat City will they dare
To fight for? were the gods their loues declare,
That nor the furious Easterne nations,
Pannonians, or swift Sarmatians,
Daci, or Getes invade thee: fortune spares
Thee Rome in this to send thee civill warres,
Having so faint a cheife. Then fearefull Rome
He enters with his Troopes; they thinke him come
To fire and sacke the city, not to spare
The gods themselues; This measure had their feare.
They thinke hee'le doe what ere he can; no songs,
No shoutes they counterfet in tos full throngs:
They scarse haue time to hate; the fathers meet
In *Phebus* temple by no lawfull right
Of convocation, from their houses fet,
And lurking holes: the Consuls sacred seate
VVas not supplide; next them no Prætor fills
His roome, but emty stand those honour'd Sells.
Cæsar was all the Senate fit to beare
VVitnesse of private power, and grant what ere
He please to aske; Crowne, Temples, their owne b'oud
Or banishment; fortune in this was good

He

He blusht more to command, then Romet obey,
But liberty in this durst make assay
By one, if law could overmaster force;
Metellus seeing the vast massy doores
Of *Saturn's* temple ready to flye ope;
Running enrag'd breaking through *Cæsars* troope,
Before the yet vnopen'd doore he stay'd.
(Only the loue of gold is not afraide
Of death and threatning swords; the lawes are gone
And broke without one conflict: wealth alone
The worst of things had power this iarre to make)
Staying the rapine thus the Tribune spake
Aloud to *Cæsar*, though this breast of mine
The temple opes; nor treasure shalt thou finde,
Robber, but what thou buyest with sacred blood;
This office wrong'd will finde a vengefull God.
A Tribunes curse pursuing *Crassus*, made
A fatall Parthian war; but draw thy blade:
Let not the peoples eyes scarre thee from this
Thy wickednesse; the towne forsaken is:
No wicked souldier from our treasuryes
Shall pay himselfe, fin le other enemies
To spoile, and conquer, other townes to giue.
No neede can thee to this foule rapine driue;
In me alone, *Cæsar*, thou findst a war:
These words incens'd the angry conquerer;
In vaine, *Metellus*, hop'st thou to obtaine
A noble death (quoth he) we scorne to staine
Our hand in such a throat; no dignity
Makes thee worth *Cæsars* ire; must liberty
Be saued by thee; the fates confound not so
All this, but that the lawes, rather then owe
To thee their preservation, would be broke,
And tane away by *Cæsar*; thus he spoke;
But when the temple doores the Tribune stout
Left not, more angry growne, he lookes about

On

On his keene swords, to play the gowne man now
He had forgot; when *Cotta* gan to woo
Metellus to giue ore his enterprise;
The freedome of men subiugated dyes,
By freedomes selfe (quoth he) whose shadow thou
Shalt keepe, if all his proud commands thou doo.
So many vniust things haue conquer'd we
Already suffred, and this now must be
Th'excuse t'our shame, and most degenerate feare,
That naught can be deny'd; now let him beare
Away from hence these seeds of wicked war.
Losse hurts those people that in freedome are.
Worst to the Lord is serving poverty.
Metellus is remoov'd, and open'd be
The temple doores; all the Tarpeian hill
With horrid noyse the broken hinges fill,
And from the bottome of the temple there
The Roman peoples wealth, which many a yeere
Had not been touch't, which Carthage warres to vs,
And the two Kings, *Philip*, and *Perseus*
Both conquer'd brought, is ransackt; gold they reaue
Which flying *Pyrrhus* to thee, Rome, did leaue,
For which *Fabritius* would no traytour be,
What ere the vertuous frugality
Of our forefathers had yet kept vnspent,
And Asias wealthy tributaries sent.
What ere *Metellus* brought from conquer'd Crete,
And ore the seas from Cyprus *Cato* fet.
The spoyles of all the East, and treasures proud
Of captiue Kings, which *Pompey's* triumphs show'd.
This temples impious robbing brought to passe
That Rome then first then *Cæsar* poorer was.
Now had great *Pompey's* fortune drawne from all
The world strong nations with himselfe to fall.
Aid to the war so neere first Græcia lends,
And Cyrrha on the Rocke; Amphissia sends

Her

Her Phocian bands; Parnassus learned hill
From both her tops sends men, Bœotians fill
The campe, neere whom th'oraculous waters flow
Of swift Cephissus; men from Pisa too,
And Theban Dirce, and where vnder sea
Alphæus sends his streames to Sicily.
Th'Arcadians leave their Mænalus, and from
Herculian Oeta the Trachinians come.
The Thesprots came, and their now silent oake
Th'Epirots neere Chaonia forsooke.
Athens, though wasted now with musters quite,
Yet levies men, and to this civill fight
Three Saliminian ships sends from her fleet:
To *Phœbus* dedicated: *Iove*-lou'd Crete
From Gnossus, and Gortina sends to'th field
Archers, that need not to the Parthians yeeld:
Souldiers from out Dardanian Oricum,
From Athamas, and from Enchelez come,
Fam'd for transformed Cadmus funeralls:
From Colchos, where Absyrtus foaming falls
Into the Adrian: those where Peneus flowes:
He that Iolchos in Thessalia plowes:
Thence was the sea first try'd, when Argo bore
Those that first sailed to a forreine shore,
And first of all committed fraile mankinde
To mercy of the raging sea and winde:
That ship taught men a way vnknowne to die:
From Thracian Æmus, and from Pholoe
Beely'd with Centaures, and from Strymon too,
From whence the birds to Nile in winter goe:
From barbarous Cone, where into the seas
Sixe headed Ister dooes one channell ease
At Peuce, souldiers come: the Mysian,
And cold Caicus-washt Idalian,
Barren Arisbe helpes, and Pitane:
Cehna by Apolloes victory

Con-

Condemn'd, that curst Minervaes fatall gift;
Where into crook'd Mæander Marsyas swift
Falling, there mingled backe againe dooes flow;
The land, that from gold mines lets *Hermus* goe;
And rich Pactolus, those of Ilium
With Ilium's fate to falling *Pompey* come;
The tale of Troy, and *Cæsars* pedegree
Drawne from *Iulus* could no hindrance be.
The Syrian people from Orontes goe,
Windy Damascus, happy Minos too;
Gaza, and Idumæa rich in Palmes;
Instable Tyre, Sidon, whom purple fames:
These ships bound to the war, the Cynosure
Guides straight along the sea, to none more sure;
Phœnicians, that (if fame we dare beleeue)
To humane speech first characters did giue.
The rivers yet had not with paper serv'd
Ægypt; but carv'd beasts, birds, and stones preserv'd
Their magicke language. Taurus lofty wood
Forsaken is; Tarsus, where Perseus flood,
From Coricus, digg'd from an hallow rocke,
Mallos, and Ægæ the Cilicians flocke
No Pirates now, but to a just war prest.
Fame of this war had stirr'd the farthest East
Where Ganges is, that only crosse dooes run
Of all earth's rivers to the rising Sunne,
And roules his waues against the Easterne winde.
Philips great Sonne, there stayd, was taught to finde
The world more large, then his ambitious mind
Conceiu'd it: and where double channell'd Inde
Feeles not Hydaspes mixture: Indians,
That sucke sweete liquor from their sugar canes:
And those, whose haire with saffron is body'd,
Whose garments loose with colour'd gemmes are ty'd;
Those that alive their funerall piles erect,
And leape into the flames helping t'effect

Fates

Fates worke; what glory 'tis, content to liue
No more the remnant to the gods to giue;
Fierce Cappadocians, th' hardy Nations
Neare to Ammannus, the Armenians
Neare strong Niphates; the Coastræ from
Their lofty woods, and the Arabians come
Into an vnknowne world, wondring to see
Shaddowes of woods on the right hand to be.
Farthest Olostrians come to Romane war;
Carmanian Captaines too; who Southward far
See not the set of the whole Northerne Beare;
By night but little shines *Bootes* there.
The Æthiopian land not seene at all
By any of the signes *Septentrionall*
But crooked *Taurus* hoofe; those people too
Whence great *Euphrates*, and swift *Tygris* flow,
From one spring *Persis* sends them; 'tis vnknowne
What name, should those two Channells meet in one,
They'd beare *Euphrates* flowing on the fields,
That profit there, that *Nile* in Ægypt, yeelds.
But *Tigris* swallow'd by the gaping earth
Long hides his course: but at his second birth
Denies not to the Sea his new-borne flood.
Betwixt both Campes fierce *Parthians* neuters stood,
Content that they alone had causde this war.
VVith poyson'd arrowes wandring *Scythians* far
Come to the Campe, whom *Bactros* icy flood
Encloses, and Hyrcania's desert wood.
The valiant Heniochian Horsemen there
Sprung from the Spartan race: Sarmatians neere
To the fierce *Moschi*, where cold Phasis glides,
And Colchos richest pasture fields divides.
VVhere Halys fatals to the Lydian King
Does flow; where Tanais, that drawes his spring
From the Riphæan hills, and doth divide
Europe from *Asia*, giving to each side

The

The name of severall worlds, and (as he bends)
Now to this world, now that encrease he lends,
Where slow Mœotis driven into the seas,
Takes from the pillars of great *Hercules*
Their fame; denying that the *Gades* alone
Admit the sea. Scythonian nations,
The valiant Arians, Arimaspians
With gold deck'd lockes, and swift Gelonians.
The Massegets, their thirst that satisfie
With the same horses bloods, whereon they fly.
Not *Cyrus* leading th'Easterne troopes, nor when
Xerxes by darts numbring his armed men
Came downe; nor *Agamemnon* bound to fet
His brothers ravisht wife with that fam'd fleet,
So many Kings brought vnder their commands,
So many nations drawne from severall lands,
Different in language, and attire; nor ere
Did fortune bring so many men to beare
Part in a mighty ruine, making all
Sad obsequies at *Pompeys* funerall.
Marmaricke troopes the horned Ammon prest,
And all scorcht Affricke from the farthest VVest
To th'Easterne shore, send ayde, as far as ly
The Syrtes gulfes; left *Cæsar* severally,
And oft be troubled, here all nations
Pharsalia brings to be subdu'de at once.
Cæsar now leaving fearefull Rome in hast
VVith his swift troopes the cloudy Alpes orepast:
But though his fame all people else affright,
Phocian *Massilia* (*f*) dares yet keepe aright
Her faith, and far from Greekish levity
The cause, the lawes, not fortune followes she:
But first of all they labour to asswage
VVith peacefull parley his vncurbed rage,
And stubborne minde: and to their foe now nigh
They send an Olive-bearing Embassy.

As *Latium* annals can true mention make,
Massilia still was ready to partake
The fate of Rome in any forreine war:
And now if triumphs over nations far
Cæsar, thou seeke, to such a conflict take
These hands, and liues of ours; but if you make
Sad civill war, then giue vs leaue to bend
To neyther side, and naught but teares to spend.
Let not our hands in wounds so sacred be:
If th'heavenly gods had civill enmity,
Or earth-borne Giants should assaule the sky,
No aydes to *Ioue* durst human piety
By armes or prayers lend; their states aboue
We know not, but are bound to thinke that *Ioue*
Has thunder still; besides how many from
All nations now diue voluntaryes come?
The slothfull world is not from vice so far
That you should need forc'd sword to civill war.
Would every people would this cause refuse,
And this sad war no hands, but Roman vse.
Some hands would faher at their fathers sight,
And brothers faintly would 'gainst brothers fight.
The war will soone haue end, if forreine states
You vse not t'exercise their ancient hates.
Our humble suite is, that within our wall
Thou 'dst trust thy selfe, and leaue behinde thee all
Thy threatning Eagles; let vs this obtaine
To shut out war, and *Cæsar* entertaine.
Let this place free from guilt safely receiue
Thy selfe and *Pompey*, if fates please to giue
Peace to vnconquer'd Rome; here both may meete
Vnarm'd; but why, when danger did invite
Thy wars to Spaine, turn'dst thou to vs aside?
We are of no availe to turne the tide
Of your great wars; our armes haue prooved still
Vnfortunate; when fortune did exile

Vs from our first plantation, here we sate,
And Phocis sackt towers hither did translate:
Here in a forreine coast, and weake wall'd towne
Safe haue we liu'd; our Faith is our renowne.
If thou intend stridge to our walles to lay,
Or through our gates t'enforce a speedy way;
In the defence we are resolu'd to dye,
And fiery of the sword, and fire to try.
If thou divert our waters course, the ground
Weele dig, and licke the puddle we haue found:
If foode should faile, flesh of our children slaine
(Fearefull to touch or see) our jawes should staine:
For liberty to suffer weele not feare
VVhat once Saguntum, when beliedg'd, could beare
In Carthage war: our babes in vaine that striue
To sucke their mothers dry'd vp breasts, weele giue
Freely to th'fire: a wife shall sue for death
At her deare husbands hand: a brothers breath
A brothers hand shall stop; this civill war
VVeele choose o'th'two; so spoke th'embassador.
But *Caesar's* troubled looke his anger speakes
Before his words; but this at last; these Greekes
Vaine hope of our departure has possest;
Though we were marching to the farthest VVest,
Yet haue we time to sacke Massilia,
Souldiers rejoyce, fate meetes vs in the way
VVith war; as windes in th'empty aire doe loose
Their force, vnlesse some strong growne oake oppose:
As mighty fires for want of fuell dye,
So want of foes, breedes our calamity.
Our strength were lost vnlesse some must stand out
To be subdu'd; but if I come without
My armes, they will receiue me; they desire
Not to exclude, but take me prisoner.
But they (forsooth) would faine that guilt eschew
That followes civill war; Ile make them rue

Their

Their asking peace, and know that nought can be
Safer then war to those serue vnder me.
Then on he marches; the towne feareleſſe ſhut
Their gates, and ſouldiers on the rampiers put.
Not far off from the walles a hill there ſtood,
VVhoſe top was like a field levell and broade;
VVhich *Caſar* in ſurveying judg'd to be
Safe for a campe, and fit to fortifie:
The townes neer'ſt part did an high caſtle raiſe
Æquall to th'hill; in midſt a valley was.
Caſar reſolues on a labor ous thing,
To fill the valley, and together bring
Both hills; but firſt to ſhut vp quite the towne
By land, from both ſides his high campe brings downe
A long worke to the ſea, a bulwarke rais'd
Of turfes, with rampiers on the top, and plac'd
In length, to cut all conroyes from the towne.
This was a thing for ever to renowne
This Greekiſh towne, to ſtay the violent courſe
Of this hot war, not tane by ſuddaine force,
Or feare; when *Caſar* all the reſt ore-runne,
The cities conqueſt ſu'ed him time alone:
T'was much to ſtay his fates: fortune in haſt
To make him lord of all the world did waſt
Time at this ſeidge: now round about the towne
The lofty woods are fell'd, large Oakes hew'n downe,
To fortifie with poſts the bulwarkes ſide,
Leſt earth too brittle of it ſelfe ſhould ſlide
Away, not able the towers weight to beare.
A wood vntouch't of old was growing there,
Of thicke ſet trees, whoſe boughs ſpreading and faire,
Meeting obſcured the enlo'ed aire,
And made darke ſhades exiling *Phebus* rayes,
There no rude Fawne, nor wanton Silvan playes;
No Nimph diſports, but cruell Deityes
Claime barbarous rites, and bloody ſacrifices.

Each tree's defil'd with humane blood: if we
Beleeue traditions of antiquitie,
No bird dares light vpon those hallowed bowes:
No beasts make there their dens: no wind there blowes,
No lightning falls: a sad religious awe
The quiet trees vnstirr'd by winde doe draw.
Blacke water currents from darke fountaines flow:
The gods vnpolisht images doe know
No arte, but plaine and formelesse trunks they are.
Their mosse, and mouldinesse procures a feare:
The common figures of knowne Deities
Are not so fear'd: not knowing what God tis
Makes him more awfull: by relation
The shaken earths darke cavernes oft did grone:
Fall'n Yew trees often of themselues would rise:
With seeming fire oft flam'd th'vnburned trees:
And winding dragons the cold oakes embrace:
None giue neere worship to that balefull place;
The people leaue it to the gods alone.
When black night reignes, or *Phœbus* guilds the noone,
The Priest himselfe trembles afraid to spie
Or find this woods tutelar Deity.
This wood he bids them fell: not standing far
From off their worke: vntoucht in former war,
Among the other bared hills it stands
Of a thicke growth; the souldiers valiant hands
Trembled to strike, moov'd with the majestie,
And thinke the axe from off the sacred tree
Rebounding backe would their owne bodies wound.
To'amazement of his men when *Cæsar* found,
In his bold hand himselfe an hatchet tooke,
And first of all assaults a lofty oake,
And having wounded the religious tree,
Let no man feare to fell this wood (quoth he)
The guilt of this offence let *Cæsar* beare.
The souldiers all obey, not voide of feare,

But

But ballancing the gods, and *Cæsars* frowne.
The knotty Holmes, the tall wild Ashes downe,
Iowes sacred Oake, ship-building Alder falles,
And Cypresse worne at great mens funeralls,
Then first cut downe, admit the sight of day;
The falling trees so thicke each other stay.
The Gaules lament to see the wood destroy'd:
But the besieged townesmen all orejoy'd,
Hope that the wronged gods will vengeance take;
But gods oft spare the guiltiest men, and make
Poore wretches onely feele their vengefull hand.
When wood enough was fell'd, waines they command
From every part, plowmen their seasons lose,
Whilst in this worke souldiers their teames dispose.
But weary in this (e) lingring war to stay,
Before the walles *Cæsar* goes far away
To meet his troopes in Spaine; his army staves
Before the towne: there lofty forts they raise,
And bulwarkes equalling the height o'th towne,
Which had in earth no fixt foundation,
But rowled to and fro, the cause vnknowne:
The townesmen viewing this strange motion,
Thought it some earthquake, where the struggling wind
From the earths caverns could no passage find:
But much they wonder their owne walls stand fast:
From thence against the towne their Piles they cast;
But the Greeks missill weapons did more harme
To *Cæsars* men, sent from no feeble arme,
But mighty engines with a whirlewinds might;
These not content one breast alone to split,
Through many bodies, bones, and armours cleave,
Not loosing in one wound their strength, and leave
Behind them many deaths; but when they throw
Great massie stones, the mortall force is so
As from a mountaines top a falling rocke,
Which the winds force, and ruining time hath broke;

Not only killes what man so ere it dash,
But every limme dooes into pieces pash.
But when with fence of shields conjoyned all
The sheltred souldiers could approach the wall,
Their heads all cover'd like a fishes shell,
Those darts and stones flue over them, which fell
With danger on their heads before; but now
The Greekes at such small distance could not throw,
North'engine change, content with weight alone
On their foes heads they roule downe heavy stone:
But while the fence did last, huttlesse did all
Their stones, and darts, like haile on houses fall;
Vntill the townesmens teased valour broke
(When *Cæsar's* men were tir'd with often strokes)
The fence, and did their joyned shields divide;
Then did a thin earth cover'd worke proceede;
Vnder whose covert those that lay oid fall
To worke in undermining of the wall.
Sometimes the back forc'd ramme did strongly driue
Forward, the well compacted wall to riue.
But from aboue with fires, with often strokes
Of broken bars, stakes, and fire harden'd oakes
They force the fences; the worke broke downe & vaine,
The souldiers tir'd fly to their campe againe.
The Greekes then sally forth, not satisfi'd
That their walles safely stand, and fire workes hide
(*b*) Vnder their armes. no mortall bow nor speare
Armes the bold youth, but flaming fire they beare,
Which with swift wings into the Romane trench
The strong winds carry: nought has power to quench
Or slacken it, the wood though greene dissolues,
And in blacke clouds of smoke the aire involues,
But fire all pieces of the buildings take,
Not onely wood, but stones, and rockes doe cracke,
And moulder into ashes: greater now
The falling bulwarkes in their ruines show.

The

The conquer'd now loosing all hope by land
Resolue the hazard of sea-fight to stand:
Their ships fore-decke no gilded names adorne;
But timber plaine, such as the woods had borne
Growing, make stations firme for Navall fight,
Now downe the streame of Rodanus the fleet
From Stœchas comes to sea, and there attends
Brutus Prætorian ship: Massilia sends
Her vtmost strength to triall of the war;
Old men, and beardlesse boyes all armed are.
The fleet then ready on the Ocean
Was rigg'd, and old worne ships repair'd againe.
Now when the sky is cleare, and his bright rayes
On the calme sea the rising Sunne displayes:
The North and Southerne windes their fury spare,
And leaue the calmed Ocean fit for war:
Both nations rowing from their stations meete,
Here the Cæsarian, there the Græcian fleete.
With oft and lusty strokes of Rowers from
The harens trembling the great Gallies come.
The homes of *Cæsar's* fleete Gallies that bore
Three Oares aside, and some that went with foure
Or more did make, themselues opposing so
In front, behinde them smaller vessels goe,
Liburnian Gallies with two Oares content.
Conioyn'd in forme of a halfe Moone they went.
Brutus Prætorian galley swert the sea
Like a vaste house, then th'rest more high was she,
And row'd with sixe strong Oares on a side.
But when 't little sea-roome did divide
Both fleetes, as that one stroak would make them meet,
Numberlesse voyces the vaste ayre did greet,
Plowing the Seas. Souldiers loud shouts quite drown'd
The noise of rowing, and shrill trumpets sound.
Then sweepe they the blew waues: the rowers seat
Themselues, & 'gainst their breasts strong stroaks they fet

Ships against ships, beakes meeting beakes resound,
And run asterne; the ayre is darkned round
With flying darts, which falling th'Ocean hide.
Then turning their forecastles far more wide,
They make their hornes t'engirt the adverse fleet.
As when strong windes with tydes repugnant meet,
One way the Sea, the waues another go,
These ships vpon the furrow'de Ocean so
Make different tracts, and waues vpon the maine,
Which oares rais'd, the sea beats downe againe,
But the Greeke vessels were more nimble far
Either to flye, or turne about the war,
They could without long tedious turning weild
Themselues, and quickly to the sterne could yeeld
The Roman ships slow keel'd would firmely stand,
And lend sure footing like a fight by land.
The master then of his Prætorian ship
Brutus bespake, why dost thou let them slip?
Leaue thy Sea-tricks and ioyne the battells close,
'Gainst the Phocaicke stemmes our ships oppose:
He straight obeyes, and turnes his owne broad side
Against their stemmes; what ship so ere they tride
To encounter her, with her owne stroke orecome
Strikes fast, and is surprisde; they hooke in some,
With oares some, some they with chaines hold fast:
On the seas cover'd face the war is plac'd.
No brandisht Iauelins manage now the war,
No darted steele bestowing wounds from far:
Hands ioyne with hands, and in this Navall fight
The sword acts all: in their owne ships vpright
They face their foes prone strokes, some fal down slaine
In their owne ships; dy'd is the Ocean,
And the waues stiffen'd with congealed blood:
Ships hook't together could not meet, withstood
By falling carcasses; some halfe dead sinke,
And their owne bloud mixt with salt water drinke:

Some

Some, that desire their strugling lines to keepe,
Fall in the ruines of their broken ship.
Iavelins, that mist the aime they did intend,
Fall in the sea, and finish there their end,
Finding their bodies to receiue a wound.
A Roman ship by Greeks inviron'd round
Fights stiffely still, on left hand, and on right
Maintaining long 'gainst all a doubtfull fight;
Vpon whose lofty decke whilst *Tarus* bold
Strived a seazed Grecian flag to hold,
Two darts together sent together split
His breast and backe, and in the middle meet:
The blood not knowing yet which way to run
Makes stand; but out at last both darts are throwne:
He in two wounds his dying soule divides,
Hither his ship whilst hopelesse *Telo* guides,
Then whom none better on a boistrous sea
Could guide a ship, none better knew then he
To morrow's weather, if the Sunne he spy'de,
Or Moone, and could for future stormes provide.
He with his stemme a Roman ship had becke,
But through his breast a trembling javelin streke;
The ship turnes off following his dying hand;
Gyareus leaping to his friends command
Straight with a Roman javelin strongly slung
Was slaine, and to the ship fast nailed hung.
Two twinnes stand vp, their fruitfull mothers fame,
That from one wombe with fates far different came,
(Death parts them: their sad parents reft of one
Without mistaking know their living sonne,
Whose lookes the cause of lasting sorrow keepe,
And make his friends for his slaine brother weepe)
One of those twinnes from his Greeke ship was bold
Vpon a Roman keele to lay strong hold:
But from aboue a stroke cuts off his hand,
Which in the place did still fast bended stand,

And

And kept the hold, the nerues more stiffe became
By death, his courage by this noble maime
Was rais'd, and greater by this accident
His valiant left hand 'gainst his foes he bent,
And rushes on his lost right hand to reach,
But that (alas) another sword did fetch
Off by the shoulder: now both hands were gone,
Nor sword, nor target could he weild; yet downe
He did not sinke, but naked breasted stood,
Formost to saue his armed brothers blood,
And there all darts, all wounds that were ordain'd
For many deaths, one dying breast contein'd;
And then his soule fleeting so many wayes
He recollects, and in his tir'd limmes stayes
That little strength, and blood was left, to skip
Before his death into the Roman ship
His enemies by weight alone t'oppresse:
For now the ship laden with carcasses,
And full of blood, bor'd through the side had been,
And through her leakes drinking the water in
Was fill'd vp to the hatches, sinking than
It turn'd the face of the neere Ocean:
The waters to the sinking ship gaue way,
And in her roome clos'd vp againe. That day
Miraculous fates the Ocean did behold:
An iron hooke throwne to lay violent hold
Vpon a ship, on *Lycian* did light:
Drown'd had he been, but his friends hinder'd it,
And on his lower parts caught hold, in two
The man was pluckt: nor did his blood spin flow
As from a wound, but gushing in one spout
From all his broken vaines at once let out:
Into the sea falls his life-carrying blood.
Never so great a passage open stood
To let out any soule, life straight forsakes
His lower halfe, since vitall parts it lackes:

But

But in his vpper halfe (since in that part)
Lay the soft lungs, and life sustaining heart,
Death states a while, and findes repugnancy,
Nor at one time could all his members dye.
The men, that man'd one ship, eager of fight
All pressing to one side leaue empty quite
The other side: whose weight ore-turn'd the ship,
Which topsie turvy sinking downe did keepe
The Saylers vnder water; all of them
Were drown'd nor could their armes haue roome to (swim.
One horrid kind of death that day was seene,
A yong man swimming was, whose breast betweene
Two meeting Ships sharpe stemms was bored through.
The brazen stemms through bones, and flesh did goe,
And made a noise; his squeezed belly sent
Vp through his mouth blood mixt with excrement.
But when the ships diuide themselues againe,
The body throwne into the Ocean,
The water through his bored bosome came:
Now in the Sea shipwrack'd Massilians swame
Towards their fellowes ship to saue their liues:
But that already ouer-turden'd straues
To keepe her friends (though hurt distressed) out,
And from aboue with swords the Souldiers cut
Their armes, when hold vpon the ship they lay,
Then downe againe into the Sea fell they
Leauing their hands behinde, the Ocean
Can now no longer their maim'd trunkes sustaine.
But now when all the Souldiers darts were gone,
Fury findes weapons, Oares by some are throwne
Against their foes: with a strong arme. The mast
Do some teare downe, and in their fury cast:
Some teare the Saylers seates, boords from the decke
Some throwe. for weapons they their ships do breake.
Some wanting swords their friends dead bodies spoile:
From his owne breast one drawes the mortall Pile,

With

With the left hand holding the wound, so long
To keepe in blood and strength, till he had flung
The iavelin at his foe, then lets it run.
But nothing wrought so much destruction
At Sea, as Seas opposed Element,
The fire, which wrapt in vnctious stuffe was sent,
And sulphur balles, the ships apt fuell were,
Their pitch, and melting waxe tooke easily fire:
Nor now could water quench th'vnruly flame,
Fragments of broken ships still burning swam:
Into the Sea to quench his fire one skips,
For feare of drowning to the burning ships
Another cleaues: that death, that was most neare
Among a thousand deaths, they most did feare.
Nor did their shipwracke valour idly liue:
Darts floating on the waues they take and giue
Their fellowes in the ship, or on the seas
Themselues those darts (though feebly) exercise.
When weapons want, the seas their weapons be;
Foes grasping foes together gladly die.
But in that fight one Phocian did excell:
To search the seas he vnder water well
Could keepe his breath, dive to the lowest sands,
And loosen fastned anchors with his hands.
He grapling with a foe downe in the maine
Had sunke and drown'd him, and himselfe againe
Safe, and a conquerour rose: but rising found
Ships in his way, and so at last was drown'd.
Some with their armes on their foes oares lay hold
To stay their flight: deare as they could they sold
Their liues: some wounded, to keepe off the blowes
From their friends ships, their bodies enterpose.
Tyrrhenus standing on the decke aloft,
Rhodanus with a Balearicke shaft
Wounded: the ponderous lead his temples broke,
His falling eyes their hollow seate forsooke,

The

The opticke nerues, and ligaments were broke:
He now starke blind, amazed at the stroake
Thinks this to be deaths darkenesse: finding than
That all his limmes their perfect strength retaine,
Fellowes (quoth he) place me where I may throw
A pile, and plant me as you vse to doe
Engines of warr: this little life that now
Remaines, *Tyrreus* on all hazzards throw;
This body, though in part already dead,
Will serue for warlike vses, and instead
Of men alive take wounds; Thus hauing spoke
In his blind aymelesse hand a Pile he shooke,
And threw it not in vaine, which as it light
Below his belly noble *Argus* bit,
Whose weight now falling made it further glide,
Argus vnhappy Sire on t'other side
The beaten ship then stood (to none would he,
When he was young, in feates of souldiery
Giue place, his strength is now by age decay'de,
And he no Souldier but a patterne made)
He seeing his sonne fall with trembling step
Stumbling along came to that side the ship,
And finding there the body panting yet,
No teares fell from his cheekes, nor did he beat
His woefull breast; His hands now stiffe were growne;
And all his ioynts cold numnesse seizes on:
A suddaine darkenesse closes vp his eyes,
That he discernes not *Argus*, whom he sees.
Argus his dying head began to reare,
And feeble necke seeing his Father there
Speachlesse, yet seem'd in silence to demand
A kisse, and to inuite his Fathers hand
To close his dying eyes; but the old man
Free from amaze, when bloody griefe began
To recollect his strength, I will not loose
That time (quoth he) that angry fate bestowes.

Pardon

Pardon thy wretched father, that from thee
Argus, and from thy last embrace I flee;
Thy wounds warme blood yet signes of life do giue,
Th'art but half dead, and yet awhile maist liue:
Ile goe before thee: Sonne: these words exprest,
And with a bloudy sword piercing his brest
He leapt into the sea, hasting to death
Before his dearest Sonne: his flitting breath
Vnto one single kind of destiny
He durst not trust. Now great commanders dye;
And now no longer doubtfull is the fight;
Some of the Greekes are sunke: by hasty flight
Some get into the haven; others beare
(Changing their loade) the Roman Conquerer.
But now sad Parents mournings fill the towne:
The shore with mothers lamentation
Did ring; instead of her deare husbands face,
A weeping wife mistaken did embrace
A Roman; Fathers funerall rites to giue
About their Sonnes deformed bodies striue.
But *Brutus* Conquerer on the Ocean
To *Cæsar's* side first navall honour wan.

FINIS Libri tertii.

Annotations on the third Booke:

(a) *The vsuall time of mourning among the Romans, for the losse of Husband or wife, was ten moneths; within which space of time it was accounted infamous to marry; and therefore* Cornelia *daughter to* Lucius Scipio, *and Widow of* Pub. Crassus, *who was married to* Pompey *the great within that time, is here stiled by* Iulia *strumpet.*

(b) Cæsar

(b) Cæſar, although it much concerned him to purſue Pompey, and overtake him before his ſtrength were too much encreaſed by forreine aide, yet partly for want of ſhips, and partly fearing leſt in his abſence there might happen ſome new commotion in Italy, and withall fearing the Pompeian army, that was then in Spaine vnder the conduct of Afranius and Petreius, he reſolued firſt to goe and ſettle things at Rome, and afterwards to goe fight againſt thoſe armies in Spaine.

(c) Valerius was ſent into Sardinia to fetch Corne, and Curio into Sicily as Propretor with three legions, thoſe countreys were two the greateſt Granaries of the Romane Empire.

(d) Cæſar aſſembled the Senators into Apolloes temple, and there with courteous language excuſed himſelfe concerning this war, as a thing vndertaken only to preſerue his owne dignity againſt the envy and iniury of a few, he entreateth them to take care of the commonwealth, and ioyne with him in it: likewiſe to ſend Embaſſadors to Pompey and the Conſuls concerning peace.

(e) The Tribunitiall power was held ſo ſacred, that whoſoever did offer any violence vnto it, they thought the gods would take reuenge, and conceiued the reaſon of that great and miſerable ouerthrow, which Marcus Craſſus receiued in Parthia, to be becauſe Ateius the Tribune had curſed him as he went away.

(f) Cæſar paſſing through the further Gallia, and vnderſtanding that Domitius, whom he had lately taken priſoner at Corfinium, and releaſed againe was come into Maſſylia, a city that fauoured Pompey's faction, he called out ſome of the cheefe of the city, and admoniſhed them not too much to obey one man, and ſo draw a warre vpon themſelues; they ſhut the gates againſt Cæſar, but requeſted him gently to paſſe by them, hoping by that meanes to haue kept themſelues in ſafety, and to haue remained as neuters in the war, but that drew this heauy ſiedge

vpon

vpon them. Vnhappy Massilia (*saith* Florus) *which deseruing too much to preserue her peace, for feare of warre fell into a warre.*

(g) Cæsar *had sent* Caius Fabius *his Lieutenant with three legions into* Spaine, *to dislodge* Afranius *a Lieutenant of* Pompey's *in the* Pyrenæan *straights: and now himselfe leauing* Caius Trebonius *to besiedge* Massilia *by Land, and* Decius Brutus *to besiedge it by Sea, goes with nine hundred horsemen into* Spayne *to* Fabius *his campe.*

(h) *The story in the place concerning the firing of those workes which* Cæsars *souldiers had raised, and the actions of the Massilians is not rightly related by* Lucan; *but differs much from the relation of true historie.*

LVCANS.

LVCANS
Pharsasia.

The Fourth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar in Spaine neere high Herdaes walls
Encampes 'gainst two Pompeyan generalls.
By suddaine floods his campe endanger'd is.
Cæsar divides the streame of Sicoris,
Oretakes Petrejus *flight, who bloodily.*
Breakes off his Souldiers new-made amity;
But by extremity of thirst compell'd,
Afranius, *and himselfe to* Cæsar *yeild.*
Famish't Antonius *yeilds t'his enemy.*
Vulteius, *and his valiant cohort aye*
By their owne swords. Curio *on Libyan sands*
Is slaine by Iubaes *Mauritanian hands.*

BVt now sterne *Cæsar* in Spaines farthest coast
Makes war: on which, though little blood it (a) cost,
The fortunes of both Generalls much did stand.
Affranius (b) and *Petreius* did command
Those campes with æquall power, but concord made
Their governement more firme: their men obay'd

Alternally both Generalls commands.
Heere besides Romans hold *Asturian* bands,
Light *Vestones*, and *Celtæ* (e) were, that came
From France, and with th' *Iberi* mixt their name.
A little hill not steepe of fertile lands
Swells vp, on which the old Ilerda stands;
Before the towne flowes Sicoris soft streame,
Among Spaines rivers of no small esteeme;
On which a bridge of stone high arched stood
T'endure the violence of a winters flood.
The next hill the *Pompeyans* campe did beare;
Æquall to which *Cæsar* his tents did reare.
The river in the midst both campes divides,
From whence the champion fields vpon both sides
Extend themselves beyond the ken of man.
Swift Cinga bounds them, that to th' Ocean
Carryes no name, (d) Iber, where you two joyne,
That giues the land her name, takes from thee thine.
The first day they encamp'd, from fight was free:
The Captaines stood each others strength to see
Numbring the Eagles; shame did then begin
To damne their rage, and hold their fury in;
One poore dayes respite to their countrey they
And broke lawes gaue; but *Cæsar* when the day
Declin'd, did with a suddaine trench enclose
His campe about, and to deceiue the foes
His army in the front kept station
To hide the worke; and when the morne drew on,
He sends swift troopes the next hill to surprise,
That twixt the foes campe, and Ilerda lyes;
Thither the foes with shame and terror make,
And by a neerer way the hill they take.
The fight growes there, on sword, and valour one
Relyes, the other on possession.
Laden with armes march *Cæsar's* souldiers vp
'Gainst the steepe hill: their following fellowes prop

Their

Their backes with targets vp, to keepe them so
From falling backe; their Piles against the foe
They could not vse: Piles guide their faltring steps:
Hold, as they clime, they catch on shrubs and slips:
Their swords serue not to fight, but cut their way.
This danger *Cæsar* saw, and sent away
His horse to wheele charging in flanke the foe,
And all his foot retreat in safety so
The skirmish ended thus and neither side
Obtain'd the conquest. Thus farre fighting try'd.
What other fates were added to this war
Grew from th'vnconstant motions of the ayre,
For by cold winters dry North-windes the cleine
The clowds congeale: bowells did containe.
Snowes on the hills, and tops of mountaines lye,
And frosts, that at the Sunne's appearance flye.
All lands within those Westerne climates are
Hardened by Winters dry congealing aire.
But when the Sunne now wexed warmer came
To take possession of the heavenly Ram,
Making the æquinoctiall againe,
When day t'excesse the night in length began,
When Cynthia from the Sunne's conjunction
But newly come could hardly yet be knowne;
Boreas sh' excludes, and fire from Eurus takes:
He all the clowdes that his whole quarter makes
Throwes to the West with Nabothæan blasts,
The foggs that India, that Arabia casts
Exhal'd, and growne vnder the tilling Sunne,
Sky darkening Cœus exhalation,
Which cooles the Indian aire, now blowne away
From thence, make hot the Easterne countreys day.
Nor could the loades of those thicke clouds fall downe
On the mid world, strong tempests drive them on
From North and South; alone does Calpes ground
Drinke the moist aire, the farthest Westerne bound,

Where heavens bow'd hinge does with the Ocean
The cloudes driven thither could no further get: (meetes
Their vastnesse hardly could involved be
In such strait roome, as twixt that earth and sky.
Those cloudes then crusht together by the pole
Contract in th'ayre, and downe amaine they roule
In gushing showres; lightnings though thicke retaine
No flashing fire, extinguisht by the raine.
Iris no colours can distinctly show
Circling the ayre with an imperfect bow:
She drinkes the sea, and to the Ocean
The ponderous waues fall from the sky againe.
The Pyrenæan snowes, which Titan yet
Could never melt, flow downe: the rockes are wet
With broken ice: rivers their wonted way
Forsake; as channells the whole fields display
Themselues: and now as shipwrack'd on the seas
Flote *Cæsars* tents, and drenched companyes
The streame breakes downe his campe: rivers oreflow
His trench and worke, nor can the souldiers goe
To forrage: the drown'd fields no vittaile leane:
The wayes by water cover'd all deceive
The fetchers of provision; then came on
A famine still the sad companion
Of other woes: the souldiers by no foes
Besidg'd, are pin'd, one his whole wealth bestowes
Vpon a cruft of bread not dearely sold:
(Oh meagre thirst of gaine) for ready gold
An hungery teller is not wanting there
The waters now have all, no hils appeare,
The joyning rivers like one spreading seas
Cover high rockes, transported are the dens
Of beasts; the streame carryes the strugling horse
Not touching ground, and as of greater force
Then th'Ocean, repells the Oceans tide.
The darkened Pole does Phæbus lustre hide,

And

And the blacke skies all colours doe confound,
So lyes the farthest part of the worlds: round,
Which the cold zone, and frosts perpetuall
Cover: those countreys see no starres at all:
Their barren ice breedes nothing: good alone
To temper with their cold the torrid zone.
So let it be, great *Ioue*, so let it be
Neptune, whose three-fork'd scepter rules the sea.
Thou, *Ioue*, with stormes perpetuall fill the ayre:
Thou, *Neptune*, let no rivers home repaire,
Let no streames finde prone passage to the maine,
But with the Oceans ride turne backe againe.
Make the strooke earth to deluge pervious:
These fields let Rhine o'eflow, and Rhodanus.
Huther their course let all great rivers bend
Hither Ripheean showes, lakes fountaines send,
Hither all standing pooles from far command,
And saue from civill war this wretched land.
But *Cæsars* fortune, with this little feare
Of his content, returnes greater then ere:
The gods gan favour, and deserv'd t'obtaine
Pardon: the clowded ayre clear'd vp againe:
The master'd waters *Sol* in fleeces spred:
The night, presaging a faire morne, look'd red:
Things keepe their place: moisture the skye forsakes,
VVater (late high) her owne low center takes:
Trees, and emergent hills t'appeare began:
The fields at sight of day grow drie againe.
VVhen *Sicoris* to his owne bankes restor'd
Had let the field, of twigs, and willow bord
They made small boates cover'd with bullockes hide,
In which they reache the rivers further side.
So saile the Veneti if Padus flow,
The Britaines saile on their calme Ocean so.
So the Ægyptians sayle with woven boates
Of papery rushes in their Nilus floates.

The army in theſe boates tranſported now
Puild vp a bridge, and fearing th' overflow
Of the fierce ſtreame, their worke they doe note nd
Vpon the banke, but ore the fields extend.
And leſt againe Sicoris ſhould oreflow,
In ſeverall channells cut, he ſuffers now
For his firſt crime: but when *Petreius* ſpy'd
That *Cæſars* fortune did all action guide,
Ilerda he forſakes, truſting no more
The ſtrength of that knowne would, but ſeeking for
Vntamed nations fierce with wars dire loue,
(*e*) To that worlds end the battell to remoue.
When *Cæſar* ſaw the hills and campe forſooke,
He bids his men take armes, and never looke
For bridge, or ford, but with their hardy armes
Swim ore the ſtreame: the ſouldiers his alarmes
Obey with ſpeed, and ruſhing on to fight
Venture thoſe wayes, that they would feare in flight,
Then taking armes cheriſh their bodies wet,
And their benummed joynts with running heat,
Till noone made ſhadowes ſhort; the horſemen then
Ouertake the hindmoſt of *Petreius* men.
Who doubtfull are whether to fight or flye.
Two rocky hills lift their proud tops on high
Making a vale beneath: about the ground
Is joyn'd: below ſafe paſſages are found
Through windings darke: which ſtraights if once the foe
Had in poſſeſſion, *Cæſar* well did know
He might from thence carry the war as far,
As Spaines remote, and barbarous nations are.
Runne without ranke (quoth he) purſue your foes:
Turne backe the war, that by their flight you looſe:
Make them turne face to face, though they would fly,
Giue not the cowards leaue baſely to dy,
But on their breaſts let them receiue our blowes
This ſaid, with ſwiftneſſe they prevent their foes

Flight

Flight to the hills, encamping close beside.
A narrow trench did both the campes divide,
And of so little distance was the place,
They might distinctly know each others face.
There finding fathers, brothers, sonnes, they see
The wickednesse of civill enmity.
And first for feare standing a little mute
With nods, and swords lift vp, sends, sends salute;
But when deare loue conquer'd the law of warres,
Over the trenches leape the soulditers
T' embrace each other: some their old hosts meete,
Some their schoolefellowes, some their kinsemen greete.
He was no Roman, that no enemy knew:
Sighs breake their kisses, teares their armes bedew,
And though no act of blood were yet begun,
They feare the mischiefe that they might haue done.
VVhy mourn'st thou foole? why doest thou beat thy
And weepe in vaine? why hast thou now confest (breast,
Thou 'gainst thy will to wicked war doest goe?
Stand'st thou in such great feare of him whom thou
Thy selfe mak'st dreadfull? let his trumpets sound,
Neglect the cruell noise, let none be found
To beare his Eagles, and the war there ends;
Cæsar and *Pompey* private men are friends.
Now concord come, that all things dost enfold
In thy white armes, and the worlds safety hold,
The earths blest loue: future impieties
Our age may feare; the ignorance here edyes
Of their misdeeds: and from excuse does bar
Their guilt, they know, their foes their kinsemen are.
Sinister fates, that will by this short peace
Their future woes, and wickednesse encrease.
T'was peace, and in both campes nam soulditers stray'd,
And on the grasse their friendly banquets made:
By the same fire together Bacchus rites
They celebrate, and spend the watchfull nights

In storyes of the war as lovingly
Together they in joyning lodginges lye.
Where first they did encampe, from what hand fled
Each Pile, and boast of every valiant deede
Denying much they graunt the wish of Fate,
And loue the wretched Souldiers renovate.
This loue their future wickednesse encreast,
For when *Petreius* saw their friendly feast,
Thinking himselfe and campe to sale betray'd
He armes his housho'd servants to invade
Dire war: and guarded with a troope of those
Out of his campe th'vnarm'd *Cæsarians* throwes.
The sword, as in embraces joyn'd they stood,
Divides them, and disturbes the peace with blood.
Then wrath these war provoking speeches gaue,
Souldiers vnmindefull of the cause you haue,
Though *Cæsars* conquest you cannot bestow
Vpon the Senates cause, this you can do,
Fight till you are orecome: whilest you haue hands,
And blood, and whilest the war yet doubtfull stands,
Will you go serue, and traitrous Eagles take?
And beg of *Cæsar* he no odds would make
Betweene his slaues, and at his hands desire
Your Captaines liues? our safetyes treasons hire
Shall never be; nor make we civill war
To liue: by name of peace betray'd we are.
People for veines of brasse, which deepe-hid lye
Would never seeke, nor townes would fortify:
No stately horses to the war should pace,
No tower-like shipps orespread the Oceans face,
If liberty for peace were ere well sold.
Shall *Cæsar's* Souldiers damn'd obedience hold
Bound by a wicked oath, and you make light
Your faith, because in a good cause you fight?
But pardon's hop'd: oh shames dire funerall,
Not knowing this, great *Pompey*, thou ore all

The

The world art mustring, and each farthest King
Bringing to fight, whilest we are ariding
Safely about thy safety. This feirce speech
Turn'd backe their mindes, & stirr'd warrs wicked itch,
As when wild beasts wean'd from the woods, and shunt
Vp close to tame, have off their wildenesse put,
And learn'd t'endure a man, if blood once staine
Their iawes, their wildenesse straight returnes againe,
Their iawes grow hot, and their new boyling rage
The trembling keeper hardly can aswage.
They run on wicked nesse, and what might seeme
In a blinde war the gods or fortunes crime,
Deceived trust makes ours; at bord, and bed
The late embraced breasts are murthered;
And though vnwillingly at first they draw,
Yet when their wicked swords drawne out they saw,
And striking were, their friends they truely hate,
And with the stroke themselues they animate.
Petreius campe is with strange tumult fill'd,
And horrid murther: sonnes their fathers kill'd:
And as if hidden mischiefe lost should be,
They boast their guilt, and let their Captaines see.
Cæsar, though robbed of thy men, yet see
The gods high favour: not so much for thee
On Ægypt, or Massilias seas is done,
Nor so much honour in Pharsalia won.
(*f*) For this sole crime of civill war does make
That thou at length the better cause shalt take.
The Generalls now their blood-stain'd Souldier
No more dare trust within the campe so neere.
But by swift flight toward Ilerda make,
From whom all passage *Cæsars* horsmen take,
And there in those dry hills shut vp their foes,
Whom *Cæsar* striues with a deepe trench t'enclose
Cutting all water off, he lets them take
No springer, nor tents neere to the river make

They seeing the way of death, convert their feare
To rage; their horses, that vnusefull were
To men beseidg'd, they kill, and since in flight
Twere vaine to hope, addresse themselues to fight.
Cæsar perceiues them comming, and well knowes
That death is sought by his devoted foes.
Containe your Piles, and swords, Souldiers (quoth he)
Ile loose no blood to get this victory.
That foe, that meetes the sword, nere gratis dyes;
Hating their liues, and cheape in their owne eyes,
They come to mixe our losses with their death:
They'll feele no wounds, but ioy in losse of breath.
But let this heate forsake vm, this mad fit,
They'll loose their wish of death. *Cæsar* the fight
Forbids, and lets their choller spend in vaine,
Till Sol descended to the Ocean,
And starres appear'd; then when no hope's at all
Of fight, their feircenesse does by little fall,
Their mindes grow cold. So is most courage found
In late hurt men, whilest freshnesse of the wound,
And the blood hot giues nimble motion
To every nerue, and muscles guide the bone:
If the wound-giver hold his hand, and stay:
Then a cold numnesse, (strength being tane away)
Seizes the minde, and the stiffe members tyes,
The wound growne cold (the blood congealing) dryes.
The Souldiers wanting water through each creeke
Of the digg'd earth for hidden fountaines seeke.
Not only now the mattocke, and the spade,
But swords earth-digging instruments are made.
Downe from the tops of mountaines as profound
They goe, as lyes the lowest marish ground,
Farther from day, and deeper in earths mould
Divers not the searcher for Assyrian gold.
But no sought rivers hidden course is showne;
No springs appear'd opening the Pummice stone:

No

No bubbling brooke rowles little pibble stones:
Nor sweating caue makes distillations.
Weary with digging then the sweating men
Are from those rocky pits drawne out againe:
And this vaine search of water the dry aire
Makes them lesse able to endure; nor dare
They feede their weary bodyes, eating nought,
As medicine against thirst is hunger sought.
If the soft earth doe moisture yeild, they bring
The clods, & ore their mouths with both hands wring.
The blacke vnstirred mud, that every sinke
Affords by strife the greedy Souldiers drinke.
And what to saue their liues they would haue sucke
To take, now dying drinke; like beasts some sucke
Beasts dugs, and when milke failes, with greedy jaw
Meere blood from their exhausted udders draw.
Hearbs, and greene leaues they wring: bedewed twigs
They licke, and juce of bleeding vines: small sprigs
Of trees they for their tender sap doe squeeze.
Oh happy men, whom barbarous enemyes
Flying by (e) poysoning all the rivers kill'd:
But, *Cæsar*, though these riuers should be fill'd
With poysons, carrions, and pale Aconite
Growing on Cressan rockes; yet knowing it
These Romans then would drinke, their bowells now
Are scorcht, their mouths, & tongs dry'd rougher grow,
Their veines shrinke vp: their lungs in this distresse
Not moist contract the breathing passages
Breathings hard drawne their vlcer'd palates teare.
They ope their thirsty mouthes, to drinke nights aire,
And wish such showres, as all did lately drowne,
And the dry clouds their lookes are fixt vpon.
But that which most encreas'd their misery,
They were encamp'd not no dry Meroe,
Nor where the naked Garamantes plow
Hot *Cancers* tropicke: but betweene the flow

Of

Of swift Iberus and full Sicoris:
The thirstie campe two neighbouring rivers seek.
Now both the generals yeild, *Afranius* layes
Downe armes and peace (become a suppliant) prayes.
Into the enemies campe his starved bands
Drawing before the conquerors feete he stands:
Then begging pardon with a carelesse breast
He lost no Majesty; but twixt his fast,
And former state he bearest himselfe in all,
A conquer'd man, but yet a generall.
Had I fall'n vnder a base enemy,
I had not lack'd an hand my selfe to free:
Know then the cause that now I beg to liue,
I thinke thee, *Cæsar*, worthy life to giue,
For no sides favour, nor as foes to thee
Did we take armes; both Generalls were we
Before this civill war, and haue maintain'd
The former cause: now wee'll not fate withstand,
Spaine we deliver vp, and ope the East:
Of all the world behind thou now mayst rest
Secure: nor has much bloods effusion,
Sharpe swords, or weary'd armes this conquest won:
Onely thy foes, that thou hast conquered,
Forgiue: nor beg we much, grant vs to lead
Vnarm'd those liues, that thou hast now bestow'd:
Suppose that all our slaughtered troopes lay strow'd
Over the fields: to mixe vnfortunate
With happy armes, and we participate
Thy tryumphs were vnfit: our fates we know:
(*b*) Compell vs not with thee to conquer now.
But *Cæsar* gently, and with smiling cheare
Both pardons, and dismisses them from war.
But when the league was firmely 'gree'd vpon,
The souldiers to th' vnguarded rivers run,
Fall on the bankes, troubling the granted streame.
But long continu'd draughts in many of them,

Not

Not suffering aire through th' empty veines to flye,
Shut vp their liues: nor could they easily
Cease this dry plague: but though their guts they fill,
The couetous disease is craving still.
At last their nerues, and strength against it brings
Oh luxury too prodigall of things,
Corsent with no prouision easily brought;
Ambitious hunger for things dearely sought
Ore land, and sea, pride of a sumptuous table!
See what small store to cherish life is able,
And nature pleast: these Souldiers fainting soules
No vnknowne Consuls noble wine in bowles
Of mirrhe, and gold receiues: from fountaines pure
Water, and bread their fleeting liues assure.
Wretches that follow warres. These souldiers
Being now disarm'd are made secure, from cares
Exempt, and innocent resume againe
To their owne townes. When peace they did obtaine,
How much they griev'd that ever they had cast
One pile, or suffer'd thirst, or ever ake
The gods in vaine to grant them prosperous warres?
For to the happyer fighting Souldiers
What toiles through all the world, what doubtfull fields
Remaine to fight? Though fortune alwayes yeilds
Happy successe, yet must they oftentimes
Conquer, spill blood throughout all lands, and climes,
And follow *Cæsar*, through all fates of his.
When the world's ruine's neare, he happy is,
That knowes his setled place. Their weary armes
No war calls forth: their sleepes no loud alarmes
Disturbes; their wiues, children, and houses they,
And lands (though no deducted colony)
Enioy; by fortune from this burden free'd
No fauour does their misdeeds disquiet breed:
One generall sav'd their liues: rather their owne
Commander was. Thus happy they alone

Free'd

Free'd from desires the civill warres behold.
But through the world this fortune did not hold;
She durst act some what against *Cæsar's* side.
Where long (*s*) Salone's beaten with the ride
Of th' Adriaticke sea, when Zephyre blowes
Vpon the warme lader's gentle flowes,
Antonius there trusting the warlike bandy
Of his Curetes, whose environ'd lands
The Adriaticke sea encircles round,
Was straight besidged in the vtmost bound,
Safe from warres reach, if famine, that alone
Conquers the strongest fortresses, were gone:
The ground no pasture for their horses yeilds,
Nor yellow Ceres cloaths the fallow'd feilds.
The men eat grasse, and when the feilds grow bare,
The grasse from off their camps dry'd turffes they teare.
But when their friends on th' adverse shore they spy'd;
And *Sossius* the admirall, they try'd
New wayes of flight by sea; for their sterne end
They did not hoist, nor did their keele extend
(As custome was) but with vnusuall sleight
Firme the best boates to beare a mighty weight
They made. These empty boates on every side
Susteine the ship, whose double rancke was ty'd
With chaines across. Nor were the oares dispos'd
On th' open front to the foes darts expos'd;
Only that sea, that was enclosed round
By those conjoyned boates, their oares did wound.
A miracle of silent slight it show'd;
She bore no sailes, or sea discover'd row'd.
Now they observe the tides, till th' ebbing seas
Leave the sands bare, and make the shore entease;
Then from aboue into the Ocean prone
The ship falls by two galleyes waited on:
Ore which a lofty threatning tower was rear'd,
Where spires, and trembling pinnacles appear'd.

Oßirius keeper of th' Illyrian sea
Would not assaulte his ship too suddainly:
But his swift vessells thought it good to stay
Till th' easy passage might encreasse his prey,
And farther on to sea by peace invites
His rashly enter'd foes; such are the slights
Of huntsmen, when their toiles they haue dispos'd
And fearefull deere in plumed nets enclos'd:
Their dogs of Crete and Sparta they containe,
And their wide mouth'd Molossians restraine:
No dog is trusted in the wood, but he,
That can vpon a full sent silent be,
And never open when he findes the game,
Content alone to signifie the same
By wagging of the firing; then presently
The Souldiers leaue the Ile, and eagerly
They come a board the ship, when day's last light
Gaue place to the approach of dusky night.
But the Cilicians of great *Pompey's* side
According to their old sea-craft, had ty'd
Chaines through the midst o'th' sea, of which no show
Appear'd aboue, but loosely let them flow:
The chaine was fasten'd to th' Illyrian shore.
The first, and second ships not staid got ore:
The third was caught of burden much more vast,
And to the rocke by a drawne rope was cast.
The rocke hangs ore the sea (a wonder tis)
Hollow, and still (though falling) stands, with trees
Making a shade: hither the sea by tides
Oft drines: and in those darke some caverns hides
Ships broke by Aquilon, and drowned men:
Which hidden store the rocke restoores againe;
And when the caverns belch it vp, in heate
Sicillan Charybdis cannot get
Prehemineence. Heere did the great ship stand,
That was with valiant Opitergians mann'd

Her

Her from all havens did all ships enclose:
Some from the rocks, some from the shore oppose.
Volteius found this under-water traine
(The Captaine of the ship) who all in vaine
Striving to cut the chaines, did then desire
Without all hope, to fight: where to retire,
Or how to enquier is not leene: but here
As much as feared valour could appeare,
It did: against so many thousand wights,
That did enclose, scarse one full cohort fights,
Not long endeed, for night in her blacke shade
Shut vp the day, and peace the darkenesse made.
Then thus *Volteius* thus gan animate
The cohort fearing sad ensuing fate.
Yong men, that but for one short night are free,
Provide in time for fates extremity:
There's no man's life is short, that does allow
Him time to seeke his death: nor thinke it now
Lesse glorious that we meete a fate at hand.
The tigres of future life none understand.
Tis equall praise of mind to giue away
Our liues last moment, and the hoped stay
Of many yeers, so we the actors be:
No man can be compell'd to wish to dye.
No way for flight is left: at every hand
Bent 'gainst our throates the sterne Cilicians stand.
Let feare be banisht then: resolue to dye,
And let your wishes meete necessity.
Nor shall we fall in a blinde cloud of war,
As when two bands ioyn'd in darkenesse are,
VVhen heapes of carcasses bestrow the field,
Valour hes buried, all are equall held.
But in a ship the gods haue place for vs
Both to our friends and foes conspicuous.
The Ile, the continent, the seas allow
VVitnesses to vs, and two parties now.

From

From divers shores behold vs: In our ends
VVhat great, and rare example Fate entends
I know not. VVhat ere Chronicles afford
Of truth, of Souldiers faith maintain'd by sword,
VVe shall excell: 'tis a small thing to die
Vpon our swords, *Cæsar*, we know for thee:
But greater pledges in this sad distresse
VVe want, our great affections to expresse
And envious Fates vs of much praises barre,
That not our parents, nor our children are
Heere with vs. Let our foes our valour finde,
And feare our force, and death-contemning minde:
Let them be glad that no more ships were caught,
Perchance they'll try by leagues what can be wrought,
Proffering base life: would they would promise vs
Pardon, to make our deaths more glorious,
Least when we fall our killing swords vpon,
Our foes should call it desperation.
Much valour must deserue that *Cæsar* may
Account the lesse of vs a fatall day
Among so many thousand. Should fate giue
Egresse from hence, I would not wish to liue;
I haue already cast away my breath,
Drawen by the sweetnesse of approaching death:
A fury 'tis, which none but they can know,
To whom nere Fates such knowledge doe allow;
The Gods deaths sweetnesse doe conceale, to make
Men liue. A noble courage straight did take
The young mens minds; though all with weeping eyes
(Before the Captaines speech) had view'd the skies,
And fear'd to see the ruine of *Charles* his waine:
But now their valiant minds wish day againe
After this speech; nor was day slow t'appeare:
Sol leaving *Gemini*, and drawing neare
His height in *Cancer*, when the shortest night
Vrg'd the Thessalian Archer. Day growne light,

Discover'd warrelike Istrians on the land,
The fierce Liburnians, and Greeke fleete, that stand
Covering the seas. They first suspending fight,
Striue to orecome by covenants, and invite
The ship to yeild by granting life; but they
Devoted, scorning life, stand in array,
Secure in sight, resolv'd what end to take:
No stormes their strong resolved mindes could shake:
And though but few, by land, and sea they fought
(Such confidence deaths resolution brought)
Against innumerable hands; but when
VVarre had drawne blood enough, their fury then
Turn'd from their foes. The Captaine first of all
Vulteius offring his bare throte gan call
Seeking for death, is there no Souldier here
VVorthy to shed my blood? let him appeare,
And killing me shew that himselfe dares bleed.
VVith that of life his wounded breast was free'd
By many swords; *Vulteius* thankes bestow'd
On all, but dying him, to whom he ow'd
His first kind wound, he thankefully againe
Requites with death. Thus meeting all were slaine,
And on one side the wartes whole mischiefe hung.
So the serpentine brood by *Cadmus* Sprung,
Fell by each others hand, a dire presage
Of the ensuing Theban brothers rage.
So those of th'waking Dragons teeth once fram'd
In Colchos fields, by Magicke spells enflam'd,
VVith kindred blood the fields plow'd furrowes dy'd;
VVhich mischiefe wrought by herbs before vnry'd
Medea fear'd her selfe. So fell these men
By bargain'd fate, and in the death of them
To dye was the least valour: they both fall,
And kill at once: no right hand mist at all,
Though at the point of death: nor to their blades
Ow'd they their wounds: a breast the sword invades,

Their

Their throates invade their hands; and if blinde chance
A brothers sword 'gainst brother did advance,
Or sonnes 'gainst father, with vndanted hand,
And all their strength they strike; in this did stand
Their piety alone, that at one blow
They would dispatch them; on the hatches now
Halfe dead they draw their bowells, and much blood
Stream'd downe into the sea; it did them good
To see the scorned day, death to preferre,
And with proud lookes despise the conquerer.
Now on the ship the heapes of bodyes shew'd
The slaughter made: on which the foes bestow'd
Fit funeralls, admiring much to see
To any Captaine such fidelity.
Fame flying through the world did never raise
Any one ship with such resounding praise.
Yet will not coward nations since such braue
Examples, learne to know, that death to saue
Their liberty is not a price so deare:
But kingdomes arm'd with power of sword they feare:
Liberty can vse armes, and swords should be
(As men should know) to keepe their liberty.
Oh would the fates would let the fearefull liue,
That valour only death to men might giue.

Nor was that war that did in Libya grow
Lesse terrible then this: bold (*g*) *Curio*
By a milde Northren winde was wafted ore
From Lilybæum to that well knowne shore,
Where Clupea seated is, and where he sees
Great Carthages halfe ruin'd ædifice:
And pitching his first tents far from the maine,
Where Bagrada furrowes the sandy plaine,
Those hills, and eaten rockes goes to behold,
Which were *Auxum* kingdome call'd of old;
Asking the cause of this old name, a clowne
Thus tells the tale by long Tradition knowne:

For Giants births Earth yet not barren made
In Libian caues a feared issue had,
Which to his mother brought as true a fame,
As *Typhoe*, *Tityon*, and *Briareus* name.
'Twas good for heaven *Antæus* was not borne
At Phlegra; but this guift did more adorne
His mighty strength: into his limmes (though tir'd,)
His mothers touch a vigour fresh inspir'd.
This caue his dwelling was, this mountaine here
He lurcht about, his foode slaine lions were:
His bed no leaues of trees, no skin of beasts:
His strength by sleeping on the ground encreast.
By him th'inhabitants of Libya dy'd,
And strangers all, that to our coast apply'd.
His strength (not vsing a long time to fall)
Needed not earths rich gift: too strong for all
He wast hough standing vp; at length through fame
Of this dire plague the great *Alcides* came,
Whose hand both sea and land from monsters free'd
And for th'encounter each put off his weede,
One's *Nemean*, tother's Libyan Lions skin:
Hercules oiles his limmes ere he begin
According to th' Olimpicke rites: but he
Rubb'd ore his limmes with sand: it could not be
Enough to touch his mother with his feete.
They grapple then, and armes, armes folded meete.
Striving each others necke with heavy hand
To bend; yet both fist, and vnbended stand.
Both wonder much to meete their match at length:
But *Hercules* vs'd not his vtmost strength
At the first bout, but weary'd our his foe,
Which his oft blowing, and cold sweates did show:
His shaking necke, nor breast could firmely stand:
His bending hamm es yeild to *Alcides* hand:
Alcides then about his short ribbes cast
His conquering armes, and grip'd his yeilding wast,

Then

Then tripping vp his leggs he fairely layes
His foe stretch'd out vpon the sand; earth stayes
His sweat, and fills with fresh blood every vaine,
His armes grow brawny, his joynts stiffe againe,
And his fresh limmes vnclaspe the others hands.
Amaz'd at this new strength *Alcides* stands
Nor fear'd he *Hydra* so in Lerna lakes
Fruitfull by losse of her reviving snakes,
Though then but yong; Now both were equall
One in earths strength, the other in his owne. (growne
Nere had sterne *Iuno* more encouragement
To hope, she sees his limmes with sweating spent,
And his necke dry'd, as when he did sustaine
The heavens: but when he clasp'd his foe againe,
Antæus staying not till he be throwne,
Falls of himselfe, and rises stronger growne:
His mother earth to his tir'd members giues
What spirit she has, and labours when he strives.
But when *Alcides* found earths touch to be
Strengthning to him, now thou shalt stand (quoth he)
No more thou fal'st, nor will we trust againe
The ground: this breast shall thy crusht limbes sustaine;
Hither, *Antæus*, shalt thou fall: this spoke,
Him striving to fall downe aloft he tooke,
And grasp'd his middle fast: earth could not lend
Strength to her dying sonne, nor succour send.
But till his foes breast starke and cold he found
Alcides durst not trust him on the ground.
From hence selfe-lov'd antiquity, and fame,
Old times recorder, gaue this place a name.
But to these hills a nobler name gaue he,
That drew the Punicke foe from Italy.
Scipio arriving on our Libya, heere
Pitch'd his first campe: the mines yet appeare
Of that old trench; this place of all the rest
Was first by Roman victory possest.

Curio, as if the place were fortunate,
And still retain'd those former Captaines fate
In war, rejoyc'd, and in this lucky place
Pitch'd his vnlucky tents, which did deface
The places Omen: and provok'd sterne foes
With strength vnequall; Affricke all that owes
Obedience to the Roman Eagles, then
VVas vnder *Varus*, who, (though strong in men
Of Italy) aide from the Libyan King
Requires, to whom the worlds far regions bring
Their force with *Iuba*; no one King alone
VVas master of such large dominion:
In length th'extent of his great Kingdomes ground
Gades-neighbouring Atlas, and *Ioues* Ammon bound
Neere Thera; but in breadth the torrid zone,
Betwixt the sea, and it, it coasts vpon
So many people to his army presse,
Th' Autolodes, and wandring Nomades:
Getulians horn'd without caparison:
The Mauritanians of complexion
Like Indians: poore Nasamonians,
Scorcht *Garamantes*, swift *Marmaricans*:
Massylians, that without saddles ride,
And with a wand their bitlesse horses guide:
Mazacian darts, that Median shafts excell:
Those that in empty cottages doe dwell;
Affrican hunters, that all darts refuse,
And their loose coates 'gainst angry Lyons vse.
Nor did the cause of civill war alone,
But private anger bring King *Iuba* on.
Curio that yeere, wherein he did defile
Diuine, and human lawes, striv'd to exile
By tribunitiall law from Libyas throne
This King, and barre him his forefathers crowne,
VVh left he would make thee, Rome, a monarchy.
He mindfull of the wrong thinkes this to be

The

The greatest guift his scepter could bestow.
This *Iuba's* fame affrighted *Curio*:
Besides no Soul'diers firme to *Cæsar's* side
Were in his army, none that had beenetry'd
In Germany: but at Confinium tane
Falseto new Lords did to their first remaine
Doubtfull, and thought both sides indifferent were.
But when he saw all slacke through slavish feare,
That the night-guards their trenches did forsake
With a distracted spirit thus he spake.
Daring conceales great feare: Ile first assay
The fight, and put my Souldiers in array
While they are mine: doubt growes from rest alone:
Fight shall prevent their consultation;
When swords whet their dire wills, and helmets hide
Their blushes, who can then compare the side,
Or weigh the cause? they favour as they stand:
As no old hate does on the stage command
Sword-players to meete: they hate by faction.
This said, in open field he leades them on;
Whom the warres fortune, meaning to deceive
After, at first does prosperously receive.
For *Varus* he defeated, following on
Their flying backes in execution,
Even to the campe. When *Iuba* first did know
Of this sad field, and *Varus* overthrow,
Glad that the glory of the war did stay
For him, by stealth he leade his troupes away:
And without noise (commanding silence) goes,
Fearing he should be feared of his foes
Sabura next in honour to the King
With a small troope is sent before to bring
Curio on by provocation,
As if the war were left to him alone:
Himselfe with all his kingdomes strength below
Keepes in the valley, The Ichneumon so

Provoking by his tailes decritfull shade
Th' Ægyptian Aspe, dooes at the last invade
(Free'd from the deadly venoms danger quite)
The serpents throate stretch'd out in vaine to meete
A flying shade: out the lost poison goes,
And all about the Aspes jawes vainely flowes.
Fortune assists this fraud: fierce *Curio*
Descrying not the strength of his hid foe,
Enjoines his horsemen all to issue out
By night, and range the vnknowne fields about:
And after them himselfe by breake of day
With all his Eagles spread marches away,
Much (but in vaine) entreated to suspect
Libyan deceite, and frauds that still infect
The Punicke warres: but to his funerall
Fate gaue him vp, and civill war did call
Her author on: ore rockes and mountaines high
They march, when on the hill from farre they spy
The foe: who cunning, seemes to flye away
Till he haue set his battells in array
Vnder the hill: this *Curio* did not know,
But thought it flight, and like a conquerour now
Brings forth his troopes into the open plaine:
Then first discover'd they this gudefull train::
The seeming-fled Numidians they espy'd
On the hills tops enclosing every side:
Curio, and his lost troopes astonisht quite;
The fearefull could not flye, the valiant fight:
The horses now not feirce at trumpets sound
Chaw not their foamng bitts, beate not the ground:
Spread not their manes, nor doe their eares advance,
Nor with their wonted spright curyet and prance:
Their sweating shoulders fum'd, their tir'd necks hung
And their dry'd mouth thrust out their weary tongue:
Their breasts, and threates hoarse with oft blowing
Their heavy pulse far their spent bowels drew: (grew:

The

The fonslags dry and hote grew hard vpon
The bloody bits: no strokes could force them on,
Nor often spurrings make them mend their speed,
Wounds make them goe: to hasten on the steed
Bootes not the rider, for the weary horse
In comming on wants courage, strength and force:
He onely brings his Rider to the foes,
And does his breast to all their speares expose.
But when the Lybian horse came coursing nigh,
The ground did shake, and clouds of dust did flie
(As great as Thracian whirlewinds blow about)
Ore the skies cover'd face, and darkenesse wrought.
But when warres miserable fate did fall
Vpon the foot, no doubtfull field at all
Was fought: the battell in that time was done,
That men could die: for feath they could not run
To make their flight, enclos'd on every side
From far by darts directly throwne they dy'd,
Obliquely meete: not wounds alone they feele
Orewhelm'd with stormes of darts, & weight of steele:
Peet vp in a straight roome the army's kept:
Those that for feare neer'st to the middle crept,
Amongst their fellowes swords are not secure,
For the foe front not able to endure
The foes assault, slept backe, and straighter made
The Globe: no roome to weild their armes they had:
Their crowded limmes are preest: one armed breast
Against another driven to death is preest.
The conquering Mauritanian could not have
So glad a spectacle as fortune gave,
He saw no bodies fall: no streames of blood,
Kept so by crowde vpright the bodies stood.
Let Fortune this new prezentation make
For hated Carthages dire spirits sake:
Let bloody *Hannibal*, and Punicke ghosts
Of this sad Roman expiation boast.

Let

Let not in Lybia,gods,a Roman fall
For *Pompey* or the Senate make at all:
Vs rather for her selfe let Affrica
Conquer: his men ore'throwne when *Curio* saw,
And the dust lay'd with blood gaue leane to see,
Scorning t'out-liue such a calamity,
Or hope in flight,he meete his death,to dye
Forward,and valiant by necessity.
What now availes thy place,and troubled barres,
From whence a Tribune to seditious wars
Thou stirr'dst the people,and the Senatesright
Betray'dst,and cou'dst to civill war excite
The sonne,and father in law? thy death is wrought
Before these Lords haue in Pharsalia fought.
To see that field is not permitted thee,
This satisfaction in your bloods giue ye
Great ones,to wretched Rome,and pay for war;
Oh happy Rome,and Romans happyer far.
Would but the gods aboue as carefull be
To keepe,as to reuenge our liberty.
Vnburied *Curio's* noble flesh is food
For Libyan birds: but (since t'will doe no good
To conceale that,which from times injury
Fame still will vindicate) wee'll giue to thee
The praise that to thy life doees appertaine.
Rome never nurtur'd a more able man,
Nor one to whom (whilest good) the lawes ow'd more:
But vice then hurt our city,when the store
Of wealth,Ambition,Riot had declin'd
To the worst part his yet vnsettled minde,
And changed *Curio* the states fate controul'd
Brib'd by the spoiles of France,and *Cæsars* gold.
Though potent *Sylla*,and fierce *Marius*,
Cinna,and *Cæsars* line got rule ore vs
By sword: to whom did such power ever fall?
This man sold Rome,the other bought it all.

FINIS, Libri quarti. Annotations

Annotations on the fourth Booke:

(a) *For this conquest much availed* Cæsar, *having quieted Spaine he might securely prosecute the rest of the war, having debarr'd* Pompey *of those legions on which he most relyed, this conquest cost little blood, for* Afranius *and* Petreius *forced by famine yeilded to* Cæsar.

(b) Afranius *and* Petreius *with equall power, with mutuall love and care governed five legions for* Pompey *in Spaine, and chose* Ilerda *by the appointment of* Pompey *as a convenient seate for the war.*

(c) *The Celts leaving France and passing the Pyrenean mountaines seated themselves by the river Iberus, and were called Celtiberi.*

(d) *Cinga falling into ther confes his name to ther, which also gives name to all Spaine.*

(e) Afranius, *and* Petreius, *when* Cæsar's *horsemen had stopped their wayes of forraging and fetching in Corne, and withall frighted, because many cities in that part had revolted to* Cæsar, *and the rest were like to follow their example, resolved to transferre the war into Celtiberia, which remained yet in the friendship of* Pompey, *as having received great benefits from him in the Sertorian war, besides they supposed that the fame of* Cæsar *was yet more obscure among those barbarous people: therefore at the third watch they secretly dislodged, and passing over the river Sicoris they marched with speede toward Iberus. When* Cæsar *by his scouts understood this, and hearing that beyond there were mountainous, strait, and rugged passages, which if the enemy should first enter, they might with ease keepe him backe, and carry the warre into Celtiberia, and those farre countreyes, he commanded his horsemen with speede to prevent them, and himselfe marching through desarts, and rough wayes, arrived first at those places, and encamped himselfe betweene* Afranius *and the river Iberus, which* Afranius *was marching to the two*

campes

campes were here fortified so neare to each other, that the Souldiers distinctly knew each others faces, and talked with their kindred, and ancient acquaintance.

(f) In this appeared a strange clemency of Cæsar, that after hee had heard the cruelty of Petrejus towards his Souldiers, how taking them from their friends company, (that had upon promise secured them) hee caused them to be murdered (as the Poet relates plainely) Cæsar notwithstanding seeking out Petrejus his souldiers in his campe, spared their lives all, and suffered as many of them as would to depart: but many Tribunes, Centurions, and others would not return, but stayed, and served under Cæsar.

(g) It was a policy had often been used by barbarous enemies against the pursuing armies of the Romans, to poison all their rivers: it was done by Iugurtha King of Numidia, Mithradates King of Pontus, and Iuba King of Mauritania.

(h) These two Generalls, Afranius and Petrejus, though they were here pardoned by Cæsar, upon promise to serve no more against him, did notwithstanding afterwards in the African war follow Scipio against Cæsar, where they were againe overthrowne. Afranius was taken prisoner, and by Cæsar's command was slaine. Petrejus despairing of pardon (as it afterwards showed) slew himselfe upon King Iuba's sword.

(i) Fortune yet presumed to doe somewhat against Cæsar in his absence about Illyrium, for Dolabella and Antonius commanded by Cæsar to possesse the Streights of the Adriatike sea, encamped one on the Illyrian, the other on the Corcyraan shore. Pompey farre and neere was master of the seas, whose Lieutenant Octavius and Libo with great strength of shipping besiedged Antonius, and by famine forced him to yeild. Basilus from the other shore sent ships to ayde Antonius, which were caught by the Pompeyans in a strange snare casting ropes crosse the sea

sea vnder water not to be spi'd. Two of the ships escaped, and got over the ropes; the third which carryed the men of Opitergium was ensnared, and held fast. The Opitergians in that place left an example memorable to all posterity; for being scarse a thousand men, they endured from morning to night the assaults of a great Army round about them, and at last when valour could not possible release them, rather then yeild themselues into the enemyes hands, by the exhortation of their captaine Vultejus, *all kill'd themselues.*

(k) *In Affrica also the side of* Cæsar *enduring the like calamity shewed the like valour.* Curio *sent by* Cæsar *to winne Libya, having vanquished, and put to flight* Varus, *was enclosed on the suddaine by the vnexpected horsemen and army of* Iuba *King of Mauritania.* Curio *might haue fled when he saw the day lost, but much ashamed, and scorning to returne to* Cæsar *after the losse of his legions, he dyed with all his men.*

LVCANS.

LVCANS
Pharſalia.

The Fift Booke.

The Argument.

Romes flying Senate met at Epire, chuſe
Great Pompey *generall, ſaint* Appius *goes*
To Delphos Oracle to ſeeke aduiſe,
Which his owne death obſcurely ſignifies.
Cæſar return'd from Spaine with victory
Quiets his ſouldiers dangerous mutiny:
Dictator then, and Conſull both at Rome
He makes himſelfe, ſailes from Brundeſium
To Greece, but vex'd with Anthony's *delayes,*
In a ſmall boate himſelfe alone aſſayes
By night the ſtormy ſea, and croſſes ore.
His legions all met on the Grecian ſhore
Addreſſe themſelues for triall of the day.
Pompey to Lesbos ſends his wife away.

HIs fortune kept (mixing her good with ill)
The two (a) war-wounded generalls equall ſtill
For Macedonia; when with Winter's ſhow
The Pleiades did Oeniis top beſtrow:

And

And when the times new-naming day drew neare
Old *Janus* feast beginner of the yeare:
Then both the Consuls at the vtmost date
Of their expiring honour convocate
To Epire the fled fathers; where a plaine
And forraine seat Rome's Nobles did containe:
A borrowed court in forraine land heard all
The secrets of the State. For who can call
That place a campe, where all Romes Fasces were,
And axes borne? The reverend order there
Taught all the people 'twas not *Pompey's* side,
But *Pompey* there a member did abide.
Silence possessing the sad Senate than,
From an high seat thus *Lentulus* began:
If you retaine a strength of minde as good
As Roman spirits, and your ancient blood
Befits; then thanke not in what land you are
As banisht, from surprised Rome how farre:
But know the face of your owne company
Fathers, that governe all, this first decree,
Which yer all kingdomes, and all people know,
We are the Senate. For if fortune now
Should carry vs vnder the frozen waine
Of *Persa maior*, or where dales remaine
Æquall in length with nights, the torrid zone,
Thither the Empire and dominion
Would follow vs. When Rome by *Gaules* was fir'd,
And that to Vey *Camillus* was retir'd:
There then was Rome; this order never lost
Their right by changing place. *Cæsar* can boast
Only of mourning walls possession,
And judgement seates by sad vacation
Shut vp, and silenc'd, empty mansions,
That court those fathers onely sees, whom once,
When full, it banisht; of that ranke, who ere
Is not a banisht man, is sitting here.

W

We that long peacefull, free from guilt haue stood,
At wars first fury were dispers'd abroad:
Now to his place each part returnes againe;
And for the losse of Italy and Spaine
The gods the strength of all the world bestow.
Th'Illyrian Sea has overwhelm'd one foe:
And Libyan fields does slaughtred *Curio*
No little part of *Cæsars* Senate show.
Advance your Eagles, follow fate, and grant
The gods your hope: doe not that courage want
In this good fortune, which when first you fled,
Your cause stirr'd vp. The yeere has finished
Our power: you fathers, whose authorityes
No time shall end, for th'publike good advise:
Command great *Pompey* to be generall,
His name with joyfull cryes the Senate all
Receiue, imposing vpon *Pompey* straight
His countrey's, and his owne most wretched fate.
Then faithfull Kings, and Nations had their praise?
Phœbus sea-powerfull Rhodes rewarded was,
And Spartans rough, prais'de were th'Athenians:
(b) *Phocis* made free with her Massylians.
Faithfull (c) *Deiotarus*, young *Sadalis*,
The valiant (d) *Cotys*, and (e) *Rhasipolis*
Of Macedon were prais'd; *Iuba* to thee
The Senate giues all Libya by decree;
And (oh sad fate) ignoble *Ptolemy*,
Worthy of treacherous subjects, vnto thee
The crime of all the gods, and fortunes shame,
Is granted the Pellæan diadem.
A tirants sword over thy nation
Thou tak'st, proud boy, would 'twere ore them alone,
Ore (f) *Pompey's* throate it is; thy sisters crowne
Thou tak'st, and *Cæsars* impious action.
The Senate now broke vp, the troopes all take
Their armes: the people, and the captaines make

For whose vncertaine preparation.
But (g) *Appius* feares warres doubefull chance alone
Solliciting the gods th'events to heare,
And Phœbus Temple, that for many a yeare
Had beene shut vp at Delphos, opens he.
Parnassus with two tops reaching the sky
Twixt East, and West æqually distant lyes
To Bacchus, and Apollo's deityes
Sacred: to whom in mixed sacrifice
The Theban wiues at Delphos solemnize
Their trieterickes; this one hill alone
Appear'd, when all the world was ouerflowne,
And stood as middle twixt the sea and sky.
One top, Parnassus, then contented thee:
For one alone did aboue water shew.
Young Phœbus there with shafts vnvsed slew
The speckled Python, that in waite long lay
His banisht mother great with childe to slay;
Themis the kingdome then, and *Tripos* held.
But when (h) *Apollo* the cleft ground beheld
Tinspire oraculous truth, and further findes
The gaping earth exhale prophetike windes:
Downe in that sacred caue himselfe he hides
And now turn'd Prophet there *Apollo* bides.
VVhich of the gods lurkes here? what deity
Shot downe from heaven vouchsafes to dignify
This caue? what heavenly god dwells heere below,
That does the fates æternall courses know,
And things to come? and telling people fate
Vouchsafes the touch of woman to endure?
VVhether this powerfull god barely relate
The fates, or his relation make them fate?
Perchance that spirit, that all the world maintaines,
And the poiz'd earth in empty aire sustaines,
Through these Cirrhæan caues does passage get,
Striving with his æther all part to meete.

This

This spirit once entered the virgins brest,
Striking her humane soule, sounds forth exprest
VVith hideous noise, so vrging flames come from
Sicilian Ætna's overburden'd wombe:
Typhaus so throwes vp his stones abroade
Prest with *Iuarome's* æternall loade.
This god expos'd to all, deny'd to none,
Is free'd from hearing human crimes alone,
To him no man whispers vnlawfull prayers;
For he things fixt vnchangeable declares,
Forbidding men to wish: and gratiously (be,
Giues just men dwellings, though whole townes they
As once to *Tyre*; he teaches vs wars slight,
As to th' Athenians in their navall fight
At Salamine; he cleares, the causes showne,
Earths barrennesse, and aire's infection.
Our age no gift of heaven wants more then this
Of Delphos oracle, which silent is,
Since Kings afraid to haue their fates exprest,
Forbid the gods to speake, nor is the Priest
Of Delphos, for the god's long silence sad:
This Oracle's cessation makes them glad.
For to that breast, where ere he doe inspire,
Vntimely death is punishment or hire
Of his reception, the fitt's vehemence
Too much orecomes the strength of human sence;
And their fraile soules the god's high motion shakes,
Appius, whilest too too neare a search he makes
To know Rome's fate, to th' vnstirr'd Tripodes,
And silent cavernes does his steps addresse,
The Priest commanded t'ope that dreadfull seate,]
And for the god a prophetesse to get,
Findes young Phemonoe, as she carelesse roues
'Mongst the Castalian springs, and silent groues,
And makes her breake the Temple doores. The maide
To stand in that most horrid place afraide,

Thought by a vaine deceit *Appius* to bring
From his desire of knowing future things.
Why hop'st thou, Roman, truth should here be shown?
The hill (quoth she) is mute, the god is gone
Whether the spirit haue left these caverues quite,
And to the worlds far regions tane his flight:
Or *Pytho* burnt by barbarous *Brennus* vp
Did with the ashes fill this hole, and stop
Great *Phebus* way: or that the gods decree
Make *Cirrha* mute, thinking it prophecy
Enough that *Sibyll's* bookes among you liue:
Or *Phebus* wons from out his temple driue
All wicked persons, now no mouth haue found
Worthy enough his Oracles to sound.
The Maids deceit appear'd, her feare imply'd
She falsely had the present gods deny'd.
Then a white fillet ties her lockes behinde
With Delphian Bayes, and wreathed garlands binde
Her haire before. The Priest thrusts on the maid,
VVho fearefull still about the entrance staid,
And durst no secrer to the god to come,
Nor to approach the temples inmost roome.
There counterfetting that she was possest
She vters from an vndisturbed brest
Fain'd words with no confused murmure flowing,
Nor the least signe of divine fury showing.
Her words so deepely could not *Appius* wound,
As great *Apollos* truth, no trembling sound
That broke her speech, there was, no voice so shrill,
As all the caues capacious throat might fill:
Her Lawrell fell not from her frighted haire:
The temple and the wood vnshaken were.
These signes betray'd her fearefull to receiue
The god, when angry *Appius* did perceiue
That 'twas no Oracle, Thou wretch, quoth he,
Both I, and these abused gods will bee

Reveng'd

Reveng'd for this, vnleſſe thou ſtraight deſcend,
And truely tell what all theſe ſtirres portend
To the affrighted world; with that the maid
Deſcends downe to the Oracle afraid,
And ſtanding ore the vault, the god poſſeſt
VVith a full ſpirit her vnacquainted breſt.
The rockes ſo many yeeres vnwaſted ſpirit
He fills her with, and comming to inherit
A Delphian breſt, neere fill'd he Propheteſſe
Fuller: her former minde he baniſhes,
And bids all woman from her breaſt begone.
She raging beares in this diſtraction
Not her owne necke; her haire vpright throwes downe
The ſacred ornaments, and *Phœbus* crowne:
Her necke turnes wildly round; & downe ſhe throwes
All tripodes ſhe meets with as ſhe goes.
And with an inward fire ſhe burnes, which ſhewes
Thee, *Phœbus* wrath: nor doeſt thou onely vſe
Thy prickes, thy flames, and incitations now,
But bridles too, the Propheteſſe ſhall know
More then ſhe muſt reveale; all times are heape
Vp in one heape, and many ages crepe
Into her wretched breaſt; things orders too,
And all contend out into light to goe.
The Fates deſiring vtterance ſtriue within:
VVhen the world ends, and when it ſhall begin
The propheteſſe can tell, and vnderſtands
The Oceans depth, and number of the ſands.
As the Cumæan *Sibyll* in a ſcorne
Her prophecies ſhould ſerue all nations turne,
From the vaſt heape of vniverſall Fate,
VVith a proud hand cull'd out the Roman State:
So now the *Phœbus*-fill'd *Phemonoe*
Striues, obſcure *Appius*, where to find out thee
'Mongſt all the Delphian inſpirations:
Then firſt from her mad mouth the foaming tunnes,

And in the horrid caue were heard at once
Broke-winded murmurs, howlings and sad grones.
At last these words fall from the maide orecome;
Great threates of war, thou only freed from,
Shalt in Euboea's pleasant valleys rest.
And there she stopt; Phœbus her speech suppresst.
Yee Tripodes keepers of fate, that know
All the world's secrets, and *Apollo* thou
Skill'd in all truth, from whom the gods conceale
No future times, why fear'st thou to reveale
That action, that our Empire's ruine brings,
Great Captaines deaths, and funerall of Kings,
And all the people that with Rome shall bleede?
Haue not the gods this mischiefe yet decree'd?
Or stay those fates, whilest p'anets are at strife
And doubt about condemning *Pompey's* life?
Or hid'st thou, fortune, to effect more sure
Our liberties revenge, and *Brutus* cure
Of monarchy againe? then the maides breast
Shou'd ope the temple doores, and out she prest.
Her mad fit holds, nor had she all explain'de,
Part of the god within her still remain'd.
And round about her wandring eyes he rowl'd;
Nor does her face one constant posture hold:
But sometimes threatning, sometimes fearefull tis;
Sometimes a fiery red her countenance dyes:
Sometimes her pallid cheekes anger expresst,
Nor feare: nor can her wearied heart finde rest;
But as a while after the windes are ceas'd
The Ocean murmurs, so oft sobbings eas'd
The maidens breast. But twixt this inspir'd light,
And her plaine humane vnderstandings sight
A darkenesse came, Phœbus oblivion sent;
Then from her breasts the gods high secrets went.
And divinations to the Tripodes
Return'd againe. But when her fit gan cease

Shee

Shee falls. Nor didst thou, beguil'd (i) *Appius*, feare
From doubtfull Oracles thy death so neare;
But in that tottering world with hopes most vaine
Thought quietly *Eubaa* to retaine.
Ah foole what god but death could set thee free
Out of the world's generall calamity,
And war? there shall thy hearse entombed lye,
And so possesse *Eubaa* quietly,
Where th'sea by marble-fam'd Carystos is
Straighten'd, and pride-reveneging Nemesis
Rhamnus adores; a straighten'd current strong
That chanels holds, and Euripus along
Beares ships by violence, changing oft his tide,
From Chalcis to ill harbouring Aulis side.

By this time *Cæsar* come from conquer'd Spaine
With his victorious Eagles was againe
Marching (k) another way: when fate almost
The prosperous course of his whole war had crost;
For conquer'd in no fight the generall
In his owne campe gan feare the losse of all
His treason's fruit, those hands that faithfull still
Had serv'd his warres, now glutted with the fill
Of blood, began to quit their generall.
Th'alarmes tragicke sounds not heard at all
A while, and cold sheath'd swords their thirst of war
Had cool'd; or else the greedy souldier
Damning for gaine both cause and generall,
Would set his blood-staind sword at higher sale.
Cæsar not more in any danger try'd
How tottering and unfirme a prop his pride
Had lean'd vpon, and well might stagger, reft
Of all those souldiers hands, and almost left
To his owne sword; he that so many lands
Had drawne to war, knowes now the souldiers hands,
Not his must doe the deede. Their plaints now be
Not dumbe, nor timorous is their mutiny.

That cause, that does suspitious mindes restraine,
Whileſt each one feares, where he is fear'd againe,
And thinkes that he himſelfe diſtaſts alone
His rulers tyranny, in this was gone.
Their number to ſecure their feare is able.
Where all offend, the crime's vnpuniſhable.
They powre out threats; now *Caſar* let vs ceaſe
From wicked war; thou ſeek'ſt by land and ſeas
Sworde's for theſe throates, and vpon any foe
Wouldſt our too cheape eſteemed liues beſtow;
Some of vs ſlaine in war in Gallia lye,
In Spaine lye ſome, and ſome in Italy;
Ore all the world thy army's ſlaughtered (ſhed
While theu orecom'ſt, what bootes our blood that's
'Gainſt Gaules and Germans in the North ſo far?
For all thou pay'ſt vs with a ciuill war.
When Rome we tooke, and made the Senate flye,
What ſpoiles from Men or Temples gathered we?
Guilty in ſwords and hands, all villany
We goe vpon: vertuous in poverty
Alone; what end is there of war at all,
Or what can be enough, if Rome too ſmall?
See our gray haires, weake hands, and bloodleſſe armes
Our vſe of life is gone; in warres alarmes
Our age conſum'd; ſend vs now old at leaſt
To chooſe our deaths, this is our bad requeſt:
Our dying limmes on hard ground not to lay,
Nor ſtrike ſteele helmets till our dying day:
To ſeeke ſome frends to cloſe our eyes in death;
To get our proper Piles; our laſt to breath
In our wiues armes; let ſickneſſe end our dayes;
Let's vnder *Caſar* find ſome other wayes
Of death then ſword; why hoodwinkſt leadſt thou vs
With a vaine hope on acts perteminous?
As if in ciuill war we were not able
To know what treaſon is moſt profitable?

Our

Our wars haue taught him nothing, if not this,
What we can doe; nor is this enterprise
Forbid by law; he was our generall
In th'German wars: here we are fellowes all:
Whom treason foiles, it makes of equall state.
Besides in his vnthankefull æstimate
Our valour's lost, and whatsoeuer we doe
Is call'd his fortune; but let *Cæsar* know
We are his fate. Though friended by the gods,
Cæsar is nothing if with vs at odds.
This said, about his tent they murmur all
With angry lookes seeking their generall.
So let it goe, ye gods, since piety
Forsakes vs, and our hopes on vice relye,
Let discord make an end of ciuill war.
What generall would not such a tumult feare?
But *Cæsar*; that the fates still suddaine tryes,
And loues through greatest dangers t'exercise
His fortunes, comes; not till their rage abate
Stayes he, but meetes the fury of their hate.
Cityes, and Temples spoyles to them he nere
Deny'd, though *Iouis* Tarpejan house it were,
Senators wiues and daughters to deflower,
All villanyes would *Cæsar* from his power
Haue them aske freely, and wars guerdon loue:
And nothing feares, but that his men should proue
Honest. Ah *Cæsar* art thou not asham'd
That ciuill war by thine owne souldiers damn'd
Should be allow'd by thee? shall they first be
Weary of blood, and hate impiety, (right?
Whilest thou runn'st headlong on through wrong and
Giue ore, and learne to line out of a fight;
Giue thy guilt leaue to end. Why to these ware
Doest thou enforce vnwilling souldiers?
The ciuill war flyes from thee; on the top
Of a turfe mount stands *Cæsar* fearelesse vp,

Deserving

Deserving feare by his vndaunted looke,
And thus, as anger prompted him, he spoke.
Whom you with hands and lookes did absent braue
Souldiers, vnarm'd, and present now you haue.
Heere sheath your swords, if you would end the warre.
Sedition, that no act of valour dares,
Faint hearted fooles, and flying spirits declares,
Tir'd with their matchlesse Captaines conquering state.
But goe; leaue me to war with mine owne fate:
These weapons will find hands, when I cashiere
All you, as many men, as swords are heere,
Will fortune send me; shall all Italy
In such a fleete with vanquisht *Pompey* flye?
And shall my conquests not bring men to share
The wealthy spoiles of this neere finisht war,
Reaping the profit of your toile, and so
Vnwounded with my laurell'd charriot goe?
You an old worne, and bloodlesse company
(Then Rom's pitchians) shall my tryumphs see.
Can *Cæsars* fortune feele the losse of you?
If all the streames, that into th'Ocean flow,
Should threaten to withdraw themselues; the seas
Would by the losse of them no more decrease,
Then now they fill. Thinke you that such as ye
Can any moment to my fortunes be?
The gods care never will so low descend,
That fates your deaths or safeties should attend,
The fates attend on great mens actions:
Mankind lives for a few; and you, whom once
Spaine fear'd, and all the North, whilst vnder me,
If *Pompey* were, your generall would flye.
Whilest *Labienus* did with *Cæsar* stay,
He was a man; now a base runaway
Flyes with his chosen theife ore sea and land.
Nor shall your faith in my opinion stand

Better,

Better through me ye make nor enemy
Nor generall; he that revolts from me,
And does not *Pompeys* fashion straight maintaine,
He never will my souldier be againe.
The gods themselues ouer my campe haue care,
And would not venture me in such a war
Ere I haue chang'd my men. A burden maine
Has fortune from my weary shoulders tane;
I may disarme those hands now lawfully,
Whose boundlesse hopes earth could not satisfie.
Out of my campe; Ile for my selfe make wars:
Resigne those Eagles vp to souldiers
Base citizens: but those that authors were
Of this sedition, punishment shall heere
Detaine, not *Cæsar*; fall vpon the ground,
Yeild your dissyall heads and necks to wound;
And you, which now my campes sole strength shall be
Young souldiers, learne to strike, and learne to dye.
Viewing their death; the foolish people than
Gan tremble at his anger; and one man
Made all them feare, who had it in their hand
To ruine him, as if he could command
The swords themselues, and without souldiers make
His wars; but in this punishment to lacke
Assisting swords he feares: they patient all
Exceede the hope of their sterne Generall;
Not onely swords, but throates they offer; he
Feares nought but abatement of their cruelty.
A (*l*) covenant dire this quarrell does decide,
With punishment the army's pacify'd.
In ten dayes march to reach Brundusium
He bids them straight, and call all shipping home,
That on crookt Hydrus, and old Taras then,
Leucas close shores, and the Salapian fen
Dispersed were, and Sypus, ore which stands
Fruitfull Garganus on Italian lands

Reaching

Reaching the Adriatike, and their tasts
Dalmation North, Calabrian Southerne blasts.
Cæsar without his troupes goes safe alone
To trembling Rome now taught to serue a gowne,
And (kind forsooth) yeilds at the peoples prayer
To be dictator (m) honour's highest staire,
And ioyfull Calenders, being Consul, made.
For all those words (n) then their beginning had,
VVith which ere since our Emperours we claw.
But *Cæsar* that his power might want no law,
Falsely the name of Magistrate purlouses,
And to his swords the Roman axes ioynes,
Fasces t'his Eagles, and with fitting shame
Signes the sad times; for by what Consuls name
VVill the Pharsalian yeere be better knowne?
A fain'd assembly in the field is (o) showne,
The people giue their suffrages compell'd,
Not lawfully admitted, th'urnes are held,
The tribes are cited, voices throwne in vaine
Into the vrne; the Augurs deafe remaine
Though loud it thunder, and are forc'd to sweare
That birds auspicious, though sad owles, appeare.
Thence that once honour'd power her dignity
First lost; but lest the times vnnam'd should be,
Our Calenders doe (p) monethly Consulls fill.
That god that dwells on Trojan Alba's hill
Though not deserving (Latium conquer'd) sees
The Consuls solemne nightly sacrifice.
Cæsar departing thence runs forward right
Swifter then whelpe-robb'd Tyger, or the flight
Of lightening ere Apulia, where the field
Vnplow'd no corne, but slothfull graffe does yeild.
And come to Cretan crooke Brundusium fiades
The sea vnsaileable for dangerous windes,
And the fleete fearefull of cold winters face.
Me thinkes it shame thus to delay the space

Of

Of war, and keepe the haven, when the sea
Lies ope to men lesse fortunate then he,
And thus perswades his men to try the seas.
The Northerne winds more constantly possesse
Both ayre and Ocean, when they once begin,
Then those which the vnconstant spring brings in.
We haue no turnings different shores vpon,
Our way's forth right; the North winde serues alone.
VVould he would stuffe our sailes, bending our masts
And force vs vpon Greece with furious blasts,
Left *Pompey's* gallys from Dyrrachium meete
VVith their swift oares our becalmed fleet.
Then cut the cables, that our fleete doe stay,
VVe loose the stormes, these clouds will passe away.
Now in the Sea bright *Sol* had hid his head,
And starres appear'd, the moone her shadowes spread:
The fleet at once weigh'd anchor, and drew out
The sailes at length, which straight they trim'd about
To the ships length and spread the topsailes roe,
To loose no gust of wind that ever blew.
VVhen a soft gale had made the sailes to swell,
For a short space, downe to the mast they fell:
Againe; that winde, that put them from the shore,
VVas able now to follow them no more.
The seas flat face now all becalmed lyes
Like standing pooles; no waues, no billowes rise.
So bridled is the Euxine sea, whose course
Ister, nor Thracian Bosphorus can force:
The frozen sea lets goe those ships no more,
That once it takes; the horses trample ore
Safely where ships haue sayld; the Bessians
Furrow Maeotis frozen backe with waines,
This cruell calme does the sad Ocean make
(As if the seas their nature did forsake)
Like standing pooles, th'Ocean obserues no more
His ancient course; he had forgot to rore:

No

No tides flow to and fro, nor seemes the Sun
To dance vpon the waters motion.
To many dangers this becalmed fleete
Is subiect; on one side they feare to meete
Pompey's swift gallies; on the other side
Detain'd at sea a famine to abide.
From these new feares arose a new desire:
They wish the Ocean would collect his ire,
And all the windes would wrestle, so it were
No calme; but no such signes, no cloudes appeare:
The skies, and seas conspir'd to take away
All hope of shipwracke; but th'ensuing day
All clouded ore did comfortable prooue: (moue.
Waues from th' seas bottome rose; hills seem'd to
The ships were borne away, and as they swim
The waues in crooked furrowes follow them.
With prosperous windes, and seas they reach the land,
And anchor cast vpon Paleftes sand. (pitch
The place, where first both generalls (q) tempes did
Neare to each other, was that region, which
Swift Genusus, and gentle Apsus round
Encompasse; Apsus, because slow; profound,
And navigable is: the other flowes
(Encreast by showres, and sun-dissolved snowes)
More swift; both channells are but short, not far
From sea the springs of both these rivers are.
Heere fortune first those two fam'd Heroes brought
Together; the vaine-hoping world had thought
The generalls now no farther off remoov'd
Thus wicked war would both haue disaproved;
Each others face they saw, and well might heare
Each others voice; ah *Pompey*, many a yeare
Not nearer did thy once lov'd father in law,
Since that deare pledge the death of *Iulia*,
And her young sonne, see thee, till stain'd with gore
He saw thy face on Ægyps cursed shore.

But

But part of *Cæsar's* (p) forces left behinde
Made him protract the battell, though his minde
Were feirce on fight; those bold (q) *Antonius* led,
In civill wars now vndet *Cæsar* bred
For *Leucas* fight; whom making long delay
With threats, and prayers thus *Cæsar* calls away:
Thou mistheife of the world, why dost thou wast
The gods, and fates good will? my prosperous hast
Has done all hitherto; fortune from thee
Requires the last hand to this speedily
Successefull war; doe Libya's quicksands lye,
Or her devouring gulfes twixt thee and me?
Haue I committed thee to vnknowne seas,
Or sent thee on vntryed casualtyes?
Cæsar commands thee not, coward, to goe,
But follow him; my selfe heere, where the foe
Encamped lyes, am first arrived now.
Fear'st thou my campe? we loose what fates bestow:
And to the windes, and seas I bootlesse plaine.
My forward souldiers doe not thou detaine,
That would take any seas, if I judge right,
They'd come through shipwracke vnder me to fight.
Now I must speake in greife, the world I see
Is not divided twixt vs equally,
In Epire *Cæsar*, and th' whole Senate rest,
Thou art alone of Italy possest.
But having often vs'd such words as those,
They still delaying, *Cæsar* gan suppose
The gods not wanting vnto him, but he
To them: and rashly did resolue to try
By night those seas, which they for feare forbore
Although commanded, finding evermore
Bold actions thriue; and hopes in a (r) small bote
T'orecome those waues whole navyes venturd not.
Now weary night wars toilesome cares did end:
Poore men tooke rest, whose meane estates could lend

Their

Their breasts sound sleepe, the campe all silent prou'd,
VVhen the third houre the second watch had moov'd.
VVith carefull steps through this vast silence then
Cæsar, what not the meanest of his men
VVould doe, enrends; leaues all, and goes alone
VVith none but fortune his companion:
And passing through the courts of guard, he findes
All fast asleepe, complaining in his minde
That he could passe, but at the water side
He found a boate with a small cable ty'd
Fast to a rocke: the man that ow'd, and kept
This boate, not far from thence securely slept
In a small cottage of notimber trees,
But woven reedes, and barren bulrushes
Built vp: a boate's turn'd bottome did suffice
To fence his wall. There *Cæsar* twice or thrice
Knockt with his hand that all the cottage shak'd:
From his soft bed of sedge *Amyclas* wak'd, (whom
VVhat shipwrackt man, quoth hee, knockes there, or
Has fortune driven to my poore house to come
For shelter? speaking thus he rose from bed,
And his fir'd match with better fuell fed,
Secure from feare of warre: such houses are
(Full well he knowes) no spoile for civill war.
Oh safe blest poore mans life, oh gift of all
The gods, not yet well knowne: what city wall,
VVhat temple had not fear'd at *Cæsar's* stroke?
But when the doore was ope, thus *Cæsar* spoke:
Enlarge thy hopes, poore man, expect to haue
More wealth from me then modesty can craue:
Only transport me to th' Italian shore,
This trade of living thou shalt needs no more,
No more shall labour thy poore age sustaine.
Yeild to thy fate, a god is come to raine
Downe showres of wealth thy little house vpon.
Thus *Cæsar*, though disguisd, forgetts the tone

O

Of private men, when poore *Amyclas* made
This answere; many things (alas) disswade
My minde from trusting of the seas to night.
The Sunne set pale, his beames dispers'd, whose light
Partly to North, and partly South inchn'd.
The middle of his orbe but dimmely shin'd,
And dazled not the weake beholders eyes:
VVith dulled hornes did the pale moone arise,
Not free from cloudes her middle part she had:
Her pointed ends no horne directly made:
First red betokening windes, then pale she was,
And in darke cloudes obscur'd her mourning face.
But the shore noise, the murmur of the woods,
The Dolphins playing vp and downe the floods
VVith course vncertaine I mislike no more
Like I the Cormorants flocking to the shore:
Nor that the Herne on her smooth wing relying
Presumes to reach the skyes with lofty flying;
Nor that the Crow wagling along the shore
Diues downe, and seemes t'anticipate a showre.
But if affaires of weight require mine aide,
To vse my skill I will not be afraide;
Either the windes, and seas shall it deny,
Or I will reach the shore of Italy.
This said, loosing his vessell he puts on,
And spreads his sailes, at whose first motion
Not only th'vsuall falling starres did make
In the darke aire a long and fiery tracke,
But even those starres, which make their fixt abode
In th' higheast *Sphares*, did seeme to shake and nod.
The seas black face a terrour does diffuse,
The threatning waues in trackes voluminous
Boile vp; the seas by blasts vncertaine blowne
Betoken many windes conception
Then thus the master spake; behold how great
A danger the sea teemes withall: as yet

Vncertaine tis what winde rough East or West
Shall come; the barke's on every side distrest
With severall waues; the clouds and skies expresse
The Southwindes rage: the murmur of the seas
The Northwestwinde in such a storme to shore
Not safe, nor shipwracke can we ere get ore,
No course but one of safety does remaine,
Hopelesse to steare our courses backe againe.
Let's set our danger'd barke a land, before
We are too far gone from the Grecian shore.
Cæsar presuming that all dangers great
Would yeild to him, contemne quoth he, the threat
Of raging seas, spread sailes, and if the sky
Warrant thee not to goe for Italy,
Ile warrant thee; the just cause, why thou fear'ft
Is this, because thou know'ist not whom thou bear'ft:
Him whom the gods never forsake; to whom
Fortune accounts it injury to come
After his wish; breake through the waues; alone
Thinke thy selfe safe in my protection.
These are the troubles of the seas and skyes,
Not of our barke: this barke, where *Cæsar* is,
Her carriage shall protect; not long shall this
Storme last: but happy for the Ocean tis
This barke is heere. Oh turne not backe thy hand,
Northinke vpon Epire's adioyning land;
Thinke on Calabria's shore safe to arriue,
Since no land else to me can safety giue.
Alas thou know'est not why these terrours rise;
In all these tumults of the seas and skyes
Does fortune striue to pleasure me. No more
He spoke; when straight a furious whirlewind tore
From the rent barke her shrowdes, and downe it flunge
The sailes, that on the trembling mainemast hunge.
The ioynt dissolved vessell sounds, when lo
Windes full of danger from all quarters blow:

First

First from th' Atlantike Ocean *Corus* blowes
Rowling the waues and raised billowes throwes
With violence against the rockes amaine:
Him Boreas meetes, and turnes them backe againe;
The sea stands doubtful, to what winde to yeild;
But Scythian Boreas fury winnes the feild;
But though high waues he from the bottome reare,
Yet to the shore those waues he cannot beare;
They meete with those that Corus brings, and breake
The seas thus rais'd (though now the winds were weak)
Would meete themselues. Nor must you now surmise,
Eurus is still, or showre-blacke *Notus* lyes
In prison'd close in Æol's rocky caue
They from their severall quarters rush to saue
With furious blasts their lands from being drown'd,
And keepe the sea within his proper bound.
For oft (they say) small seas by violent winde
Haue beene transported: so th' *Aegaan* joyn'd
With the *Tyrrhene*: so with th' *Ionian*
The Adriatike met. How oft in vaine
That day the sea seem'd mountaines topps to'oreflow,
And yeilding earth that deluge t'vndergoe.
But such high waues on no shore raised be,
But from the worlds far part, and the maine sea
They rowle; the earth-embracing waters bring
Their monstrous waues, so when the heavens high king
Help'd his tir'd thunder with his brothers mace
To mankinds ruine, earth then added was
To Neptunes kingdome, when the sea confounded,
All lands, and *Tethys* by no shore was bounded,
Contented with no limit but the skyes
Then also would those swelling seas arise
Vpto the starres; had not great *Ioue* kept downe
Their waues with clowdes, nor sprung that night alone
From naturall causes; the thicke aire was growne
Infected with the damps of *Acheron*,

And clogg'd with foggy stormes, waues from the maine
Fly to the cloudes, and fall like showres againe.
The lightnings light is lost; it shines not cleare,
But shooteth obscurely through nights stormy aire.
The heavens then trembled; the high pole for feare
Resounded, when his hindges mooved were.
Nature then fear'd the old confusion:
The elementall concord seem'd vndone;
And night, that mixt th'ætheriall deityes
With the infernall, seem'd againe to rise;
Their hope of safety was that in this great
Wracke of the world they were not perisht yet.
As farre as you from *Leucas* top may see
The quiet sea, so farre could they descry
From waues high tops the troubled Ocean;
But when the swelling billowes fall againe,
The maine-mast top scarce aboue water stands:
The top-sailes touch the cloudes, the keele the sands.
For ground is seene from whence the seas arise
In hills; in waues the seas whole water is.
Feare conquers art: the master does not know
Which waue to breake, which waue to yeeld vnto,
But the seas discord only aides them now;
The barke one billow cannot ouerflow
Let by anothers force, which still susteines
The yeilding side; the barke vpright mainteines
Her course, supported by all windes, no more
Low *Sasons* gulfes, Thessalia's crooked shore,
Or the Ambracian dangerous ports they fear'd,
But one the high Ceraunia to be rear'd
By billowes; *Cæsar* thinkes it now to be
A danger worthy of his destiny;
Are the gods troubled so to ruine me,
Whom sailing heere in a small barke (quoth he)
They haue assaulted with a storme so lowd?
If on the seas, not warres they haue bestow'd

The

The glory of my death, feareless I come
Ye gods, to any death that ye can doome:
Though this too hasty fate great actes breake off,
I haue already done things great enough;
The Northren nations I haue tam'd, and quell'd
My foes at home by armes: Rome has beheld
Great *Pompey* my inferiour; honours stay'd
From me in war, the people forc'd haue pay'd,
All Roman honours in my titles be.
Let it be knowne, fortune, to none but thee
(Though full of honour to the shades below
I both Romes Consull, and Dictator goe)
I dye a private death, ô gods I craue
No funerall: let the seas in most waue
Keepe my torne carkasse: let me want a tombe,
And funerall pyle whilest lookt for still to come
Into all lands I am, and ever fear'd. (rear'd
Thus having spoke (most strange) the tenth waue
His barke aloft; nor from the billowes top
Did she fall downe, kept by the water vp,
Till on the rocky shore she stood at last.
His fortune, and so many kingdomes (cast
On shore) and townes againe he did receiue.
Cæsar's returne next morne could not deceiue
His souldiers so, as his stolne flight had done;
About their generall flock they every one
Assaulting him with lamentations,
And not ingratefull accusations;
VVhither did thy rash valour carry thee
Too cruell *Cæsar*? to what destiny
Didst thou leaue vs poore soules, venturing vpon
Th' vnwilling seas, and stormes thy selfe alone?
In thee to seeke for death was cruelty,
VVhen all the world esteemes thy head so high,
And on thy life so many liues of ours
Depend; did none of vs deserue t'haue power

Not to survive thee? sleepe did vs detaine,
While thou wert toss'd vpon the watry maine.
Was this the cause thou went'st to Italy?
(Alas it shames vs) it was cruelty
To venture any man on such a sea;
For the last act of things such hazards be.
VVhy doest thou tire the gods so much to goe,
And venture the worlds greatest Captaine so;
From fortune's worke, and favour thus t'haue sent
Thee safe a shore to vs, be confident.
Of the waues issue. This vse doest thou make
Of the gods favour to escape a wracke,
Rather then gaine the worlds sole soveraignety?
Thus while they talke, night past, the Sunne they see,
And a cleare day; his waues the tired maine
(By the windes leaue) compos'd, and smooth'd againe.
The Captaines also on th'Italian side
VVhen the t'rd Ocean free from waues they spy'd
By the pure Northwinds rising; thence convay'd
Their ships, which their skill'd Marriners had stay'd
So long for feare while winds auspicious fail'd.
Like a land army their joyn'd navy sail'd
On the broad Sea; but the chang'd windes by night
Fill'd not their sailes, but broke the order quite.
So Cranes in VVinter Strymon's cold forsake
To drinke warm Nile, and in their first flight make
(As chance directs) of letters various formes;
VVhen their spread wings are by the violent stormes
Of strong South-windes assailed, by and by
In a confused globe all mingled fly:
The letter's lost in their disranked wings.
But the next morne when rising Titan brings
A stronger winde to driue the navie ore,
They passe the vaine attempted Lissus shore,
And to Nymphæum come: Southwinds that blow,
The haven on them (the Northwindes fled) bestow.

VVhen

VVhen *Cæsars* legions all collected were,
And *Pompey* saw the war was drawne to neere
To his owne campe, he thinkes best to previde
For his wiues safety, and in Lesbos hide
Thee, faire *Cornelia*, from the noise of warre.
Alas in iust and noble mindes how farre
Prevailes true loue? true loue alone had power
To make great *Pompey* feare wars doubtfull houre;
His wife alone he wisht free from that stroke,
That all the world, and Romes whole fortune shooke,
But now a ready mind wants words in him:
He yeilds to sweete delayes; from fate steales time.
But when th'approching mourne had banisht rest,
And faire *Cornelia* his care-wounded breast
Clasping, from her averted husband seekes
A loving kisse, wondring to feele his cheekes
Moistened with teares; t'exhibit cause she feares,
And dares not find great *Pompey* shedding teares.
He then thus mourning spake: oh dearest wife,
Dearer to me then life, not now, when life
I loath, but in our best prosperity,
That fatall day's come which too too much haue we,
Yet not enough diuerted. *Cæsar's* addrest
For fight; thou must not stay; Lesbos the best,
And safest place will be for thee to hide;
Doe not entreat me sweete; I haue denyd
It to my selfe; nor absence long shall we
Remaine, for swift will this wars tryall be,
Great things fall speedily. To heare, not see
Thy *Pompey's* danger is enough for thee.
Thy loue deceiues me, if thou couldst endure
To see this fight; for me to sleepe secure
VVith thee (this war begun) and from thine armes
To rise, were shame, when the wars loud alarmes
Shake all the world, and that thy *Pompey* came
Sad with no losse to such a war were shame.

Nor shall thy husbands fortune all together
Oppresse her, farre remoov'd safer then either
People or king. And should the gods contriue
My death, let *Pompey* better part suruiue,
And a place be, whither I may desire,
If fate and *Cæsar* vanquish, to retire.
Her weakenesse could not such great griefe containe,
Her sences fled, she did amaz'd remaine. (frame,
At length when sad complaints these words could
My Lord, quoth she, I haue no cause to blame
Our wedlocks fortune, or the gods aboue:
No death, no funerall diuides our loue:
We part the common, and plebeian way,
For feare of war *Cornelia* must not stay.
Let's be diuorc'd to gratifye the foe,
Since he's at hand. *Pompey* esteem'st thou so
My faith, or think'st thou any thing can be
Safer to me then thee? Dar'st not we
Vpon one chance? canst cruell thou command
Thy absent wife this ruines shocke to stand?
Or think'st thou it a happy state for me
(While thy chance yet does doubtfull stand) to dye
For feare of future ill? I will attend
Thy death; but till sad fame the newes can send
So farre, shall be forced to suruiue.
Besides thou wilt accustome me to grieue,
And beare so great a sorrow, as I feare
(Pardon that I confesse) I cannot beare.
And if the good gods heare my prayers now,
I last of all the happy newes shall know.
I on the rockes, when thou art conquerer,
Shall carefull sit, and euen that ship shall feare,
That brings the happy newes: nor will my feare
Haue end, so soone as I thy conquest heare,
So farre remoov'd from thee, that *Cæsar* may
(Though flying) seize *Cornelia* as a pray.

My

My baniſhment will Lesbos ſhore renowne,
And make the towne of Mitylene knowne,
Where *Pompey's* wife abides. My laſt requeſt
Is this, if thou be conquer'd, and nought reſt
To ſuccour thy life but flight, go any bay
Rather then that turne thy vnhappy way.
Vpon my ſhore thou wilt be ſurely ſought
This ſaid, from bed ſhe leapt with griefe diſtraught,
Her woes with no delayes to enterlace;
Nor could ſhe then her Lord's ſad breaſt embrace,
Nor hang about his necke; the laſt fruite's gone
Of ſo long loue: the griefe they haſten on:
And at the parting neither had the power
To ſay farewell. Never ſo ſad an hower
In all their life had they. Succeeding woes
Their mindes by cuſtome hardened could compoſe.
She fainting falls, and in her ſeruants hands
Lifted is borne to ſea; but on the ſands
She falls, as if that ſhore ſhe ſaine would keepe,
At laſt perforce ſhe's carry'd to the ſhip.
From her deare countrey's ſhore not ſo diſtreſt
Fled ſhe, when *Cæſar* Italy poſſeſt.
With *Pompey* then ſhe went: now all alone
Wanting that guide, ſhe from her Lord is gone.
Sleepeleſſe ſhe ſpent in her now widow'd bed
Cold, and alone, the night that followed.
That ſide that naked vs'd not to be left,
Is of a husbands company bereft.
Oft would ſhe, when her ſleepy armes ſhe ſpread,
With hands deceiv'd embrace the empty bed,
Seeking her Lord, her fright ſhe would forget;
For, though Iues ſtamened on her marrow, yet
Ore all the bed ſhe would not tumbling ſpread,
Fearing to miſſe her Lord, that part of bed
She kept; but fate did not ſo well ordaine,
The howr's at hand that brings her Lord againe.

FINIS, Libri quinti. Annotations

Annotations on the fift Booke:

(a) Pompey's *losses, as we saw before in the 2. 3. and 4. Pookes were these, all his garrisons beaten out of Italy, and himselfe driven from thence; Massilia sackt: all Spaine lost, together with his army under the conduct of* Afranius *and* Petrejus. Cæsars *losses a cohort of Opitergians, which kill'd themselues on the Illyrian sea with their captaine* Vulteius, *and* Curio *kill'd by king* Iuba.

(b) *Phocis was then made free as well as Massilia her colony, which* Cæsar *besiedg'd.*

(c) Dejotarus *king of Galatia brought to the army of* Pompey *sixe hundred horsemen.*

(d) Cotys *king of Thracia sent to the army fiue hundred horsemen under the conduct of his sonne* Sadalis.

(e) Rhasipolis *brought from Macedonia two hundred horsemen*

(f) Ptolemey *defrauded his sister* Cleopatra *of her share in the kingdome, and in killing* Pompey, *saved* Cæsar *the doing of that impious act.*

(g) Appius *the Governour of Achaia desirous to know the event of the civill war, compelled the chiefe Priest of Delphos to descend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time beene vsed*

(h) *In the midst of the hill there was a deepe hole into the earth, out of which came a cold spirit, as it were a winde, and filled the Prophetesses with a fury, so that they instandly prophesied of things to come.*

(i) Appius *thinking this oracle had warned him onely to abstaine from this war, retired himselfe into that countrey which lyeth betweene Rhamnum, and Carystos called Cala Euboa, where before the battle of Pharsalia he dyed of a disease, and was there buryed, and so possest quietly the place which the Oracle had promised him.*

(k) Cæsar

(k) Cæſar was now returned to Placentia from Spaine, Where hee had conquered Afranius and Petreius two of Pompey's Lieutenants, and was going from thence into Epire and Macedonia againſt Pompey; in the meane time this mutiny happened.

(l) Cæſar caſhiered with ignominy all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much adoe after many prayers received them againe, but not without taking puniſhment of the chiefe mutiners.

(m) Cæſar made himſelfe Dictator at Rome without any lawfull election, that is, neither named by the Senate nor Conſul; but eleven dayes after he left his Dictatorſhippe, having made himſelfe and Publius Servilius Conſuls.

(n) Then began all thoſe names of flattery, which they afterward uſed to their Emperours, as Diuus, Ever Auguſtus, Father of his country, Founder of peace, Lord, and the like.

(o) After all gouernement was in the hands of Cæſar alone, all the ancient rites in creating of Magiſtrates were quite taken away, an imaginary face of election was in the field of Mars, the tribes were cited, but were not admitted diſtinctly, and in the true forme to giue their ſuffrages, the other orders were but vaine; for the Emperour commended him to the Centuries whom he would haue Conſul, or elſe deſigned him, and choſe him himſelfe, their Augury alſo was abuſed and the Augurs interpreted every thing as they were compelled.

(p) Vnder the Emperours, Conſuls were oft choſen for halfe an yeare for 1. 2. or 3 moneths.

(q) Pompey was then in Candauia. but when he heard that Cæſar was come, and was poſſeſt of Oricum, and Apollonia; hee haſted to Dyrrachium. Cæſar pitched his tents at one ſide of the river Apſus, and Pompey at the other.

(r) Cæſar

(r) Cæsar having landed his men the same night sent backe the ships to Brundusium for Antonius to transport the rest of his legions, and his horsemen, whose slow comming made Cæsar defer the fight.

(s) This Marcus Antonius after the death of Iulius Cæsar had warre with Augustus, by whom he was vanquished in a sea fight neere Leucas

(t) When part of the army for want of Ships stay'd at Brundusium, under Antonius, Gabinius and Calenus, Cæsar impatient of delay reserved to goe himselfe as a messenger to call them in a stormy night, and a little vessell, some say a boate that would beare twelue oares, but vnknowne to all his army he past on a disguised habite through all the courts of guard, and went to Sea.

LVCANS.

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The Sixt Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar enclosing Pompey with a fence,
And trenches of a vast circumference
Endures a famine, Pompey pestilence,
Who breaking through escapes a conquerer thence.
Braue Scæva's valour, and admired fight.
Into Thessalia Cæsar takes his flight;
Great Pompey followes: the description,
And Poets tales, That Thessaly renowne.
To the dire witch Erictho Sextus goes
This fatall warres sad issue to disclose:
She quickens a dead carcasse, which relates
To Sextus eare, his, and his fathers fates,
And craving then deaths freedome to obtaine
Is by a magicke spell dissolv'd againe.

Hen on neere (*a*) hils both Generalls fierce (*b*) of fight
Had pitch'd their tents, and drawne their troops in sight
And the gods saw their match: *Cæsar* in Greece
Scornes to take towes, or owne the destinyes.

For

For any conquest, but his sonne in law's.
The worlds sad howre, that to a tryall drawes
This wars maine chance, he wishes for alone,
That cast of fortune, that must ruine one.
Thrice on the hill's his battell he array'd,
And all his threatning Eagles thrice display'd,
Shewing that he would never wanting be
T'orethrow the Roman state. But when he see
No provocations could his sonne in law
(Who close entrenched lay) to battell draw,
From thence (c) he march'd by woody passages,
And close, to take Dyrrachium fortresses,
Thither a neerer way great *Pompey* takes
Along the shore, and on high Petra makes
His campe, to guard from thence Dyrrachium towne
Safe (without men) by her owne strength alone.
No human labour, no old structure made
Her fence, which would (though neere so lofty) fade
By force of war, or eating time oretaken.
A strength, that by no engine can be shaken,
Her site, and nature giue, the sea profound,
And steepe waue-breaking rockes enclose it round;
But for one little hill an Iland 'twere:
Ship-threatning rockes sustaine the walls, and there
Th' Ionian sea rais'd by the Southwindes blasts
Her temples shakes, and frothy foamings casts
Ore houses topps. War-thirsty *Cæsar* then
Conceiv'd (d) a cruell hope, spreading his men,
Round on the hills from every side t'enclose
With joyned trenches his vnwary foes:
And all the ground surveying with his eye
Is not content alone to fortefie
His workes with brittle earth, but weighty stone
From quarryes digs, vast rockes, houses torne downe,
And Greekish walls brought thither make a fence,
Able the rams assaulting violence,

An

And all wars furious engines to withstand;
Hills levell'd, valleyes rais'd make even land
In *Cæsars* workes, with trenches wide enclos'd
And towred castels on the hills dispos'd.
With a vast circuite he takes in the ground,
About the pastures, woods, and shelters round
As 'twere for deere, spreading a wide-stretch'd toile.
Pompey no roome, nor pasture wants; for while
He thus enclos'd by *Cæsars* trenches is,
He remooues campes; (so many rivers rise,
And their whole course within this circuite run)
And *Cæsar*, tir'd going to looke vpon
His workes, makes often stayes. Let ancient tales
To the gods worke adscribe the Trojan walls;
Let flying Parthians still admire alone
The brittle earth-built walls of Babylon.
As far as Tigris, and Orontes run,
As the Assyrian Kings dominion
Stretch'd in the East, a suddaine worke of war
Encloses heere. Lost those great labours are,
So many hands would to Abydos put
Sestos: fill vp the Hellespont: and cut
Corinth from Pelops land: and from the seas
Take long Malea for the sailers ease:
Or mende some part (though nature should deny)
Of the worlds structure. Here wars quarters lye:
Here feedes that blood that in all lands must flow,
The Libyan, and Thessalian overthrow.
Wars civill fury boiles kept straitly in.
The workes first structure *Pompey* had not seene.
As who in middest of Sicily safe dwell,
When rough Pelorous barkes, can never tell:
As Northren Britrains cannot heare the tore
Of flowing seas against the Kentish shore.
But when himselfe becuirt so far he knew
By a vast trench, he from safe Petra drew

His

His troopes: and ore the hills dispos'd them so,
To keepe the rankes of his beseidging foe
More thin: and tooke of the enclosed ground
As much in length, as in true distance found
Twixt lofty Rome, and th' Aricinian wood,
VVhere Scythian Diana ador'd image stood:
As far as Tyber's streame from Romes walls ends
By straight account, not as the river bends.
No trumpets sound: piles vncommanded flye:
Mischeifes oft done as they their javelins try.
Both cheifes are kept from fight by greater care:
Pompey because his pasture feilds are bare;
The ground he had, by horse ore trampled was,
VVhose horny hoofes trode downe the springing grasse.
The war-like steed weary'd in those bar'd feilds,
VVhen the full racke provider far brought yeilds,
Tasting his new-brought food falls downe and dyes
Treading the ring, fail'd by his trembling thighs.
Their bodyes wast by dire consumption;
The vnstirr'd aire drawes moist contagion
Into a pestilentiall cloud, such breath
Nasis exhales from her darke caues beneath;
Such poison'd aire, where bury'd *Typhon* lyes,
The ground sends forth; apace the army dyes.
The water from the aire infection taking
VVith costiuenesse torments the bowells aking:
Dry's their discolour'd skin: their blood-swolne eyes
Doe breake: the fiery plague with botches flyes
All ore the face: their heavy heads fall downe.
Now more and more suddaine their death was growne:
Twixt life and death the sickenesse has no roome;
But death does with the first faint symptomes come.
By carcasses, which all vnburyed lye.
Among the living growes mortality.
Twas all the souldiers buriall to be cast
Out of the tents. This plague was staid at last

By blasts of strong aire-stirring Northern winde,
Ships straught with Corne, the shore, and sea behinde.
But *Cæsar* free vpon the spacious hills,
No pestilence from aire or water feeles:
But (as if straight besieg'd) a famine strong
Is forc'd to suffer: corne as yet not sprong
To the full height: his wretched men he sees
Fall to beasts food, eate grasse, and rob the trees
Of leaues, and tender twigs: and venturing more
Death-threatning herbes from rootes vnknowne they
What euer they could bite, soften with heat, (tore.
Or through their wounded palats downe could get,
And things, that human tables nere did know,
Content to eate, besieg'd (e) their full fed foe.
When through the trenches *Pompey* pleas'd to make
His way, and freedome of all lands to take:
He seekes not th'obscure time of dusky night,
Scorning to steale a passage free from sight:
But rather force the trenches, and breake downe
The forts and passe, where ruine leades him on,
Through swords and slaughter to enforce his way.
The part of the neere trench most fitly lay
Minutius castle call'd, trees thickly set
Making a greue obscure oreshadow'd it.
Hither his Cohorts by no dust betray'd
He led, and suddenly the walls assay'd.
So many Roman Eagles glister round
The field at once, so many trumpets sound,
That now to swords the victory nought owes:
Feare had discomfited th'astonisht foes
Yet (wherein valour only could be show'd)
That ground, where first they stood they dying strow'd
But the *Pompeyans* now want foes to slay:
Whole showers of Piles in vaine are throwne away.
Then fire rowl'd vp in pitchy fluffe they throw
Vpon the workes: the shaken turrets bow,

Threatning a fall, the battred bulwarks grone
Beat by the rammes impetuous fury downe,
And ore the trenches *Pompeys* Eagles fly
To vindicate the Roman liberty.
That place, which not a thousand companyes,
Nor all the strength of *Cæsar* could surprise,
One man alone guards from the Conquerers,
Denying *Pompey's* conquest, whilest he weares
A sword, and lives His name was *Scæva*, once
A common souldier of those legions,
That serv'd in Gallia: then Centurion,
By blood promoted, to all mischiefe prone,
And one that knew not in a civill war
How great a crime the souldiers valours are.
He when he saw his fellowes leaving fight,
And seeking out safe places for their flight,
Whither (quoth he) base slaues, and beasts, does feare
(Vnknowne to all that armes for *Cæsar* beare).
Drive you? can you retire without one wound?
Or are you not asham'd not to be found
Among the heape of men? though faith were gone,
Anger (me thinkes) should make you fight alone.
We are the men of all, through whom the foe
Has chose to breake; let this day bloody goe
On *Pompey's* side. I should farre happyer dy
In *Cæsars* fight: but since the fates deny
Him for a witnesse, *Pompey* shall commend
My death; your breasts and throates vndaunted bend
Against their steele, and turne their weapons backe.
The dust far off is seene, his ruines cracke
Has by this time enter'd our generalls eares.
We conquer, fellowes; *Cæsar* straight appeares
To challenge (though we dye) this fort; his voice
More then th' alarums first inciting noise
Their fury stirr'd: then wondring at the man,
And eager to behold the souldiers ran

To

To see if valour disadvantag'd so,
Surpris'd by place and number cou'd bestow
Ought more then death. He making good alone
The falling worke, first throwes dead bodyes down,
From the full tower to overwhelme the foes.
The posts, the wals, slaughter it selfe bestowes
Weapons on him, threatning h'mselfe to fall
Downe on their heads, and thrusts off from the wall
The breasts of scaling foes with poles, and stakes,
And with his sword cuts off his hand that takes
Hold on the bulwarkes top; and with vast stones
Passhes their heads in peices, breakes their bones,
And dashes out their weakely-fenced braines.
Downe on anothers haire, and face he raines
Pitch fir'd; the fire whizzes in burning eyes.
But when the pil'd vp carcasses gan rise
To æquall the walls height, as nimbly then
Into the midst of *Pompey's* armed men
Scæva leapes downe from thence, as *Libbards* fierce
Breake thorough the beseiging huntsmens speares.
Then *Scæva* wedg'd in round, and by th' whole war
Enclos'd, yet where he stinks is Conquerer.
His swords point dull with blood congealed growes,
And blunt; not does it peirce, but bruise his foes.
His sword has lost the vse, and without wound
It breakes mens limmes. The foes encircling round
At him direct their weapons all, and all
Their hands aime right, and javelins rightly fall:
There fortune a strange match beholds, one man
'Gainst a whole war. His strong sheild sounded than
With often stroke: his broken helmet beat
Downe to his Temples wrings with paine and heat,
And nothing else protects his vitall parts
But th' outside of his flesh stucke full of darts.
VVhy with light darts, and arrowes doe you strive
(Vaine fooles) such wounds, as cannot kill, to give?

Let the Phalaricke strong her wilde fire throw,
Or massy walls of stone gainst such a foe:
Let battring Rammes, and warr vast engines all
Remoove him thence; he stands for *Cæsar's* wall
'Gainst *Pompey's* course. His breast no armes now hide,
Scorning to vse a shield, lest his left side
Should want a wound, and he be forc'd to liue
By his owne fault, what wounds the war can giue,
He takes alone; and bearing a thicke wood
Of darts vpon his breast, now wearyed stood
Choosing what foe to fall on; so at sea
Doe whales, and monstrous beasts of Libya.
So a Gerulian Elephant clos'd in
By hunters round, all shafts from his thicke skin
Beates backe, and breakes: or mooving it shakes off
The sticking darts (his bowells safe enough)
And through those wounds no blood he looses; so
So many shafts, and darts cannot bestow
One death. At last a Cretan bow let flye
A sure Gortyan shaft: in the left eye
Of *Scæua* stucke the shaft; he voide of feares,
The ligaments, and opticke sinnewes teares,
That th' arrowes forked iron head did stay,
And kick'd the shaft with his owne eye away.
So if a Libyan looped javelin peirce
The side of a Pannonian beare, more fierce
Growne by her wound, she wheeles her selfe about,
Eager to catch the dart, and pull it out,
Which still turnes with her, *Scæua's* lookes now bore,
No fiercenesse, all his face deform'd with gore.
A shout that reach'd the sky, the Conquerers raise;
So little blood (though drawne from *Cæsars* face)
Could not haue joy'd them more. But *Scæua* now
In his great heart suppressing this deepe woe,
With a wilde looke, that did no valour show,
Hold Countrey men (quoth he) forbeare me slow;

Wounds

VVounds further not my death, nor now neede I
Moe weapons in, but these pull'd out, to dye.
Into the campe of *Pompey* carry me:
Doo't for your generalls sake, let *Scæua* be
Rather th' example now of *Cæsar* left,
Then of a noble death. *Scæua* be left.
These fained words of his vnhappily:
And did not the swords point against him see:
But as to seize him, and his armes he ventures,
His throate the lightning sword of *Scæua* enters.
His valour then by this one death renew'd
VVax'd hot; who ere dares thinke *Scæua* subdu'd,
Thus let him rue (quoth he,) if from this steele
Pompey seeke peace, let him to *Cæsar* kneele.
Thought you me like your selues, fearefull, and base?
You loue not *Pompey*, and the Senates cause,
As I loue death. VVith that the dust rais'd high
Gaue them all notice *Cæsars* troopes were nigh,
And from wars shame did the Pompeyans free,
Least a whole troope should haue bin thought to flee
From *Scæua* only. VVhen the fight was done
He fell, and dy'd: for fight (when blood was gone)
Lent strength. His friends taking him, as he falls,
Vpon their shoulders to his funeralls
Are proud to beare him, and that breast adore,
As if some sacred deity it bore,
Or valours glorious image there did liue.
Then all from his transfixed members striue
To plucke the Piles: and therewithall they dreft
The gods themselues: on Mars his naked breast,
Scæua, they put thy armes. How great endeede
Had bin thine honour, if those men, that fled;
Had bin the warlike Celtiberians,
Germans long arm'd, or short Cantabrians.
No triumphs now; no spoiles of this sad war
Can decke the temple of the thunderer.

VVith how great valour, wretch, hast thou procur'd
A lord? nor did great *Pompey* lye immur'd
And quiet from attempting fight againe
At this repulse, no more then th' Ocean
Is tir'd, when lifted by strong Easterne blast
'Gainst the repelling rockes, and eates at last
The rockes hard side, making, though late, a way
Assaulting then (*f*) the fort that neerest lay
To th' sea, he takes it by a double war,
And spreads his men over the fields afar,
Pleas'd with this liberty of changing ground.
So when full Padus swells aboue the bound
Of his safe bankes, and the neere fields oreflowes:
If any land, not able to oppose
That hill of water, yeild: that it oreruns,
Opening t'it selfe vnknowne dominions
Some owners must of force their lands forego,
Some gaine new lands, as Padus will bestow.
Cæsar, at first not knowing it, by light
From a towres top had notice from the fight:
The dust now la'id, he sees his walls beat downe;
But when he found it past, and the foe gone,
This rest his fury stirr'd, enraged deepe
That *Pompey* safe on *Cæsar's* losse should sleepe.
Resolving (though to his owne losse) to goe
On, and disturbe the quiet of his foe.
First he assaults *Torquatus*, who destryes
As soone his comming, as the sayler spyes
Th' approach of a Circæan storme, and takes
Downe all his sailes, when once the maine mast shakes.
His men within the inner wall doth bring,
To stand more firmely in a narrow ring.
Ore the (*g*) first trenches workes *Cæsar* was gone,
VVhen *Pompey* from the hills aboue sent downe
All his whole troopes vpon th' enclosed foe.
Th' inhabitants neere Ætna feare not so

Ence'a-

Enceladus, when the fierce Southwind blowes,
And Ætna from her fiery cavernes throwes
Her scalding entrailes forth: as *Cæsar's* men,
By the rais'd dust orecome ere they begin
To fight; and in the cloud of this blind feare
Flying they meete their foes; terrour does beare
Them to their fate. Then might haue beene let out
The civill wars whole blood, and peace beene brought.
Pompey himselfe their furious swords refus'd.
Oh happy, Rome, still free hadst thou remain'd
With all thy lawes, and power, if there for thee
Sylla had conquer'd; tis, and still shall be
Cæsar, our griefe, thy worst of wicked deeds
(To fight with a good sonne in law) succeedes.
Oh luckelesse fates, for *Mundi's* bloody day
Spaine had not wept, Afflicke for *Vtica*;
Nor had Nile borne, her streame discolouring,
A carcasse (*b*) nobler then th' Ægyptian King;
Nor *Iuba* (*c*) nak'd on Libyan sands had dy'd,
Nor had the blood of *Scipio* pacify'd
Carthage dire ghosts: nor mens society
Had lost good *Cato*. That day, Rome, to thee
Had beene the last of ills; *Pharsalias* day
In midst of fate had vanished away.
Cæsar this ill-possessed place forsakes,
And with his mangled (*d*) troopes t'Æmathia makes.
Pompey pursues his flying father in law.
Whom from that purpose his friends striue to draw,
Perswading him to turne to Italy
Now free from enemies. Never, quoth he,
Will I like *Cæsar* to my countrey come,
Nor never more voidlesse with peace, shall Rome
See my returne. In Italy I could
Haue stay'd at the beginning, if I would
Before Romes temples this sad war haue brought,
And in the midst o'th market place haue fought.

To draw the war from home, to'th'torrid zone,
Or Scythiaes farthest cold I would be gone.
Shall I a conquerer now rob Rome of rest,
VVho fled, lest she should be with war opprest?
Let *Cæsar* thinke Rome his, rather then she
Should suffer from this war. Then Easterly
He turnes his course, paths devious marching over,
VVhere regions vast Candavia does discover,
And to Thessalia comes, which fate for this
Sad war ordaind. Thessalia bounded is
By the hill Ossa on the Northeast side;
Pelion, when Summer's in her height of pride,
His shade opposes 'gainst *Sols* rising rayes;
The woody Othrys Southward keepes away
The scorching Lions heate, Pindus his hight
Keepes off the VVesterne windes, and hastens night
By hiding the Suns set; those men neere feele
(That in the bottome of Olimpus dwell)
The Northwindes rage, nor all night long can see
The shining of the Beare. The fields, that lye
A vale betwixt those hills, were heretofore
A standing poole with water cover'd ore.
The fields kept in the rivers, Tempe then
Had no vent to the sea: to fill the fen
VVas all the rivers course. But when of yore
Alcides Ossa from Olimpus tore,
And Peneus suddainely the sea did fill:
Sea-borne *Achilles* kingdome (that had still
Beene better vnder water) first was showne;
And *Phylace*, that landed first vpon
The Trojan shore her ship; and *Dorion*
For the nine Muses anger woe-begone;
Peleos, and *Trachis*, *Messbaa* proud
Of great *Alcides* shafts on her bestow'd,
Base hire for *Oeta's* fire; and where men now
Over the once renowned Argos plow:

Larissa

Lariſſa potent once: and where old tales
Deſcribe the Echionian Theban walls;
Thither *Agaue* baniſht, there the head,
And necke of her dead *Pentheus* buryed,
Griev'd ſhe had tome no moe limbes from her ſon.
The feas thus broke in many rivers run.
On the VVeſt ſide into th'Ionian ſea
Clara, but ſmall, Æas runs: as ſmall as he
Runs the Egyptian Iſis fathers flood:
And *Acheloüs*, whoſe thicke ſtreame with mud
Soiles the Echinades: Euenus ore
Meleager: Calydon ſtain'd with the gore
Of Neſſus runs: Sperchios ſwiftly ſlides
Into Maliacke tea, whoſe channell glides
Purely along Amphryſus paſture fields,
VVhere *Phœbus* kerr'd: Anauros, that nere yeilds
Nor fog, nor wind, nor exhalation:
And what ere river by it ſelfe not knowne
To th'ſea, his waues on Peneus beſtowes:
Apidanos in a ſwift torrent flowes:
Enipeus never ſwift vnleſſe combin'd:
Melas: and Phœnix with Aſopus join'd:
Alone his ſtreame pure Titareſius keepes,
Though in a different named flood he creepes:
And vling Peneus as his ground, he flowes
Aboue: from Styx (they ſay) this river roſe:
VVho (mindfull of his ſpring) ſcornes with baſe floods
To mixe, but keepes the reverence of the gods.
VVhen firſt, theſe rivers gone, the fields appear'd,
Fat furrowes the Rœbician plowſhares reard:
Th'Æolian husbandmen then breake the ground,
The Leleges, and Dolopes then wound
Her fertile breaſt, the skill'd Magneſians
In horſemanſhip: the ſea fam'd Minyans.
In Pelethronian denſ'tion there
A fruitfull cloud did th'halfe-wilde Centaures beare:

Thee,

Thee, *Monichus*, that couldst on *Pholoe*
Breake hardest rockes: and furious *Rhœtus*, thee,
That vp by th'rootes could strong wilde ashes teare
On Octa's mount, which Boreas blasts would beare;
Pholus, that didst *Alcides* entertaine:
Ravishing *Nessus* on the river slaine
By venom'd shafts: and thee, old *Chiron*, made
A constellation now, who seem'st t'invade
The Scorpion with thy Thessalian bow:
Feirce wars first seedes did from this country grow;
Heere the first horse for war sprang from a rocke,
Which mighty Neptune with his trident stroke;
To chew on the steele bit he not disdain'd,
And tom'd by his Thessalian rider rain'd.
From hence the first of ships the Ocean plow'd,
And seas hid paths to earth-bred mortalls show'd.
Ixion first of all Thessalia's King
To forme by hammer did hot mettalls bring;
Made silver liquid, stamp'd his coines impresse:
In gold, and melted brasse in furnaces.
Hence did th'account of money first arise,
The fatall cause of war and tragedies.
Heere was that hideous serpent *Python* bred,
VVhose skin the Delphian *Tripes* covered;
Whence to those games Thessalian bayes are brought.
Aloeus wicked brood 'gainst heaven here fought;
When *Ossa* on high Pelions top was set,
And the Celestiall orbes swift motion let.
When both the generalls in this land (by fate
Destin'd) encamp'd: the wars ensuing state
Fills all presaging mindes, all saw at hand
That bower, on which this wars last cast should stand
Cowards now trembled that wars fate so neare
Was drawne, and fear'd the worst; both hope and feare
To this yet-doubtfull tryall brought the stout.
But one (alas) among the fearefull rout

Was

Was *Sextus*, *Pompey's* most vnworthy son;
Who afterwards a banisht man vpon
Sicilian seas, turn'd Pirate, and there slain'd.
The fam'd sea-triumphs his great father gain'd
He brooking no delay, but weake to beare
A doubtfull state, endeauours, vrg'd by feare,
To find fates future course. Nor does he craue
From Delphian *Phebus*, from the Pythian caue,
Or that fam'd Oake fruitfull in akehornes, where
Ioues mouth giues answere, this event to heare.
Nor seekes advice from them, to whom are knowne
Birds flights, beasts entrailes, lightnings motion,
Nor the Chaldæan skill'd Astrologer,
Nor any secret wayes, that lawfull were:
But magicke damn'd by all the gods aboue,
And her detested secrets seekes to proue,
Aide from the ghosts, and feinds below to craue,
Thinking (ah wretch) the gods small knowledge haue.
The place it selfe this vaine dire madnesse helpt,
Nere to the campe th' Æmonian witches dwelt,
Whom no invented monsters can excell;
Their art's what ere's incredible to tell.
Besides Thessaliaes fields, and rockes doe beare
Strange killing hearbes, and plants, and stones that beare
The charming Witches murmurs: there arise
Plants, that haue power to force the deityes.
Medea there a stranger in those fields
Gather'd worse herbes then any Colchos yeilds.
Those wretches impious charmes turne the gods cares,
Though deafe to many nations zealous prayers:
Their voice alone beares through the inmost skyes
Commands to the vnwilling deityes,
Which not their care of heavens high motions
Can turne away; when those dire murmurs once
Enter the sky, though the Ægyptians wise,
And Babylonians their deepe misteryes

Should

Should vtter all, th'Æmonian witch still beares
From all their altars the gods forced eares.
These witches spells loues soft desires haue sent
Into the hardest hearts 'gainst fates intent;
Severe old men haue burn'd in impious loue, (moue,
VVhich tempered drinkes, and philtrums could not
Nor that, to which the sole his damnes loue owes,
The swelling flesh that on his forehead growes,
Mindes by no poyson hurt, haue perished
By spells; those, whom no loue of marriage bed,
Nor tempting beautyes power could ere inflame,
By Magicke knot-ty'd thread together came;
The course of things has stay'd, to keepe out day
Night has stood still: the sky would not obey
The law of Nature: the dull world at their
Dire voice has beene benumn'd: great *Iupiter*
Vrging their course himselfe, admir'd to see
The poles not moov'd by their swift axeltree.
Showres they haue made; clouded the cleerest sky,
And heaven has thunder'd, *Ioue* not knowing why.
By the same voyce, (with haire loose hanging) they
Moist swelling clouds, and stormes haue chas'd away.
The sea without one puffe of wind has swell'd;
Againe in spite of Auster has beene still'd:
Ships sailes haue quite against the windes been sway'd:
Steepe waters torrents in their fall haue stay'd:
And rivers haue run backe. Nile not orefflowne
In Summer time: Mæander straight has run.
Arar has hasten'd, Rhodanus growne slow:
High hills sunke downe haue æquall'd vales below.
Aboue his head the cloudes Olympus saw:
In midst of VVinter Scythian snowes did thaw
VVithout the Sunne: the tide-rais'd Ocean
Æmonian spells beat from the shore againe.
The ponderous earth out of her center tost
Her middle place in the worlds orbe has lost;

So

So great a weight ſtrooke by that voyce was ſtirr'd,
And on both ſides the face of heaven appear'd.
All deadly creatures, and for miſcheiſe borne
Both feare, and ſerue by death the witches turne;
The Tigers fierce, and Lyons nobly bold
Fawne vpon them: cold ſnakes them'ſelues vnfold,
And in the frofty fields lye all vntwin'd:
Diſſected vipers by their power are joyn'd.
Their poiſon'd breathings poiſon'd ſerpents kill.
Why are the gods thus troubled to fulfill,
And fearefull their enchantments to contemne?
What bargaine has thus ty'd the gods to them?
Doe they obey vpon neceſſity,
Or pleaſure? or ſome vnknowne piety
Deſerues it? or ſome ſecret threats prevaile?
Or haue they juriſdiction over all
The gods? or does one certaine deity feare
Their moſt impericus charmes, who, what ſo ere
Himſelfe is forc'd too, can the world compell?
By them the ſtarres oft from the pole downe fell,
And by their voices poyſon Phabe turn'd,
Growne pale with darke, and earthly fires has burn'd,
No leſſe then if debarr'd her brothers ſhine
By enterpoſall of the earth betweene
Her Orbe, and his: theſe labours vndergone
Has ſhe, depreſt by incantation,
Vntill more nigh ſhe foam'd her gelly on
Their herbes. Theſe ſpells of this dire nation,
And damned rites dreadfull *Erictho* ſcornes
As too too good, and this foule art adornes
With newer rites; in townes her diſmall head,
Or houſes rooſes is never covered.
Forſaken graues, and tombes (the ghoſts expell'd)
She haunts; by fiends in æſtimation held.
To heare hells ſilent counſells, and to know
The Stygian cells, and miſteryes below.

Of

Of *Dis*, her breathing heere no hindrance was.
A yellow leanenesse spreads her lothed face;
Her dreadfull looke, knowne to no lightsome aire,
With heavy hell-like paleneſſe clogged are.
Laden she is with long vnkemmed haires.
But when darke stormes, or clouds obscure the starres,
From naked graues then forth *Erictho* stalkes
To catch the nights quicke sulphur; as she walkes
The corne burnes vp, and blasts where ere she tread;
And by her breath cleare aires are poisoned.
She prayes not to the gods, nor humbly cryes
For helpe, nor knowes she pleasing sacrifice;
But funerall flames to th' alears she preferres,
Frankincense snatch'd from burning sepulchres.
The gods at her first voice grant any harme
She askes, and dare not heare her second charme.
Liue soules, that rule their limbs, she does entombe:
Death (though vnwilling) seizes those, to whom
The fates owe yeeres; with a crosse pompe men dead
Returne from graue, coarses from tombes haue fled;
Young mens hot ashes, and burnt bones she snatches
Out of the midst of funerall Pi'es, and catches
The kindling brand in their sad parents hand;
The funerall beds blacke smoaking fragments, and
Their ashy garments, and flesh-smelling coales.
But when she findes a coarse entombed whole,
Whose moisture is drawne out, and marrow growne
Hard by corruption, greedy havocke on
Each limbe she makes; and from their orbes doth teare
His congeal'd eyes, and stickes her knuckles there.
She gnawes his nailes now pale, ore-growne, and long:
Bites halters killing knotes, where dead men hung:
Teares from the gibbets strangled bodies downe,
And from the gallowes licks corruption. (wet,
Shee gathers dead mens limmes, which showres haue
And marrow harden'd in *Sols* scorching heate.
She keepes the nailes that pierc'd crucifi'd hands,

And

And gathers poysonous filth, and slime that stands
On the cold joynts, and biting with her fanges
The harden'd sinewes, vp from ground she hangs.
And where so ere a naked carcasse ly,
Before the beasts, and ravenous fowles sits she;
But teares, or cuts no limbe, till it be bit
By Wolves; from whose dry jawes she snatches it.
Nor spares she murdering, if life blood she need,
That from a throat new open'd must proceede,
She murders, when her sacrifices dine
Life-blood, and panting entrailes doe require:
And births abortiue by vnnaturall wayes
From wounded wombes she takes, and burning layes
Them on her wicked altars; when she lacks
Stout cruell ghosts, such ghosts forthwith she makes.
All deaths of men serue for her action.
From young mens chinns she puls the growing downe,
And dying striplings haire she cuts away.
Erictho oft when ore the coarse she lay
Of her dead kinseman, and did seeme to kisse,
Off from his maimed head would bite a piece;
And opening his pale lips, gelled, and clung
In his dry throat she bites his cold stiffe tongue:
And whispering murmurs dire by him she sends
Her banefull secrets to the Stygian feinds.

By generall fame when *Sextus* notice had
Of her, in depth of night, when *Titan* made
At the Antipodes their noone of day,
Over the desart fields he takes his way:
The servants waiting on his folly then,
Searching through broken tombes, and graues of men,
Spy'd on a rocke at last, where Æmus bends,
And the Pharsalian lofty hills extends,
Erictho sitting; she was trying there
Spells, which nere witch, nor magicke god did heare,
And for new purposes was framing charmes,
For fearing lest the civill warres alarmes

Should

Should to some other land be carryed thence,
And Thessaly should want that blood's expence:
Philippi feilds with incantations stain'd,
And sprinkled with diseiuice she did command
Not to transferre the war, meaning t'enioy
So many deaths, and the worlds blood t'employ:
The carcasses of slaughter'd Kings to maime,
And turne the Roman ashes was her aime:
To search for princes bones, and each great ghost.
But what best pleas'd her, and she study'd most,
Was what from *Pompey's* coarse to take away,
Or vpon which of *Cæsars* limmes to prey.
Whom first thus *Pompey's* fearefull sonne bespake;
Witest of all Thessalians, that canst make
Foreknowne all things to come, and turne away
The course of destiny, to me (I pray)
The certaine end of this wars chance relate.
I am no meane part of the Roman state,
Great *Pompey's* sonne, now either lord of all,
Or wofull heir of his great funerall.
My minde, though wounded now with doubtfull feare,
Is well resolv'd any knowne woe to beare.
Oh take from chance this power, it may not fall
Vnseene, and suddaine on me; the gods call;
Or spare the gods, and force the truth out from
The ghosts below, open Elysium,
Call forth grim death himselfe, bid him relate
Which of the two is given to him by fate,
Tis no meane taske, but labour worthy thee
To search what end of this great war shall be.
The impious Witch proud of a fame to spread
Replies, young man, wouldst thou haue altered
Some meaner fate, it had beene easily done
I could haue forc'd to any action
Th'vnwilling gods. I can preserue the breath
Of him, whom all the starres haue doom'd to death:

And

And, though the planets all conſpire to make
Him old, the midſt of his lifes courſe can breake.
But fates, and th' order of great cauſes all
Worke downeward from the worlds originall;
When all mankinde depend on one ſucceſſe,
If there you would, change ought, our arts confeſſe
Fortune has greater power: but if content
You be alone to know this warres event,
Many, and eaſie wayes for vs there be
To finde out truth; the earth, the ſea, the ſky,
The dead, the Rodopejan rockes, and fields
Shall ſpeake to vs. But ſince late ſlaughter yeilds
Such choiſe of carcaſſes in Theſſaly,
To raiſe vp one of thoſe will eaſyeſt be:
That a warme new-ſlaine carcaſſe with a cleare
Intelligible voice may greete your eare.
Leaſt (by the Sunne the organs parch'd, and ſpill'd)
The diſmall ghoſt vncertaine hizzings yeild.
Then double darkeneſſe ore nights face ſhe ſpred,
And wrapping in a foggy cloud her head,
She ſearches where th' vnbury'd bodyes lye;
Away the wolues, and hungry vultures flye
Looſening their tallands, when *Erictho* comes
To chooſe her prophet, griping with her thummes
Their now cold marrows, ſeeking where a tooque,
And lungs, with fillets whole, vnwounded hung.
The fates of thoſe ſlaine men ſtand doubtfull all
Which of their ghoſts ſhe from the dead would call.
Had ſhe deſir'd to raiſe th' whole army ſlaine,
And to reviue them for the war againe,
Hell had obey'd: from Styx, by her ſtrange might
The people all had beene drawne backe to fight.
When ſhe a carcas fitting had eſpy'd,
An hooke ſhe faſten'd in his throate, and ty'd
To it a fatall rope, by which the nag
Ore rockes and ſtones the wretched carcaſſe drag,

That muſt reviue. Vnder the hollow ſide
Of an high mountaine, which to this blacke deede
The witch had deſtin'd, ſhe the carcaſſe layes.
A deepe, and vaſt deſcent of ground there was,
As low (almoſt) as the blinde caues of *Dis*:
Which a pale wood with thicke, and ſpreading tree
Barring the ſight of heaven, and by *Sol's* light
Not penetrable, did oreſhadow quite.
Within the caue was bred by dreary night
Pale mouldy filth, and darkenſſe ſad: no light,
But light by magicke made, ere ſhined there
Within the jawes of *Tenarus* the aire
Is not ſo dull, that balefull bound twixt hell,
And vs; the princes, in thoſe ſhades that dwell
Send without feare their ſpirits hitherto;
For though this hag can force the fates to doe
What ere ſhe pleaſe, tis doubtfull whether here,
Or there thoſe ghoſts in their true place appeare.
She puts a various colour'd cloathing on,
And fury-like her haire looſe hanging downe
Was bound about with vipers, her face hid;
But when young *Sextus*, and his traine ſhe ſpy'd
Shaking for feare, and his aſtoniſht eye
Fixt on the ground, baniſh thoſe feares, quoth ſhe,
His lifes true figure you ſhall ſee him take,
That cowards neede not feare to heare him ſpeake.
But if the furyes to your eyes were ſhowne,
The Stygian lakes, and burning Phlegeton,
The gyants bound, and Cerberus that ſhakes
His dreadfull curled mane of hiſſing ſnakes,
Why ſhould you feare, cowards, whileſt I am by,
To ſee thoſe fiends, that ſhake at ſight of me? (fills
Then with warme blood, opening freſh wounds, ſhe
His breaſt: and gore to th'inward parts diſtills:
Of the Moones poiſonous gelly ſtore ſhe takes:
And all the hurtfull broodes, that nature makes:

Foame

Foame of mad dogs, which sight of water dread:
The pyth of staggs with serpents nourished
Was mixed there: the dire *Hyæna's* knee,
The spotted *Lynx* his bowells wanted not:
Nor that small fish, whose strength, though Eurus rise
Can stay the course of ships: the Dragons eyes:
The sounding stone, that brooding Eagles make
Warme in their nests: th' Arabian nimble snake:
The red sea-viper, pretious gemms that kept:
Skins from th' alhie Lybyan *Cerastes* stript:
The Phœnix ashes lay'd in Araby.
With these when vile, and nameless poisons she
Had mixt, and leaues fill'd with enchantments strong,
And herbes which her dire mouth had spit on young,
What poyson she did on the world bestow.

Then adds a voyce to charme the gods below
More powerfull then all herbes confounding noises
Much dissonant, and far from humane voices.
There was the barke of dogs, the wolues sad howle:
The scriches wailing, hollowing of the Owle:
All voices of wilde beasts, hissing of snakes,
The sound that beat from rockes the water make.
The murmur of stirr'd woods, the thunders noise
Broke from a cloud: all this was in her voice.
The rest Æmonian incantations tell,
And thus her voice peirces the lowest hell.

Furyes, and Stygian fiends, whose scourges wound
All guilty soules, Chaos, that wouldst confound
Vn-number'd worlds: king of the earth beneath,
That griev'st to see the gods exempt from death:
Thou Styx, and faire Elysium, which no spirit
To a Thessalian witch deserues t'enherit:
Thou, that thy mother hat'st, *Persephone*,
And heaven, thou lowest part of *Hecate*,
By whom the silent tongues of fiends with vs
Haue entercourse: hells porter Cerberus,

That currishnesse into our breasts doest put?
You destinyes, that twice this thread must cut?
And thou the burning streames old ferriman
Tired with ghosts brought backe to me againe;
If I invoke you with a mouth prophane,
And soule enough, to heare these prayers daine:
If with a breath fasting from humane flesh
These incantations I did neve expresse:
If womens wombes whole burdens vpon you
And luke-warme braines I often did bestow:
If one your altars heads of infants slaine
I set, and bowells, that must liue againe,
Obey my voice; no ghost, that long has felt
The Stygian shades, nor long in darknesse dwelt,
But one that lately from the living went,
And is but yet at pale hells first descent,
And one, which (though obedient to this spell)
Could be but once transported ore to hell
I aske; let some knowne souldiers ghost relate
Before great *Pompey's* sonne his fathers fate,
If civill war of you haue merited.

Then lifting vp her foaming mouth and head
She saw hard by, the ghost of that dead man
Trembling to enter his old goale againe;
Fearing those cold pale members, and into
That wounded breast, and entrailes torne to go.
Ah wretch, from whom deaths gift is tane away
(To dye no more) that fates durst thus delay
Erictho wonder'd; wrath with death, and fate
The liueles coarte with living snakes she beate (broke
And through earths craneys, which her charmes had,
Bark'd to the fiends, and thus hells silence shooke.
Megera, and *Tisiphone* that slight
My voice, through hell with your dire whips affright
Hither that wretched spirit, or from below
By your true names of Stygian bitches you

I will

I will call vp, and to the Sunnes light leaue:
No dead mens graues shall harbour, or receiue
Your heads, Ile follow you observing well,
And from all tombes, and quiet vrnes expell,
False *Hecate*, thee to the gods Ile show,
(To whom thou vsest with bright lookes to goe)
In thy pale rotten forme and so provide
Thou shalt not thy Tartarian visage hide.
Vnder the earths vast weight, I will relate
VVhat food distaines thee: in what wedlocke state
Thou lou'st the nights sad king, with such a staine,
That *Ceres* shall not wish thee backe againe
'Gainst thee, the worlds worst judge, I will set free
The giants, or let in the day to thee.
VVill you obey, or shall I him invoke,
VVhose name the earths foundations ever shooke?
VVho without hurt th' vnvailed *Gorgon* seas:
Of whose strong stripes *Erinnys* fearefull is:
VVho keepes an hell vnknowne to you, and where
You are aboue: that dare by Styx forsweare.
Then straight the clotted blood grows warme againe
Feedes the blacke wounds, and runnes through every veine
And th'outward parts: the vitall pulses beate
In his cold breast: and lifes restored heate
Mixt with cold death through parts disused runns,
And to each joynt giues trembling motions,
The sinnews stretch: the carkasse from the ground
Rises not by degrees, but at one bound
Stands bolt vpright: the eyes with twincking hard
Are op'd: not dead, nor yet alive appear'd
The face: his paleneſſe ſtill, and thinneſſe ſtayes,
He ſtands at this reuiuall in amaze;
But his dumbe ſeal'd-vp lips no murmur made,
Only an anſwering tongue, and voice he had.
Speake (quoth *Eritho*) what I aske, and well
Shalt thou rewarded be: if truth thou tell,

By our Hæmonian art Ile set thee free
Throughout all ages, and bestow on thee
Such funeralls, with charmes so burne thy bones.
Thy ghost shall heare no incantations.
Let this the fruit of thy revivall be,
No spells, no herbs shall dare to take from thee
Thy long safe rest, when I haue made thee dy.
The gods, and Prophets answere doubtfully;
But he, that dares enquire of ghosts beneath,
And boldly goe to th' oracles of death,
Is plainly told the truth; spare not, but name
Plainely the things, and places all, and frame
A speech, wherein I may conferre with fate:
Adding a charme to make him know the state
Of whatsoeere she askt; thus presently
The weeping carcasse spake; I did not see
The sisters fatall threds, so soone (alas)
Backe from those silent bankes enforc'd to passe.
But what by speech from all the spirits I gain'd,
Among the Roman ghosts fell discord reign'd:
Romes wicked war disturb'd hells quiet rest:
Some Captaines from sad hell, some from the blest
Elysian fields come forth, and there what fate
Entends to doe, they openly relate:
The happy ghosts look'd sad, the *Decii* then
Father and sonne, wars-expiating men:
I saw the *Curii*, and *Camillus* wailing,
Sylla himselfe against thee, fortune, railing:
His issues Libyan fate braue *Scipio*
Bewail'd; and *Cato* Carthages great foe
His nephew's bordage-scaping death did mone.
Among the blessed spirits *Brutus* alone
Reioyc'd, first Consul, that Romes king exil'd.
Fierce *Catiline*, sterne *Marius*, and the wilde
Cethegi breaking chaines orejoyed were:
The popular law-promulging *Druſi* there,

And

And daring *Grecchi* shouting clapt their hands
Fetter'd for euer with strong iron bands
In *Plutoes* dungeons; impious ghosts had hopes
Of blessed seates; *Pluto* pale dungeons open,
Prepares hard stones, and adamantine chaines,
To punish the proud Conquerour, ordaines.
Take you this comfort, in a blessed roome
The ghosts expect your side, and house to come,
And for great *Pompey* in Elysium
Prepare a place. The houre shall shortly come
(Enuie not then the glory of so small
A life) that in one world shall lodge you all.
Make haste to meete your deaths, and with a mirde
Haughty, (though from small funeralls) descend
To tread vpon the soules of Roman gods.
For burialls still this mortall odds;
And the Pharsalian fight must only try
Who shall by Nile, and who by Tyber lye.
But seeke not thou thy destiny to heare,
Which fate, though I be silent, will declare:
A fierce prophet shall thy father be
In Sicily, although vncertaine he
Whither to call thee, whence to bid thee flee,
Or in what coast or climate safe to be,
Teare Europe, Asia, Affricke: fates divide
Your funeralls, as they your triumphs did.
Oh wretched house, to you the world shall yeild
No place more happy then Pharsalia's field.
Thus having spoke the carcasse did remaine
VVith a sad looke, and begg'd for death againe,
But could not die without a magicke spell,
And herbes: nor could the fates restore to hell
His soule once sent from thence. VVith that the witch
Builds vp a lofty funerall pile, to which
The dead man comes: she layes him on the fires,
Leaues him, and lets him dye, and then retires

With *Sextus* to his fathers campe: and now
The welkin gan *Aurorees* light to show:
But to the campe till *Sextus* take his way,
The darke charm'd night kept off approaching day.

FINIS Libri sexti.

Annotations on the sixt Booke:

(a) *From their campes by the river Apsus both generalls at one time brought forth their armies,* Pompey *entending to entercept* M. Anthonius, *and* Cæsar *entending to ioyne with* Anthony. Anthony *certified by some Greekes of* Pompey's *ambushes, kept within his campe, till the next day* Cæsar *came to him.* Pompey *then fearing to be enclosed by two armies, departing thence marched to* Asparagium *neere Dyrrachium, and there encamped, whither also marched* Cæsar, *and encamped not far from him.*

(b) Cæsar *wanting provision was desirous of battell: but* Pompey *better provided of all necessaries purposely delayed it.*

(c) Cæsar *perceiving that* Pompey *would not be drawne out to fight, the next day by a great compasse, and difficult way went to Dyrrachium hoping to exclude* Pompey *thence, where his corne, and provision lay, which* Pompey *perceiving, went thither also by a neerer way.*

(d) Cæsar (*that his owne men might with the lesse danger forrage, and fetch in corne, as also to hinder* Pompey *from forraging, and to lessen his estimation among forreine nations*) *kept with garrisons all the tops of the hills, and fortified castles there, and drew strong trenches from castle to castle, so on every side enclosing* Pompey. *The worke extended fifteene miles in compasse, being so large that* Pompey *within wanted nothing, and* Cæsar *could not man his workes round.*

(e) Cæsar

(e) Cæſars ſouldiers wanting victuall beſieged Pompey abounding with all ſtore of proviſion. Pompey ſeeing the ſtrange reheard of ſoul, that Cæſars ſouldiers eate while they beſieged him, ſaid that he now made warre againſt beaſts.

(f) Pompey vnderſtanding by ſome renegadoes that Cæſars croſſe trench betweene the two bulwarkes toward the ſea was not finiſhed, ſent a ſhip manned with archers, and other ſouldiers to aſſault the defenders of the worke behind. Himſelfe about the end of night came thither alſo with his forces. Cæſars cohorts, that watched there neere the ſea, ſeeing themſelues aſſaulted both by land and ſea, ran away: whom the Pompeyans purſued with a great ſlaughter, till Mar. Anthonius with twelue cohorts comming downe the hill made the Pompeyans retreat againe.

(g) Cæſar to repaire that dayes loſſe aſſaulted with three and thirty cohorts the caſtle which Torquatus kept, and beate the Pompeyans from the trench. Which Pompey hearing brought his fift Legion to their ſuccour. Cæſars horſemen fearing to be enclozed began firſt to flie, which the foote ſeeing, and ſeeing Pompey there in perſon, fled alſo, this victory if Pompey had purſued, he had vtterly ouerthrowne Cæſar.

(h) Pompey the great ſlaine vpon the bankes of Nile.

(i) Iuba King of Mauretania which had ſlaine Curio and his Legions before, in the Affrican war was vanquiſhed by Cæſar, and fearing to fall into Cæſars hands, hee and Petreius ſlew each other.

(k) For in theſe two conflicts Cæſar loſt nine hundred fourtwen, ſixty two horſemen, thirty Centurions, tenne Tribunes, and thirty two Enſignes of war.

LVCANS

Pharſalia.

The Seventh Booke.

The Argument.

Great Pompey's *flattering dreame, his ſouldiers all*
Eager of battell, vrge their Generall;
Their wiſh (though raſh and fatall) findes deſerued
In Ciceros *vnhappy eloquence.*
Againſt his will great Pompey *is forc'd to yeild:*
The ſignalls giuen: Pharſalias dreadfull field
Is fought; Romes liberty for euer dyes,
And vanquiſht Pompey *to Larriſſa flyes.*

SAd *Titan* later *Thetis* lap forſooke
Then natures law requir'd, and neuer tooke
A croſſer way, as if borne backe againe
By the ſphæres courſe, would be eclipſed faine,
Attracting clouds, not food t'his flames to yeild,
But loath to ſhine vpon Pharſalia's field.
That night of *Pompey's* happy life the laſt,
Deceiv'd by flattering ſleepes, he dream'd him plac'd
In the Pompeyan Theater, among
Romes people flocking in vnnumber'd throng;
Where ſhouting to the skyes he heard them raiſe
His name, each roome contending in his praiſe.

Such

Such were the peoples lookes, such was their praise,
VVhen in his youth, and first triumphant dayes
Pompey but then a gentleman of Rome,
Had quieted the west, and Spaine orecome,
Scattring the troopes revolt *Sertorius* led,
And sat by th' Senate as much honoured
In his pure candid, as triumphall gowne.
VVhither the doubtfull fancy fearefull growne
Of future fate, run backe to former joyes,
Or prophesying by such sights implyes
Their contrary, and bodes ensuing woe:
Or else on thee fortune would thus bestow
A sight of Rome, that could not otherwise.
Oh doe not wake him from this sleepe to rise,
No trumpet peirce his eare; the next nights rest
VVith the foregoing day's sad war oppreft
VVill nought but fights, but blood and slaughter show,
Happy were Rome, could she but see (though so)
Her *Pompey*, blest with such a dreame as this,
And happy night; oh would the deityes
Had given one day, *Pompey*, to Rome, and thee,
That both assured of your destiny
Might reape the last fruit of a loue so deere.
Thou goest, as if thy Rome should thee interre:
And she, still mistresse of her wish in thee,
Hopes that the fates lodge not such cruelty,
As to deprive her of thy honour'd tombe.
To mourne for thee old men, and young would come,
Children vntaught would weepe: the Matrons all
VVith haire (as once at *Brutus* funerall)
Loose hung, would beat their breasts, now though they
The swords of the inimicous Conquerer, (feare
Though he himselfe relate thy death, they'll mourne
At publike sacrifice, as they adorne
Ioues house with laurell; wretched men, whose mone
Conceal'd, in sighs must rent it selfe alone,

And

And dares not sound in publike theaters,
Now had the rising Sunne obscur'd the starres,
VVhen all the souldiers murmuring vp and downe,
(The fates now drawing the worlds ruine on)
Desire a signall to the fight; poore men,
VVhose greater part should never see the end
Of that sad day, about their Generalls tent
(Hasting the houre of their neere death) they vent
Their passions, and complaints; and franticke growne
Their owne, and publike fate they hasten on.
They call great *Pompey* sluggish, timorous,
Patient of *Cæsar*, and ambitious
Of soveraignety, desirous still to reigne
Ore all those Kings, and fearing peace againe.
The Kings, and Easterne nations all complain'd
VVarre was peclong'd, and they from home detain'd,
The gods, when they our ruine had decreed,
VVould make it thus our owne erroneous deed.
Ruine we sought, and mortall warres requir'd,
In *Pompey's* campe Pharsalia is desir'd.
Nor did this wish want *Cicero's* defence
The greatest author of Romes eloquence;
In whose growne-rule fierce *Catoline* did feare
The peacefull axes. Now turn'd souldier
From barres and pleadings had beene silent long,
And this bad cause thus strengthens with his tongue.
Pompey, for all her gifts fortune implores
That thou wouldst vse her now: thy Senators,
Thy kings, and all the suppliant world entreat
Thy lease to conquer *Cæsar*: shall he yet
So long a war against mankind maintaine?
VVell may the forreigne nations now disdaine
(VVho suddainely were vanquished by thee)
That *Pompey* is so slow in victory.
VVhere's now thy spirit, thy confidence of fate?
Canst thou now doubt the gods (ah most ingrate!)

Or

Or fear'ſt thou to commit into their hand
The Senates cauſe? thy troopes without command
Their Eagles will advance: 'twere ſhame for thee
To be compell'd to conquer: if thou be
Our generall, and ours the war, to try
The hazard lyes in our authority. (throat?
VVhy hold'ſt thou the worlds ſwords from *Caeſar's*
They all are drawne almoſt, and tarry not
Thy ſlow alarmes; make haſt, leſt thy command
They all forſake: the Senate does demand,
If they thy ſouldiers, or companions be.
Great *Pompey* ſigh'd to ſee how contrary
The gods were bent, and fortune croſt his minde.
If you be all (quoth he) this way inclin'd:
And me a ſouldier, not a generall
The time requires: Ile be no let at all
To fate: let fortune all theſe nations caſt
Into one ruine: be this day the laſt
To the great'ſt part of men. But witneſſe Rome
Pompey's enforc'd to this ſad field to come. (wound;
The warres whole worke needs not haue coſt one
But *Caeſar*, without blood ſubdu'd, and bound
Might haue bin brought to anſwere injur'd peace.
What fury's this (oh blinde in wickedneſſe!)
To conquer without blood in civill war
You are afraid. Maſters o'th'land we are:
The ſeas are wholly ours: the famiſht foe
To fetch in Corne vnripe is forc'd to goe;
And 'tis become his wiſh by ſwords to dye,
And with his ruine mixe our tragedy.
In this ſome part is finiſht of the war,
That our freſh-water ſouldiers doe not feare
The fight (if that be in true valour done;)
Into extreameſt dangers many run
For feare of future ill: valiant'ſt is he,
That feares not t'vndergoe a danger nigh,

Nor to differ it. Would you then commit
Your strength to fortunes hand, and to one fight
The worlds estate, desiring all, that I
Should rather fight, then get the victory?
The rule of Romes estate thou didst bestow
Fortune, on me: receiue it greater now:
Protect it in this wars blinde chance: to me
Nor crime, nor honour shall this battell be.
Cæsar thy wicked prayers 'gainst mine prevaile;
We fight: how dismall to all people shall
This day appeare? how many lands vndone
Shall be? how crimson shall Epirus run
With Roman bloud? would the first pile of all
This mortall war would light (if I could fall
Without the ruine of our side) on me;
For not more joyfull can the conquest be.
Pompey a name shall be to every one
Of hate, or pity, when this fight is done.
The conquer'd shall endure the worst of woe:
The worst of crimes the Conquerour shall doe.
With that the reines he to their fury giues,
Suffring the fight. So th'artlesse sailer leaues
His helpelesse barke, when *Caurus* blasts are growne
Too strong, to guidance of the windes alone.
A fearefull murmuring noise rose through all parts
Of th'campe: and diversly their manly hearts
Beat 'gainst their breasts; vpon the face of some
Appear'd the paleneſse of a death to come,
And ghastly lookes, that day (they thinke) fate brings
A lasting state of rule on earthly things:
And what Rome was, after this field is fought,
Be ask'd: no man of his owne danger thought
Amaz'd with greater feares. Who, when he sees
All shores oreflowne, and th'vncurb'd Ocean rise
Ore mountaines tops, the Firmament and Sunne
Fall downe to earth, in such confusion

Could

Could feare his owne estate? no private state
Has time to feare, but Rome's, and *Pompey's* fate.
Nor did they trust their swords, vnlesse sharpe-set
On stones: the points of their dull piles they whet;
Each archer fits his bow with surest strings,
And choisest arrowes in his quiver brings;
Horse-men sharpe spurres provide, and strongest raines.
So when earths Giants vpon Phlegra's plaines
(If with the actes of gods our humane warres
We may compare) rebell'd: the sword of *Mars*
In Ætna's forge, and Neptunes three-fork'd speare
Were scowr'd, and sharpen'd: *Phœbus* arrowes there
With *Python* dull'd, made sharpe the blew-ey'd maide
Vpon her shield *Medusa's* haires display'd:
Ioues lightning then the *Cyclops* moulded new.
Fortune foretold the woes that should ensue
By many tokens; for the stormy sky
Withstood their marches into Thessaly:
The cloudes against their eyes did lightnings throw:
Meteors like lampes, like fiery posts in show,
And beames, cloud-breaking *Typhons* did arise,
And lightnings flashes dimm'd, and cloud their eyes.
Their helmets plumes were sindg'd, their piles did melt
Sword-blades dissolv'd run downe the hilts they felt:
Their impious swords with sulphur from the skyes
Did smoake: their Ensignes hid with swarmes of Bees
Could scarce be pluck'd from ground: the bearers bow'd
Themselues to get them vp: which seem'd orefow'd
With teares from thence even to Thessalia:
The bull from th' holy altars ran away,
And to Pharsalia field directly flyes,
VVhilest their sad altar wants a sacrifice.
But what night furyes, what *Eumenides*,
VVhat Stygian powers, or gods of wickednesse,
VVhat hellish feinds, *Cæsar*, didst thou appease
Preparing for such wicked warres as these?

VVhilst

Whether the gods, or their owne feare had wrought
These wonders, doubtfull tis, but many thought
They saw Olympus meete with Pindus hill,
And Æmus fall th'adjoyning valleyes fill:
That in the night Pharsalia sounded loud
The noise of battell: that Barbei's flowd
Swiftly with blood. But most admired they
To see each others face show darke; the day
Grow pale: and night their helmets overspread;
Their fathers ghosts and all their kinsemen dead
T' appeare before their eyes. But this alone
Comforted their sicke mindes knowing their owne
Impious entents, brothers to kill, and ope
Their fathers throates, they hence conceived hope,
Thinking these monsters, and portents t'imply
Th'accomplishment of their impiety.
No wonder tis if men so neere their end
Trembled with frantike feare: if fates doe lend
Prestaging mindes of future ills to men,
Romans, that sojourn'd in Armenia then,
And Tyrian Gades, and in what coast soere,
Or climate they abode, lamented there,
Blaming their causelesse griefe, and did not know
Their losses in Pharsalia overthrow.
An Augur sitting on (a) th'Euganean mount,
(If fame record a truth) where springs the fount
Of foggy Aponus, where Timauus does
First part, and thence in severall channells flowes;
This day (quoth he) the action's in the height,
Pompey, and *Cæsars* impious armyes fight;
Whether *Ioues* thunder, and divining stroke
He had observ'd, or how thicke aire did choake
The jarring heavens, or on the poles did looke,
Or in the firmament had found this fight
By the Sunnes paleneſſe, and starres mournefull light;

But nature fate did differently display
From other dayes, the sad Thessalian day:
And if all men had skilfull Augurs bin,
By all the world Pharsalia had bin seene
Greatest of men, whose fates through the earth extend,
Whom all the gods haue leasure to attend;
These acts of yours to all posterity
Whether their owne great fame shall signifie,
Or that these lines of mine haue profited
Your mighty names; these wars, when they are read,
Shall stir th' affections of the readers minde,
Making his wishes, and vaine feares inclin'd
As to a thing to come, not past, and guide
The hearts of all to favour *Pompey's* side.
Pompey descending downe the hill displayes
His troopes reflecting rising *Phœbus* rayes,
Not rashly ore the fields in order good
And marshall'd well the hapelesse army stood.
The left wing first was *Lentulus* his care
With the first Legion, then the best in war,
And fourth: Thou, stout *Domitius*, last'st the right,
Valiant, though still vnfortunate in fight:
In the maine battell with his warlike bands
Brought lately from Cilicia, *Scipio* stands
VVell fortify'd: heere vnder a command,
A gainfull first in Affricks scorched land.
But all along the swift Enipeus side
The loose-rain'd troopes of Pontickt horsemen ride:
And mountaniers of Cappadocia;
Vpon the dryer fields in rich array
Doe the eartns Monarchs, Kings, and Tetrarchs stand,
And all the states, that Roman swords command.
Thither from Libya came Numidians,
Ityræan archers, *Crete's* Cydonians:
Fierce *Gaules* there fought against their wonted foe:
There warlike Spaniards their short shields did show.

The

The Conquerer of all triumphs now depriue,
And let no people this sad war survive.
Cæsar that day dislodging to prouide
For corne, was marching out, when he espy'd
The foes descending downe the champion field,
And that to often wisht-for day behild,
That on one chance of war should set the maine;
Sicke of delay, and covetous of reigne,
In this small tract of time condemn'd had he
The civill war as a slow villany.
But when fates falling twixe shake he saw,
And both their fortunes to a tryall drawe:
His wondrous love of sword some languishment
Can feele: his minde, though ever confident
Of good successe, now doubts: from feare his owne,
As *Pompey* fortunes from presumption,
Did keepe his minde: at last exiling feares
With confidence he cheeres his souldiers.
Braue souldiers, the worlds aw, *Cæsars* estate,
That day of fight is come, which we from fate
So oft have begg'd: oh doe not now desire,
But by your valours fortunes aide acquire.
What *Cæsar* is lyes in your hands alone.
This is the day, which passing Rubicon
Was promist me: in hope of which we stirr'd.
And our forbidden triumphs haue differr'd.
This is the day that shall restore to you
Children and wiues, and shares of land bestow
Free'd from wars duties: this the day, that tryes
(Winnes'd by fate) whose cause the juster is
This field the conquer'd side shall guilty make.
If you with fire, and sword haue for my sake
Assaulted Rome, now fight like souldiers,
And free your swords from guilt: no hand in wars
Is pure in both sides iudgement: nor for me
Fight you alone, but that your selues may be

Free lords of all the world. I, for mine owne
Content, could liue in a Plebeian gowne,
Or be in any state, so you obtaine
A perfect freedome; by my envy reigne.
Nor with much blood shall all the world be bought:
But youths of Greece in schooles of wrestling taught,
Base sluggish spirits, that never armes did beare,
And mixt Barbarian troopes are standing there,
That, when the armies joyne, will nere abide
The trumpets sound, nor showtes of their owne side.
In civill war few hands, alas, shall fight:
Most of the blowes vpon Romes foes shall light,
And rid the world of well-spar'd people: goe,
Breake through these dastard nations, and orethrow
The world at your first onset; make it knowne
That all these nations, which so oft were showne
In *Pompey's* triumphs, are not worthy preu'd
Of one poore triumph. Are th' Armenians moov'd
Thinke you, what Generall shall Rome obtaine?
With least bloods losse would the Barbarians gaine
A soveraignety for *Pompey*? they abhor
All Romans, as their lords: and hate these more,
Whom they haue knowne. The trust of my affaires
To friends, whose valour through so many wars
In France I haue beheld, does fortune now
Commit: what souldiers sword doe not I know?
And when through th'aire a trembling pile is sent,
Ile truely tell you from what arme it went.
Those signes I see that nere your Generall fail'd,
Feirce lookes, and threatning eyes: you haue prevail'd:
Me thinkes the rivers swell'd with blood I see,
And at your feete the slaughtered bodyes ly
Of Kings, and Senators; nations to day
Swim in this bloody field. But I delay
My fortunes, in detaining from the field
Your forward spirits: pardon me though I yeild

A while

A while to pleasing hope: I nere did see
The gods so liberall, and so speedily:
But one fields distance from our wish are we.
What Kings, and nations are possest of now,
When this field's fought, is *Cæsars* to bestow.
O gods, what stars, what influence of the sky
Has given so great a power to Thessaly?
This day allots the punishment, or gaines
Of all our wars: thinke vpon *Cæsars* chaines,
His wrackes, and gibbets: thinke you see this face,
These quarter'd limmes stand in the market place:
Remember *Sylla* in the field of *Mars*,
For 'gainst a Sullane Generall are our wars.
My cares for you: this hand shall free mine owne,
Who ere lookes backe before the day be won,
Shall see me fall on mine owne sword, and dy.
You gods, whose cares are drawne downe from the sky
By Romes dissentions, let him Conquerer be,
That to the Conquer'd meanes no cruelty:
And thinkes his countrymen haue not in ought
Misdone, because against his side they fought.
When *Pompey* in a narrow place had shut
Your helpelesse valour vp, how did he glut
His sword with blood? but this I beg of you
Souldiers, let no man wound a flying foe:
Account him still your countreyman, that flyes.
But while they stand in fight, let not your eyes
Be moov'd with piety, though in that place
Your fathers stood, but with your swords deface
Their reverend lookes. Who ere has sheath'd his blade
In kinsman's breast, or by the wound he made
Has done no wrong to kindred, all as one
Shall I esteeme, a kinsman, and foe vnknowne.
Fill vp the trenches teare the rampiers downe,
That in full manyples we may come on:

Spare not your campe; that campe shall be your owne
From which yon dying army is come downe.
Scarse thus had *Cæsar* spoke, when every one
Fell to their charge, and straight their armour don;
A quicke presage of happy war they take:
Of their neglected campe havocke they make;
Not rank'd, nor marshall'd by the generall
Confus'd they stand, leaving to fortune all.
Had all beene *Cæsars* had each soul'dier fought
For monarchy, and Romes sole Empire sought,
They could not all with more desire come on.
When *Pompey* saw them march directly downe,
That now the war admitted no delay,
But this by heavens appointment was the day,
He stands amaz'd, and cold: the war to feare
Twas fatall in so great a souldier.
But cheering vp his men his owne feares hiding,
On a proud steed through every quarter riding;
The time your valours wisht for, souldiers,
Is come, quoth he, the end of civill wars,
This is the sword's last worke, the judging hower
Of nations fates: now shew your vtmost power.
He that would see his household gods againe,
His country, wife, and children, must obtaine
All by the sword: the gods haue in this fight
Dispos'd them all: our just cause does invite
To hope: our swords the gods themselues shall guide
Through *Cæsars* breast, and in his blood provide
Th' establishment of Roman liberty.
Had they to him decreed a Monarchy,
To my old age death might long since haue come.
It was no signe the gods were wroth with Rome,
Preserving *Pompey* for her leader now.
And all helpes else, that conquest can bestow.
Illustrious men, such as old times did show,
Doe willingly their dangers vndergoe.

Should

Should the *Camilli* th'ancient *Curii*
Reviue, or the devoted *Decii*,
Heere they would stand. Forces we haue from th' East,
Numberlesse cityes aides: war never prest
So many hands: we vse all nations
Of the whole would, people of all the zones,
Of all man' inde twixt North, and South that dwell
Are heere: we may enclose that army well
With our wide stretch'd-out wings: the victory
Aske not all hands: some neede but shout, and cry.
Cæsars small strength cannot employ vs all.
Thinke that your mothers from the city wall
Tearing their haire entreat your valour now,
Thinke that the old vnarmed Senate bow
Their honour'd hoary heads before your feete,
And Rome her selfe for freedome doth entreate:
Thinke that this age, and our posterity
Doe both entreat: one would in freedome dy,
The other be freeborne. And if there be
After these pledges, a roome left for me,
I with my wife and sonnes before your feete
(If th'honour of a generall would permit)
Would fall, vnlesse you conquer heere, your shame,
And *Cæsars* mocke is banisht *Pompey's* name.
I craue in freedome my last age to spend,
And not be taught to seruе so neere my end.
This sad speech fir'd the Roman spirits anew,
They with ready, should, what they feare, be true.
With equall fury then both armyes meete;
One for ambition, th' other free some fight.
These hands shall act, what no succeeding yeare,
Nor all mankind for ever can repaire
Though free from warre: this fight kills men to come,
And the next age, before they enter wombe:
All Latian names thence fabulous shall be,
And men in ruin'd dust shall scarcely see.

The *Gabii*, *Veii*, *Cora*, nor the roome
Where Alba stood; nor faire Laurentium,
A countrey desolate, which none espyes,
But the forc'd Consuls in night sacrifice
Blaming old *Numa's* institution.
These monuments times ruining hand alone
Has not defac'd: wars ciuill crimes we see
In that so many cities empty'd be
To that small number is mankind reduc'd?
We all, whom the whole earth has since produc'd,
Are not enough the townes, and fields to fill:
One towne receiues vs all, and bondmen till
Th' Italian lands, old houses stand alone
Rotten, and want a man to fall vpon:
And wanting her old Citizens there slaine,
Rome with the dregges of men is fill'd againe.
This slaughter makes that Rome hereafter free
From ciuill war for many yeeres shall be.
Pharsalia is the cause of all these ills,
Let *Cannæ* yeild, that our blacke annalls fills,
And *Allia* damn'd in Roman Calenders,
Rome has remembred these as her small scarres,
But would forget this day: oh fatall time!
Those liues, that fortune had from every clime
Brought heere to perish, might all losse repaire
Mankind sustaines by pestilentiall ayre,
Sicknesse, towne-swallowing earthquakes, or fires rage:
Heere fortune shewes the gifts of many an age
People, and Captaines, robbing vs of all
In one sad field: to shew, when Rome did fall,
How great she fell; the more thou did'st possesse.
Of earth, the shorter was thy happinesse.
All wars before did land on thee bestow;
To both the poles *Sol* saw thy conquests goe:
But that a little of the East remain'd,
Thou all the sky-encompass'd globe had'st gain'd:

Thine

Thine had beene night, and day: the ſtars could ſhine,
And planets wander ore no land but thine.
But this one day thy fate as far backe beares,
As 'twas advaunc'd in all thoſe former yeres.
This bloody day is cauſe that India
The Roman Faſces cannot keepe in aw:
That Conſuls doe not with their plowes deſigne
Sarmatian walls, nor in their bounds confine
The Scythian *Dan*, that ſtill Parthians owe
For the blood loſt in *Craſſus* overthrow.
That liberty nere to returne againe,
And flying civill war, her flight has tane
Ore Tigris, and the Rhene; and can be brought
No more, though with our bloods ſo often fought:
Would we had nere that happineſſe poſſeſt,
Which Scythia, and Germany has bleſt:
Would Rome had ever ſerv'd, ſince that firſt light
VVhen by the augury of Vulturs flight
Romulus fill'd with theeves his walls begun,
Ever till Pharſalia's wofull field was won.
Brutus we taxe; fortune, why did I we fiame
Our freedomes, lawes, or yeares by Conſuls name?
Happy Arabians, Medes, and Eaſterne lands,
That ſtill haue liv'd vnder their Kings commands:
VVe laſt of all (though now aſham'd to bow)
A Monarch's yoke are forc'd to vndergoe.
No gods at all haue we: when all things moove
By chance, we falſely thinke there is a Ioue.
Can he downe from the ſtarry ſky behold
Theſſalia's ſlaughter, and his thunder hold?
Can he with thus der cleane a ſenceleſſe tree,
Pholoe, Oete, harmeleſſe Rhodope?
Muſt *Caſſius* hand rather thistyrant ſlay?
He at *Thyeſtes* feaſt could ſhut vp day,
Involving *Argos* in a ſuddaine night;
And can he lend Theſſalia his light,

VVhere

Where brothers fight, and sonnes 'gainst fathers are?
For mortall men no god at all takes care.
But for this woe revenge we doe obtaine
As much as fires that earth 'gainst heaven should gaine:
This war our Emperours does æqualize
To gods above, and their soules deifyes,
Adornes their heads with thunder, rayes, and stars:
Rome by mens soules in her gods temples sweares.
When both the armyes marching on apace,
Neere met, stood parted but a little space,
They veiw'd each others hands, striving to know
Each others face, thinking which way to throw
Their piles, from whence their fates most threatning
What monstrous acts they were about to doe: (show
There they their brothers, and their fathers spy'd
Against them stand, yet would not change their side.
But piety their breasts amazed held,
And the cold blood in every limme congeal'd:
And every souldier his prepared pile,
And ready stretch'd-out arme contain'd a while.
The gods send thee, ô *Crassus*, not death
The common plague, but feeling after breath,
Whose pile first throwne of all, the fight began,
And Thessaly with Roman blood did staine.
Oh frantike violence, did *Cæsar* stand
Quiet, and was there a more forward (*b*) hand?
Shrill cornets then began the aire to wound,
Th' alarums beat, and all the trumpets sound:
The noise, and showts of souldiers peirce the sky,
And reach the convexe of Olympus high,
Above the thundring cloudes: the noise they make
The Thracian Æmus sounding valleys take:
High Pelion's cavernes eccho backe the sound,
Which Pindus, and Pangæan rockes rebound:
Th' Oetæan mountaines grone: the souldiers feare
Their showtes thus eccho'd from all hills to heare.

Numberlesse

Numberlesse piles with different mindes are throwne,
Some wish to wound, others to light vpon
The ground, and keepe their harmelesse hands from ill;
Chance rules them, and makes guilty whom she will.
But the least part of slaughter heere was done
With darts, and flying steele: the sword alone
Was able civill quarells to decide,
And Roman hands 'gainst Roman breasts to guide.
Pompey's great army narrowly dispos'd
In a thicke Phalanx stand with bucklers clos'd
For fence: but wanted roome (their rankes thus fill'd)
To throw their piles, their swords, or armes to wield.
But *Cæsars* loose-rank'd troopes all nimbly goe,
And the thicke armed wedges of the foe,
Making their way through men and steele, assaile,
And through the strongest jointed coates of maile
Peirce the ill guarded breasts: each stroke findes out
A breast, though nere so fenc'd with armes about.
One army suffers, tother makes the war:
All cold and guiltlesse *Pompeys* weapons are:
All *Cæsars* impious swords are reeking hot.
But fortune heere long doubting waver'd not;
She swiftly bore (fitting so great a day)
A mighty ruine torrent-like away.

When *Pompey's* horse ore all the fields at large
Had spred their wings, the foes in flanke to charge,
The light arm'd foot-souldiers scatter'd all attended,
And 'gainst the foe their missile weapons bended;
With their owne weapons every nation fought,
Yet by all hands the Roman blood was sought;
Arrowes, stones, fire, lead headed darts were throwne,
Which melted in the aires hot motion.
There th'Ituræans, Medes, Arabians shot
Their shafts, good archers all, yet levell'd not;
The aire before their eyes was only sought (wrought.
By their wilde aimes, yet death from thence was

But

But no dire crime could staine the forraine steele:
Nought could worke mischiefe, but the Roman pile.
The ayre was darkened with thicke arrowes flight,
VVhich ore the fields orespread a suddaine night.
Then (c) *Cæsar* fearing left his front should yeild
To their assault, obliquely cohorts held,
VVhich suddainly from the right wing he sent,
VVhither the wheeling horse their forces bent.
But *Pompey's* horse vnmindefull now of fight
Nor stay'd by shame at all, take speedy flight;
Vnhappily (alas) were civill wars
Left to the trust of barbarous souldiers.
As soone as ere some galled horse had throwne
Their riders, and their limbs had trampled on,
The horsemen fled, and left the field each one,
Or turning reines vpon their fellowes run,
No fight ensues, but execution hot,
One side with sword, the other with bare throat
Made war; nor could Cæsarian hands suffice
To execute their routed enemies.
Oh would the blood that barbarous breasts did yeild,
Could haue suffic'd Pharsalia's mortall field,
And that no other blood thy streames might staine:
Let those bones scattered ore thy fields remaine:
But if thou wou'dst with Roman blood be fill'd,
Spare all the nations: Let the Spaniards wilde,
Th' Armenians, Syrians, and Cilicians,
Galatians, Gaules, and Cappadocians
Survive: for when this civill war is done,
These people will be Romans every one.
These feares once rais'd through every quarter fly,
Sent by the fates for *Cæsars* victory.
Then came the war to *Pompey's* Roman powre
The war, that variously had wander'd ore
The fields, there stucke, there *Cæsars* fortune stay'd:
No forreine Kings fought there, no barbarous ayde

From

From severall nations to that place was brought:
There their owne brothers, there their fathers fought:
Mischiefe, and fury rag'd: there *Cæsar*, are
Thy crimes; oh fly from this sad part of war
My soule, and leaue it to eternall night:
Let no succeeding age by what I write
Learne how much ill may be in civill fight.
Or rather let our teares, and sorrowes dy:
What heere thou didst, O Rome, conceal'd shall be.
Cæsar th'inciting fury of his men,
And spur to their blind rage, left his guilt then
Should wanting be at all, rides through all parts
Adding new fury to their fired hearts:
Viewing their swords, looking whose points with gore
VVere lightly stain'd, whose blades were bloody'd ore:
Who faulter in their blowes, who hold their hand,
Who faintly strike, who fight as by command.
And who with greedinesse: who changes looke
To see a Roman slaine, himselfe then tooke
Survey of bodyes gasping on the ground,
To let out all the blood crushing their wounds;
As fierce *Rage* shakes her bloody lance,
And *Mars* incites his warlike Thracians,
Or drives with furious lashes ore the field
His Horses starting at *Minerva's* shield.
Blacke nights of slaughter, and dire deedes arise;
Like one great voyce the dying souldiers cries,
Clashing of armed breasts falling to ground,
And swords with swords meeting, and breaking sound.
He with fresh swords his souldiers still supplyes,
To strike the faces of their enemies,
Forcing them on, still urging at their backe,
And with his javeling beating on the slacke.
Against the Senate not Plebeian foes
He guides their hands, and swords; full well he knowes
VVhere

VVhere the lawes liue, where the states blood does flow?
Where he may conquer Rome, and overthrow
The worlds last liberty. Together then
Fall Senators with Roman Gentlemen.
Those honour'd names *Metelli*, *Lepidi*,
Corvini and *Torquati* slaughter'd dy,
That oft commanded more great Kings haue bin,
And, except *Pompey*, all the best of men.
In a Plebeian helme disguised there
What weapon, noble (d) *Brutus*, didst thou beare?
The Senates highest hope, Romes greatest grace,
The last of all thy ancient honour'd race?
Through the arm'd foes rush not too rashly on,
Nor seeke out thy Philippicke fate too soone:
Fate will to thee a Thessaly allot.
In vaine thou aim'st there at *Cæsars* throat:
He has not yet mounted the top of fate,
And reash'd that height, that governes humane state,
To merit that braue death; no, let him reigne,
That he, as *Brutus* offring, may be slaine.
Heere all Romes honour dyes: heere heap'd on high
The slaughter'd Senate with Plebeians lye.
But 'mongst those nobles, that to Styx were sent,
Warlike *Domitius* (e) death was eminent
Whom fates had carry'd through all ouerthrowes;
Nere without him did *Pompey's* fortune loose:
Vanquisht so oft by *Cæsar*, yet dyes now
With liberty, and gladly falls into
A thousand wounds, proud that he shall no more
Be pardon'd now. Him weltering in his gore
Cæsar espy'd, with taunts vpbraiding thus,
Now my successor proud *Domitius*,
At length thou shalt forsake thy *Pompey's* side,
And warre is made without thee. He reply'd
VVith that last breath, which in his dying breast
Struggled; thou, *Cæsar*, hast not yet possest

The

The dire reward of all thy wickednesse:
But yet art doubtfull of thy fate, and lesse
Then *Pompey*: vnder whom secure I goe.
And a free ghost d owne to the shades below:
And dying hope that thou subdu'd to day
To vs, and him for thy misdeedes shalt pay.
VVith this last speech away his spirit flyes,
And night eternall closes vp his eyes
VVe cannot in the worlds sad funerall
Particular teares pay to the death of all,
Nor search each private fate; whose breast a wound
Receiv'd; who spurn'd mens hearts vpon the ground;
VVho through the mouth receiv'd his mortall wound,
And thence breath'd out his soule; who fell to ground
At the first stroke, who stood vpright, the while
His lopt-off limbes fell downe; who with a pile
VVas fast nail'd to the earth; whose blood spun out,
And sprinkled all his foes arm'd breast about;
VVho kills his brother, and, that then he may
VVithout shame rise, throwes his head away.
VVho teares his fathers face, that standers by
Conjecture by his too much cruelty
Twas not his father, whom he robb'd of life.
No death is worthy of particular greife,
Nor haue we time to weepe for every wight.
No other lesse was like Pharsalia's fight:
Rome there by soulders, heere by kingdomes dyes:
There private mens, heere nations tragœdyes:
Heere flow'd Assyrian, Grœcian, Poeticke blood:
But all these bloods the powerfull Roman flood
Droue through the field away. All people there
Are deeplyer wounded, then one age can beare:
Fame more then life, then safety heere is gone:
For all succeeding times we are orethrowne.
These swords subdue all ages that shall serue.
Alas what could posterity deserue

To

To be in thraldome bo ne? fought we with feare?
Spar'd we our throates? the punishment we beare
Of others flight. To vs, that since doe liue,
Fates should giue war, if they a tyrant giue.
Pompey perceiv'd Romes fate, and gods were gone,
In all this losse not mooved for his owne
Ill hap. Ascending a small hill to see
The slaughters all, that cover'd Thessaly,
Which, while the war endur'd could not be spy'd:
He thence discern'd how many people dy'd,
How many swords reach at his destiny,
In how much blood he falls, nor wishes he
(As wretches vse) all with himselfe to drowne,
And mixe the nations ruine with his owne:
But for survivall of most part of men
He deignes to thinke the gods euen worthy then
Of prayers from him, and makes this to be
His sorrowes comfort; spare, ye gods, quoth he
To sinke all nations: *Pompey* (if you list)
Although the world remaine, and Rome subsist,
May be made wretched; if moe wounds on me
You would inflict, a wife and sonnes haue I:
So many pledges haue we giuen to fate,
Ist nought for civill war to ruinate
Me, and my house? are we a losse so small
VVithout the world? why wouldst thou ruine all
Fortune? now nought is mine. With that he rides
Through his distressed troopes, and on all sides
Sounds a retreat, from death calling them backe,
Thinking himselfe not worth so great a wracke.
Nor lack'd he spirit their weapons to defy
VVith throat or breast, but fear'd, if he should dy,
No souldier then would fly, but there would fall,
And all the world cry with their generall,
Or out of *Cæsars* sight a death he sought
In vaine: thy head to *Cæsar* must be brought,

VVhere

Where ere he please to see's. His wives deare sight
Another reason was that caus'd his flight.
For in her sight the fates his death decreed.
Then *Pompey* mounted on a gallant steede,
Fled from the field, fearing no swords behind,
But bearing still a fate-vanquer'd minde:
No sighes, nor teares he spent: with majesty
His griefe was mixt, such as befitted thee
Pompey, in Romes calamity to shew.
With lookes vnchang'd didst thou Æmathia view.
That minde, which wars successe could neere erect
To pride, wars losse cannot now deject.
Fortune's as far below thy wretched fate,
As she was false to thy triumphant state.
Securely now from Empires burden free
Thou goest; and on thy past prosperity
Hast time to looke: all boundlesse hopes are gone;
And what thou wert may now be truely knowne.
Fly this dire battell, and to witnesse call
The gods, that none for thy sake, *Pompey*, fall,
That stay behind thee; in Thessalia,
No more then Ægypt, Munda, Affrica,
The battels greatest part fought not for thee:
Nor shall the honour'd name of *Pompey* be
VVars quarrell now; the foes that still will be
'Mongst vs are *Cæsar*, and Romes liberty:
And twill appeare more plaine after thy flight
Thy dying Senate for themselues did fight.
Let thy flight comfort thee, thou shalt not see
Those blood-staind troopes, nor their impiety;
The rivers swell'd with blood looke backe, and see,
And pitty *Cæsar*: with what heart can he
Revisite Rome, made happyer by this field?
VVhat banishment in forreine lands can yeild
To thee by thee what ere can be endur'd
Vnder th' Ægyptian tyrant, rest assur'd

The gods; and favouring fates, as best, preserue;
Twere worse for thee to be the conquerer
Let all the people waile and weepe no more,
But dry their teares, and let the world adore
As well thy ruine, as prosperity.
Looke vpon Kings with a commanding eye,
Ægypt, and Libyas Kings, whom thou hast crown'd,
And cityes built by thee and choose a ground
Where thou wilt dy. Larissa towne beheld
(First witnesse of thy fall) fled from the field
Thy noble selfe vnconquer'd by the fates.
Whose Citizens all issuing forth the gates
To meete thee (as if Conquerer) they went,
And gifts from louing, and sorrow did present:
They ope their temples, and their houses all:
And with themselues partakers of his fall:
Much of his great name's left: in his owne eye
He seemes the least: nations would helpe him to,
Once more his fortune, and renew the war.
He cryes be faithfull to the Conquerer:
What should the conquer'd doe with townes and men?
Thou *Cæsar*, in thy countreys bowells then
Wert wading through Pharsalia's bloody field,
Whilest peoples loues to thee he reconcil'd.
Pompey rides thence: the people sigh, and cry,
And raile against each cruell deity
The people's fauour now is truely proov'd:
Whilest great, thou couldst not know thy selfe belov'd.
When *Cæsar* saw the field with Roman blood
Was ouerflow'd enough, he thought it good
His swords from execution to refraine,
And spare poore liues, that would haue dy'd in vaine.
But lest the foes should to their campe in flight
Retire, and rest should banish terrour quite;
He straight determines to assault their wall,
Whilest fortune's hot, and terrour workes in all,

Nor

Nor does he thinke that this commaſd appeares
Too harſh, too hot, and weary'd ſouldiers:
Small exhortation leads them to the prey.
Our victory (quoth he) is full to day,
And for our blood nought is remaining now
But the reward: which 'tis my part to ſhow,
I cannot ſay to giue, what every man
Shall giue himſelfe; behold yon tents that ſtand
Full of all riches: there gold rak'd in Spaine,
There th' Eaſterne Nations treaſuryes remaine:
Pompey's, and all thoſe Kings eſtates doe lacke
Poſſeſſours, ſouldiers: run, and overtake
Whom you purſue: and what ſo ere to you
Pharſalia giues, take from the conquer'd now.
This ſpeech of *Cæſars*, and golds impious loue
Ouer the ſwords the furious ſouldiers droue,
To tread on Senatours, and Captaines ſlaine.
What trench, what bulwarke could their force reſiſteine?
Seeking the price of all their wars, and ſin,
To know for what they haue ſo guilty been.
Spoiling the world they found a wealthy maſſe,
Which for wars future charges gather'd was:
But their all-covering thoughts could not be fill'd
With what Spaines mines, and Tagus ſtreames could yeild,
Or on their ſands rich Arimaſpians finde;
Though all the ſpoiles be theirs, yet in their minde
Their miſcheife at too cheape a ſale they rent,
And are bid loſſe in ſpoiling of theſe tents,
VVhen to himſelfe the Conquerour Rome decree'd
And in that hope whole mountaines promiſed:
Patricians tents impious Plebeians keepe,
In Kings pavilions common ſouldiers ſleepe;
On brothers, and on fathers empty beds
The killers lay their parricidall heads;
But furious dreames diſturbe their reſtleſſe reſt;
Theſſalia's fight remaines in every breaſt;

Their horrid guilt shall wakes; the battell stands
In all their thoughts: they brandish empty hands,
Without their swords: you would haue thought the field,
Had groan'd, and that the guilty earth did yeild
Exhaled spirits, that in the aire did moue,
And Stygian feares possest the night aboue.
A sad revenge on them their conquest takes;
Their sleepes present the furies hissing snakes,
And brands; their counterayments sad ghosts appeare:
To each the image of his proper feare:
One sees an old mans visage, one a young,
Another's torture'd all the evening long
With his slaine brothers spirit: their fathers sight
Dants some: but *Cæsar's* soule all ghosts affright.
Orestes so, not purg'd in Scythia,
Th' Eumenides affrighting faces saw;
Not more was *Penthew* in *Agaves* fit
Dismay'd, nor she, when she was free'd from it.
Him all the swords that dire Pharsalia saw,
And which the Senate in revenge should draw,
Oppresse that night, and Hellish-monsters scourge.
But that, which most his guilty soule did vrge,
Was this, that *Styx*, the fiends, and furyes grim
(*Pompey* being yet alive) had seiz'd on him.
But having suffred all, when dayes cleare light
Display'd Pharsalia's slaughter to his sight,
No dismall objects could avert his eyes
From thence; the rivers swell'd with blood he sees,
And heapes of bodyes equalling high hills,
And carcasses, whence blood, and filth distills,
He numbers *Pompey's* people, and that place
Ordaines for banquetting, from whence each face
He might discerne, and know them as they ly,
Proud that Æmathia's earth he cannot see,
Or scarse discerne the slaughter-cover'd ground.
In blood his fortune, and his gods he found.

And

And with that joyfull sight to feede his eyes,
To the wretch'd soules he funerall fire denyes,
Making Æmathia noisome to the aire.
Carthage, that gaue our consuls sepulcher,
And Libyan fire on Cannæ did conferre,
Could not teach him his enemies t'inter:
Remembring still (his anger not even then
With slaughter slack'd) they were his countreymen.
VVe doe not seuerall fires, or tombs desire:
Doe but to all these nations grant one fire;
And let them not on pyles distinct be brent.
Or if thou aime at *Pompey's* punishment,
Pyl'd vp let *Pindus* wood, and Ossa be,
That he from sea Pharsalia's fire may see.
This anger bootes thee not; for tis all one
VVhether the fire, or putrefaction
Dissolue them; all to natures bosome goe,
And to themselues their ends thy bodyes owe.
If now these nations, *Cæsar*, be not burn'd,
They shall, when earth, and seas to flames are turn'd.
One fire shall burne the world, and with the sky
Shall mixe these bones, where ere thy soule shall be,
Their soules shall goe; in ayre thou shalt not fly
Higher, nor better in Auernus ly.
Death frees from fortune: Earth receiues againe
VVhat euer she brought forth: and they obtaine
Heavens coverture, that haue no vrnes at all.
Thou that deny'st these nations funerall,
VVhy dost thou fly these slaughter swelling fields?
Breath, if thou canst, the aire this region yeilds,
Or drinke this water, *Cæsar*, but from thee
The rotting people challenge Thessaly,
And keepe possession 'gainst the conquerer.
To the sad food of this Æmathian war,
Senting from far the bloods corruption
The Thracian wolues, Arcadian lions runne

Beares from their dens, dogs from their kennells come:
And all those ravenous creatures else, on whom
Nature bestowes the strongest sents, ful well
The ayre by carrion putrify'd to smell.
Hither all birds of prey assembled are,
That long had waited on this civill war:
Birds, that from Thrace to Nile in winter goe,
Stay'd longer then, then they were wont to doe:
Nere did moe birds of prey in one ayre fly,
Nor did moe vultures ever cloud the sky;
From every wood came foule: each tree was fil'd
With bloody birds, that crimson drops distill'd
Downe from the aire blood, and corruption rain'd
The conquerours face, and impious eagles stain'd.
Birds from their weary tallands oft let fall
Gobbets of flesh; nor were the people all
Consumed so, buryed in bird, or beast,
Which would not on their bowels fully feast,
Nor sucke their marrow all, but lightly tast;
The greatest part of Roman flesh is cast
Disdain'd away: which by the Sunne, and time
Dissolv'd, is mixed with Thessalian slime.

Vnhappy Thessaly, what hast thou done
T' offend the angry gods, that thee alone
So many deaths, and impious fates should staine?
What age, what length of time can purge againe
The guilt that thou hast wrought? what corne in thee
And grasse with blood discolour'd shall not be?
What plow share, but some Roman ghost shall wound?
Before that time new battells on thy ground
Shall be; and impious civill warr shall staine
Thy fields (before this blood be dry) againe.
If all the graues of our dead ancestors
We should turne vp, their tombes that stand, and theirs
Whose time-consumed vrnes have cast abroad
Th'enclosed dust: moe ashes would be trod,

And

And bones by harrows teeth digg'd vp, and found
In the sad furrowes of Thessaliaes ground.
No Mariners had sailed from thy shore,
Nor Husbandmen had plow'd thee any more,
The Romain peoples graue; thy ghostly field
Had no inhabitant for ever till'd:
No heards of cattell on thy plaines had run.
Nor durst the shepheards feede their flockes vpon
Thy pasture fields, with Roman blood manur'd:
Nor habitable nor to be endur'd,
(As in the torrid, or cold i y zone)
Shouldst thou haue lyen, forsaken, and vnknowne,
If thou hadst beene not first, but onely seat
Of wicked war, Oh giue vs leaue to hate
This guilty land; ye gods why doe you staine
The world, t'abstruse it for the blood in Spaine,
Sicilian seas, *Mutina*, *Leucas* spilt
Has quite absolv'd Philippi fields from guilt.

FINIS Libri Septimi.

Annotations on the seventh Booke.

(a) *The same day when this great Pharsalian field was fought, an Augur* C. Cornelius *being then at Padua, obseruing his rules of augury, told vnto them that stood by him the very instant when the battell began: and going again to his art, returned as it were inspired, and cryes out with a loud voice,* Cæsar *the day is thine.*

(b) *This* Christinus *was an old Souldier of* Cæsars *army, and now* Emeritus, *that is free'd from the duties of the warr, but for loue of* Cæsar *serued in this warr a voluntary, he desiring to giue the onset shake them to* Cæsar; *I hope,* Cæsar, *this day so to behaue my selfe, that thou shalt thanke me either alone or dead; he was slaine, runne through the mouth.*

(c) *When Cæsar perceived that his horsemen could not withstand the force of* Pompeys *horsemen and archers, he drew forth 3000 men which for that purpose he had placed in the right wing, they with such fury assaulted* Pompeys *horsemen, that they all fled; after whose flight all the archers wanting their defence were without resistance slaine.*

(d) Marcus Brutus *was there fighting in Plebeian armour, and escaped the knowledge of* Cæsars *souldiers. This was that* Brutus, *that joyning afterward with* Cassius, *was with him vanquished in the Philippian fields by* Octavius *and* Antonius, *after which battell all hope of Roman liberty was for ever lost.*

(e) L. Domitius *was by the Senates decree to succeede* Cæsar *in the government of France, In this warre taking* Pompeys *side he was at Corfinium by his owne souldiers brought bound to* Cæsar, *and by him pardoned: afterward in Massilia he was vanquished by* D. Brutus, Cæsars *Lieutenant, and fled.*

LVCANS

LVCANS

Pharſalia.

The Eight Booke.

The Argument.

Through deuious deſerts vanquiſh'd Pompey *flyes,*
And ſailes to Lesbos, whence with weeping eyes
He takes his wife In ſeuerall flying fleetes
Sextus, *and other Roman Lords he meetes.*
Deiotarus *the Gallogracian King*
Is ſent to great Aſſacides, *to bring*
To aide of Pompey's *ſide the Parthian bowes.*
The Lords conſult where to retire, and chooſe
Ægypts baſe ſhore. Th'vnthankefull king betrayes
Old Pompey *comming: and before the face*
Of Sextus, *and* Cornelia, *ere he landz.*
By baſe Achillas, *and* Septimius *handz*
Great Pompey *dyes. By night poore* Codrus *comes,*
And on the ſhore his halfe burnt trunke entombes
Without the head. The author doth ſo weigh
Cæſars treacherous Ægypt, *and baſe* Ptolemey.

ORe woody Tempe, and th' Herculian ſtraits
Following th' Æmonian woods deſert retreates
(Though farre about) great *Pompey* rode; his ſteede
Quite ſpent paſt helpe of ſpurre had loſt his ſpeede.

Through

Through deuious wayes he turnes, and leaues behinde
No tracke of his vncertaine flight; the winde
Filling the shaken woods with mur'ring noises
Made him afraide, and his owne followers voices,
That rode beside, and by him. For (although
Fall'n from his height of former fortunes now)
He thinkes his blood set at no vulgar rate:
But as high priz'd (still mindfull of his fate)
By *Cæsar*, as himselfe for *Cæsars* head
Would giue. But through the defects as he fled,
His presence, and majestike face deny'd
A safe concealement; many, as they by'd
Vnto his camp, and had not heard his fall,
Stood in amaze to meete their generall:
VVondring at fortunes turnes, and scarse is he
Beleeft, relating his owne misery.
He grieues that any his low state should see,
And wishes rather in all lands to be
Vnknowne, and through the world obscurely goe.
But fortunes ancient fauour brings this woe
His present sinking state more to depresse
By honours weight, and former happinesse.
Now he perceiues he did too early clime,
Blames his triumphant youth in *Sylla's* time.
And grieues to thinke vpon, in these sad dayes,
His Ponticke laurell, or Pyratick bayes.
So too long ape great'st happinesse destroyes,
And life surviuing Empire, former joyes
Breede greife, vnlesse with them our end be sent,
And timely death ensuing woes prevent
Let none, but with a minde prepar'd to dy,
Dare to adventure on prosperity.
Now to the shore he came, where Penrus ran
Red with Pharsalia's slaughter to the maine.
There a (*a*) small barke vnfit for seas, and windes,
Scarse safe in shallowest riuers, *Pompey* findes,

And

And goes aboord, He, with whose narrye oares
Euen yet Corcyra shakes, and Leucas shoares,
That tam'd Cicilia, and Liburnia,
Goes fearfu'l now in a small barke to sea.
To Lesbos shore his sailes commanded are
By thee, *Cornelia*, conscious of his care,
VVhere thou then lay'st, far more with sorrow fill'd,
Then if th'hadst bin in dire Pharsalia's field.
Thy carefull breast still sad presages shake,
And feares thy restlesse slumbers still awake.
Each night presents Thessalia: when night's done,
To th'shore, and sea orethanging rockes begone
VVith woe, to veiw the Oceans face, she hyes,
And still all ships, that come, she first espyes,
But dares aske nothing of her husbands state.
Lo now a ship that comes: alas what fate
It brings, thou knowst not; but behold thy feares,
Thy cares whole summe, thy vanquisht lord appeares
Himselfe the sad relater of wars crime.
VVhy now lament'st thou not, thus loosing time?
VVhen thou may'st weepe, thou fear'st, the ship drawne nigh,
She runs, and sees the crime of destiny,
Pompey palefac'd, his hoary haires hung downe
Ore his sad brow, his garments squallid growne.
Then greife contracts her soule: a sadd'ne night
Invades her sense, and reaues her eyes of light;
Her nerue-forsaken joynts all faile: cold is
Her heart; deceiv'd with hope of death she lyes:
But *Pompey* landed searches the shores side;
VVhom when *Cornelia's* maids now neere espy'd,
They durst not on fates cruelty complaine,
More then with silent sighs, striving in vaine
To lift their lady vp; whom in his armes
Great *Pompey* takes, and with embraces warmes
Her key-cold breast. But when the fled blood fills
Her outward parts, her Husbands hand she feeles,

And

And better brookes his vsage; he forbid
Her vvild to fate, and thus her sorrow chid.
VVhy is thy noble strength of courage broke
(VVoman descended from so great a stocke)
By the first wound of fate? thou hast the way
To purchase fame, that never shall decay,
Thy sexes praise springs not from war, or state,
But faithfull loue to an vnhappy mate.
Aduance thy thoughts, and let thy piety
Contend with fortune: loue me now cause I
Am conquerd, sweete, 'tis more true praise for thee
To loue me thus, when all authority,
The sacred Senate, and my Kings are gone.
Begin to loue thy *Pompey* now alone.
That griefe extreame, thy husband yet aliue,
Becomes thee not; thou shouldst that sorrow giue
To my last funerals, th'ou art bereft
Of nothing by this war: thy *Pompey's* left
Aliue and safe: his fortunes onely gone:
'Tis that thou wail'st, and that thou lou'd'st alone.
Chid by her Husband thus, by shames constraint
She rise, and vtter'd this most sad complaint.
VVould I to hated *Cæsar* had bin led
A bride, since happy to no Husbands bed.
Twice haue I hurt the world: my bridall lights
Erinnys, and th'vnhappy *Crassi's* sprights
Carry'd; accurst by those ghosts I bare
Th' Assyrian fortune to this ciuill war.
I was the cause that all these nations dy'd,
And all the gods forsooke the iuster side.
O greatest Lord, worthy of better fate
Then my sad marriage: had dire fortunes hate
Such power on thee? why did I marry thee
To make thee wretched? take reuenge on me,
VVhich willingly Ile pay; to make the sea
More passable, Kings faiths more firme to thee,

And

And all the world more hospitable, drowne
Me by the way, oh would this life had gone
Before to get thee victory, but now
Deare *Pompey* expiate thine overthrow.
VVhere ere thou lyest, ô cruell *Iulia*,
Reveng'd already in Pharsalia,
Come wreake thine anger, et thy strumpets death
Appease thy wrath, and spare thy *Pompey's* breath.
This said, and sinking in his armes, her fall
Againe drew teares from the spectators all:
Pompey's great heart relented, and that eye
VVept there, that in Pharsalia's field was dry.
The Mitylenæans then thus on the shore
Bespake great *Pompey*, if for evermore
It shall our honour be to have preserv'd
Thy dearest pledge, if we have so deserv'd:
To grace the city of thy servants daine,
And heere with vs, though but one night, remaine;
Make this a place honour'd for evermore,
A place, that Roman pilgrims may adore.
Our towne before all townes thou should'st approue,
For all townes else may hope for *Cæsars* loue:
VVe have already trespast; further yet
This is an Ile, and *Cæsar* wants a fleete;
Besides, thy nobles know this place, and heere
Will meete; thy fates on this knowne shore repaire:
Take our gods wealth, our temples gold, and hands
Of our young men to serue by sea, or land:
Take thou (though conquer'd) Lesbos forces heere,
Least *Cæsar* presse them as the Conquerer.
Oh cleare this faithfull land of that foule crime,
That thou, which loud'st vs in thy prosperous time,
Should'st feare our faith in thy aduersity.
Glad of these mens so wondrous piety
For the worlds sake, that some fidelity
Was left to wretched states, this land (quoth he)

That

That I of all the world most deare esteem'd
By this great pledge I left with you it seem'd
She was the hostage that my loue was here,
That here my household gods, and countrey were;
Heere was my Rome, fled from the field, before
I came to you, I touch'd vpon no shore;
Knowing that Lesbos in preserving her
Had purchas'd *Cæsars* ire, I did not feare
To giue you cause your pardons all to plead;
Let it suffice that I your guilt haue made:
I must through all the world my fates pursue.
Oh happy Lesbos, euer fam'd: from you
People, and Kings shall learne fidelity
To vs, or faithfull you alone shall be.
VVhich lands are true, which false I now must try.
Heare ô ye gods, if any gods with me
Remaine, my last of prayers, grant vs to finde
A land like Lesbos, whose still faithfull minde
Dares giue safe landing to our conquer'd state,
And parting safe, not fearing *Cæsars* hate.
His sad companion then aboord he tooke.
You would haue thought all Lesbos had forsooke
Their natiue soile exil'd: so great a cry
VVas rais'd, and wofull hands heav'd to the sky
All ore the shore, for *Pompey* least of all,
(Though he deserv'd their sorrow by his fall)
But seeing her depart, whom they had seene
All this war time, as their owne citizen,
The people wept; of her the matrons cry
From teares, could hardly haue tane leaue, though she
Vnto her lords Conquerer had gone:
She so had gain'd the loue of every one
By vertuous, courteous carriage, modesty
Of a chast looke: proud to no company:
Lowly to all, and such her life was seene
VVhile her lord stood, as he had conquer'd bin.

Now

Now Titans orbe halfe drowned in the seas
Gaue part to vs, part to th' Antipodes:
When care in *Pompey's* restlesse bosome runs
Sometimes on Romes confederate states, and townes,
And kings vncertaine faiths, sometimes vpon
The South-scorch'd regions of the torrid zone:
Sometimes, as too sad burdens, he layes by
His wearied cares of future destiny,
Asking the master of each star, and where
He guesses land: what rules heaven giues to steere
His ship at sea: what stars to Syria guide:
Which of Bootes fires to Lybias side
Directs; to this the master thus replyes:
We follow not those stars, which through the skyes
Doe slide, and passe away. vnconstant stars
In the vnfixt pole deceiue the martiners,
That pole, that never falls, nere drownes in sea
Famous for Cynosure, and Helice,
Doth guide our ships, when ere that stars got vp
Right verticall, just ore the saileyards top,
Then to the Bosphorus we make apase,
And seas, that Synthiaes crooked shores embrace,
But when more low, and neeret to the sea
Artophilax, and Cynosura be,
Then to the Syrian ports our course we steere:
Canopus then is elevated there,
VVhich feares the North, and in the Southerne skyes
Remaines alone. VVho thence to th'left hand plyes
(Pharos or-past) into the Syrtes sails
But whither now shall we direct our sailes?
To whom with doubtfull thoughts *Pompey* replyes:
In all the course at sea obserue but this,
To keepe thy ship still far from Thessaly,
And to the heavens, and seas leaue Italy,
The rest trust to the winds; I now haue tane
My deare left pledge *Cornelia* in againe.

I then

I then was certaine whither to resort,
But now let fortune finde vs out a port.
Thus *Pompey* spake; the master straightway turnes
About his sailes stretch'd out with æquall hornes,
And to the left hand guides the ship, to plow
Those waues, that twist Chios, and Asia flow,
To the ships length he turnes his sailes about.
The sea perceiues the change: her waves are cut
By the sharpe stemme with different motion.
The skilfull Charrioter not halfe so soone
Raines round his horse, and doth with suddaine change
About the goale his wheeling charriot range.
Sol hid the stars, and land discovered,
When those, that from Pharsalia's battell fled,
To *Pompey* came; and first from Lesbos shores
He met his son; then Kings, and Senators.
For *Pompey* yet (although at that sad time
Vanquish'd, and fled) had Kings to waite on him:
Proud serpent'd Kings, that ore the East did reigne,
Attended there in banish'd *Pompeys* traine.
Then *Pompey* King *Deiotarus* commands
To goe for aide to farthest Easterne lands.
Most loyall King, since on Pharsalia's plaines
This world was lost from Rome, it now remaines
To try the East, those that by Tigris ly,
And by Euphrates yet from *Cæsar* free.
Grieue not, though to repaire my fortunes lost,
Thou to the Medes, or farthest Scythians go'st,
Or quite beyond the day, that this world sees.
Beare my salutes to great *Arsacides*;
And if our ancient league remaine, which I
By *Latian Ioue*, by his owne deity
He swore: let the Armenian archers strong,
Their well-bent bowes, and quivers bring along:
If you, O Parthians, vndisquieted
I ever left, when I pursu'd the fled

Vnquiet

Vnquiet Alans to the Caſpian ſtrait,
And forc'd you not for ſafety to retreat
To Babylon: marching ore Cyrus ground,
And the Chaldæan kingdomes vtmoſt bound,
Appearing nearer then the Perſian
To the Suns riſe, where into th' Ocean
Nyſas, Hydaſpes, and ſwift Ganges fall,
Suffer'd you only, when I conquer'd all,
To goe vntriumph'd: Parthias King alone
Of all th' Eaſts monarchs, ſcap'd ſubjection.
Nor once alone doe you your ſafety ow
To me; who after *Craſſus* overthrow,
Appeas'd the juſt incens'ed wrath of Rome?
For all my merits now let Parthia come
Out of her bounds appointed, and paſſe ore
Greeke Zeugma's walls, and the forbidden ſhore.
Conquer for *Pompey*: Rome will looſe the day
Gladly. The King refus'd not to obey
(Though hard were his commaund) laying aſide
His kingly robes, and in a ſervants weede
Attir'd he goes; in a diſtreſſed time
'Tis ſafe for Kings like pooreſt men to ſeeme.
Therefore how much lives he, that's truely poore,
Safer then Kings? The King tooke leaue at ſhore.
And by the Icarion rockes great *Pompey* gone
Leaues Epheſus and ſea-calme Colophon:
Shaving ſmall Samos foaming rockes he goes:
A gentle gale blowes from the ſhore of Cos:
Gindon, and Phebus-honour'd Rhodes he leaues,
And ſailing ſtraight in the mid-Ocean ſaues
Telmeſſums long, and winding circuits. Firſt
Pamphylia greetes their eyes; but *Pompey* durſt
Commit his perſon to no towne, but thee
Little Phaſelis: thy ſmall company,
And few inhabitants could not cauſe a feare,
More in the ſhip then in thy walls there were.

But sailing thence againe, high Taurus showes
It selfe; and Dipsas, that from Taurus flowes,
Could *Pompey* thinke, when erst he clear'd the seas
Of Pirates rage, it purchas'd his owne ease?
He now flyes safe along Cicilian shores
In a small ship: there many Senators
Following oretake their flying generall
Within the haven of Celendræ small,
Where in and out ships on Selinus past.
In full assembly of the lords at last
Thus sadly *Pompey* spake; my Lords, whose sight
(As deare companions both in war, and slight)
I doe esteeme my country, though we stand
On a bare shore, in poore Cicilian land,
Attended with no force, advice to take,
And new provision for a war to make,
Yet bring courragious hearts: I lost not all
In Thessaly, nor dis my fortune fall
So low, but that this head againe may rise.
Could *Marius* after all his miseryes
In Libya, rise to a seaventh Consulship?
And me so lightly fall'n will fortune keepe?
A thousand Captaines on the Græcian sea,
A thousand ships I have: Pharsalia
Has rather scatter'd, then quite overthrowne
My strength: but me my actions fame alone
Which all the earth have seene, my name, that now
The whole world loues, shall guard. Consider you
Th' Ægyptian, Libyan, Parthian monarchies,
Both in their strength, and faith, and then advise
Which fittest is to ayde Roms labouring state.
But I; my Lords, will to your eares relate
Freely my secret'st cares, and tell the truth
How I encline; I doe suspect the youth
Of Ægypts King; for true fidelity
Requires strong yeares; I feare the subtilty,

And

And double heart of Mauritania's King;
Remembring Carthage, whence his race did spring,
He gapes for Italy, and his vaine breft
Is much with thought of *Hannibal* poffeft;
Whofe blood commixt with th'old Numidians
Obliquely *Iuba's* pedegree diftaines.
He fwell'd to fee *Varus* a fuppliant growne,
And Roman fates inferiour to his owne.
Therefore, my Lords, to th' Eafterne world let vs
Retire; Euphrates with a fpacious
Channell divides the world; the Caſpian ſtraits
On tother ſide yeild ſafe, and large retreats;
Another pole meaſures th' Aſſyrian dayes,
And nights: another colour beare the feas,
Sever'd from ours; their aire is ſoveraigne:
Their bowes more ſtrong, their ſteeds more fierce, and (high
Then ours, no boy, nor aged man wants ſkill,
Or ſtrength to ſhoot: deadly their arrows kill.
Their bowes firſt brooke Pellæan ſpeares, and won
Th' Aſſyrian wall-renowned Babylon,
And Median Bactra. Nor ſo fearefull are
The Parthians of our pales, but that they dare
Come out to war againſt vs, they haue try'd
Their ſhafts ſufficiently when *Craſſus* dy'd.
Nor are their truſty ſhafts arm'd at the head
With ſteele alone, but deadly venomed:
Slight wounds are mortall, and the leaſt blood drawne
Will kill. Oh would on the fierce Parthian
I were not forced to depend: their fate
Does too too much Romes fortune emulate:
Too many gods ayde them. Ile draw from home
Some other nations of the Eaſt to come
To war. But if Barbarians leagues deceiue
Our hopes, or elſe our ſworn'd alliance leaue;
Let fortune then our God, and ſhipwrack'd ſtate
Beyond the known, and traffiqu'd world tranſlate;

I will not sue to Kings whom i haue made,
But in my death this comfort shall be had
Lying far off, this body shall not be
Subiect to *Cæsar's* rage, nor piety
But there revolving my whole life's past fate
Still honour'd in those parts was *Pompey's* state.
How great has Eastern Tanais me seene?
How great beyond Mæotis haue I bin;
Into what lands did my victorious name
More sound, or whence in greater triumph came?
Farour my purpose Rome, what happyer
Can the gods grant thee, then in ciuill war
To vse the Parthian armes to overthrow
That land, and ruine their ruine with our woe?
When the fierce Parthians haue with *Cæsar* fought
Crassus revenge, or mine must needes be wrought,
This said he heard their murmur to condemne
His plot. But *Lentulus* 'mongst all of them
In spirit, and noble griefe the forward'st man
Thus (worthy his late Consulship) began.
Has the Pharsalian losse so broke thy minde?
Has one dayes fate the world so low declin'd?
Doth that one battell our whole cause decide,
And no cure left to helpe our wounded side?
Is no hope left thee, *Pompey* but to sue
At the proud Parthians feete; would'st thou eschew
All lands, and climes, and thither aime thy flight,
Where crosse poles reigne, and vnknowne starres giue light,
T'adore the Parthians, and their deityes,
Chaldæan fires, and Barbarous sacrifice?
Why in this war pretend'st thou liberty?
Why is the wretched world deceiu'd by thee,
If thou canst serue? whose name they trembled at,
As the cheife ruler of the roman fate,
Whom they haue seene leade captiue Kings before
From wilde Hyrcania, and the Indian shore,

Shall

Shall they now see cast downe, and broke by fate,
Measuring themselues by *Pompey's* begging state,
With Rome, and Italy aspire t'enherit?
Thou canst spake nothing worth thy fate, and spirit:
Their ignorance ith' Roman tongue requires
That thou in teares shouldst vtter thy desires.
Would'st thou so wound our shame, that not from Rome,
But Parthia the revenge of Rome should come?
She chose thee Generall of her civill war.
Why doest thou spread her losse, and wounds so far
As Scythia, and teach Parthia to goe
Beyond her bound? Rome shall in her deepe woe
This speciall comfort loose of bringing in
No Kings, but serving her owne citizen.
Canst thou delight from farthest parts to come
Leading fierce nations 'gainst the walls of Rome,
Following those Eagles, that slaine *Crassus* lost?
That only King, that from th' Æmathian (*a*) host
Was absent (fortune did his favour guide)
Will he provoke the Conquerers strong side,
And joyne with vanquisht *Pompey*, thinke you? no,
We haue no cause to trust that nation so,
The people all borne in the Northren cold
Are lovers of the war, hardy, and bold;
But in the East, and Southerne climes, the heat
Of gentle aire makes them effœminate.
Their men soft clothing, and loose garments weare.
Parthians vpon the Median fields, and where
Along Sarmatian plaines swift Tigris flowes,
By liberty of flight can by no foes
Be vanquished; but where the earth does swell,
Ore cragey hills they cannot clime so well:
Nor in darke places can they vse the bow:
Nor dare they swim torrents that swiftly flow:
Nor in the field with blood all over dy'd
Dare they the dust, and Summer Sunne abide;

No rams, nor engines can the Parthian vse,
Nor fill the trenches vp: when he pursues,
What ere is arrow-proofe, serues for a wall,
Slight are their wa s, their fights like flyings all;
They straglingly fight, apter to fly then stand.
Their arrowes venom'd are, nor close at hand
Dare they maintaine a fight: far off with bowes
They shoot, and where it lists the wind bestowes
Their woun's, but fight of sword does strength require:
All manly natures the sword-fight desire.
At the first onset they'll disarmed be,
And when their quivers are exhaust, must flee;
Their trust in poyson is, not in their hands.
Think'st thou them men, *Pompey*, that dare not stand
Without such helpes, the hazard of a fight?
Can such base aide be worth so long a flight?
For thee so far from thine owne land to dy,
And vnder barbarous earth entomb'd to ly
In a base monument, yet such a one
As will be envy'd, *Crassus* having none?
Thy state is not so pitifull for death
(Not fear'd by men) ends all: but losse of breath
Vnder that wicked King *Cornelia* feares not.
The Venus of those barbarous courts who heares not?
Which like bruit beasts all wedlocks rites exile,
And with wiues number lesse all lawes defile:
Th'incestuous beds abhorred secrets ly
Ope to a thousand concubines; rais'd high
With wine, and banqueting, the King refraines
No lawlesse lust, though nere so full of staines:
Th'embraces of so many women can
Not all the night tire one insatiate man;
In Kings incestuous beds their sisters ly,
And mothers, which should names vnstained be.
Oedipus wofull tale condemns alone
Thebes of a crime, though ignorantly done:

For

But there how often does the Parthian King
Arsacides from such foule incest spring?
What can be wickednesse to him, that may
Defile his mother? shall *Cornelia*
Metellus noble progeny be led
The thousand'th wife to a Barbarians bed?
Yet none more often will the tyrant vse
Then her: her husbands titles will infuse
A scornefull lust: and, which will please him more,
He'll know that she was *Crassus* wife before,
And comes, (as fate did her to Parthia ow)
A captiue for that former ouerthrow.
Thinke on that slaughter: 'twill not only bring
Shame, to haue begg'd aide from that fatall King,
But to haue made a ciuill war before;
For what will *Cæsar*, and thy selfe be more
Accus'd by all, then that, while you two fought,
There could for *Crassus* no reuenge be wrought?
'Gainst Parthia all our armyes should haue gone:
And that no strength might want, from garrison
Our Northren lands should haue ben free'd each one,
Till treacherous *Vsa*, and proud Babylon
Had fall'n for tombes vpon our slaughter'd men.
Of Parthian peace, fortune, we beg an end;
And, if Thessalia end the ciuill war,
Against the Parthian send thy Conquerers:
Of all the world I should rejoyce alone
At *Cæsar's* triumphs ore that nation.
When thou the cold Araxis streams hast croft,
Shall not the slaughter'd *Crassus* mourning ghost
Vpbraide thee? thou, whom our vnbury'd ghosts,
Long since expected with reuenging hosts,
Com'st thou to sue for peace? besides thine eyes
Sad monuments of Roman tragœdyes
Shall greete the walls, on which our Captaines heads
Were fixt: where bodyes of our souldiers dead

Euphrates swallow'd, and swift Tigris streame
Rowl'd backe againe to earth. If thou to them
Canst sue, why, *Pompey*, doest thou scorne so pray
To *Cæsar* sitting in Thessalia?
Looke rather vpon Romes confederates,
And if thou doe suspect the Southerne states,
And *Iuba's* falsehood, goe to *Ptolomey*;
Ægypt by Lybian quicksands Westerly
Is guarded: on the East fall Niles seven floods,
To th' sea; a land content with her owne goods;
A land that needes nor raine, nor merchandise,
So much on only Nilus she relyes.
Young *Ptolomey* reignes there, that owes his crowne
To thee, once left to thy tuition.
Feare not the shadow of a name: no hurt
Can be in tender yeares: in an old court
Let not religion, faith, or truth be sought:
Men vs'd to Scepters are asham'd of nought:
The mildest government a kingdome findes
Vnder new kings. This speech quite turn'd their minds.
How are despairing states most free and bold?
Pompey's opinion is by all controll'd.
They leaue Cilicia, and to Cyprus moue
Their course. No land does *Venus* better loue
Still mindfull of her birth (if we at all
Thinke gods were borne, or had originall)
Pompey departing thence his course gan bend
Round all the Cyprian rocks, that Southward tend,
And got into the enterposed maine;
Nor by the nights weake light could he attaine
Mount Casius; but with strugling sailes, and strength
A lower port of Ægypt reach'd at length,
Where parted Nilus greatest channell flowes
And to the Ocean at Pelusium goes.
That time was come, wherein iust *Libra* weighes
The howres, and makes the nights equall with dayes:

Then

Then payes the winter nights howres, which the spring
Had tane away. They, hearing that the King
Was at mount Casius, thither make repaire:
The Sun yet was not downe, the winde blew faire.
The scouts along the shore post to the court,
And fill their fearefull eares with the report
Of *Pompey's* comming; though their time were small
For counsell, yet the Ægyptian monsters all
Were met: 'mongst whom *Achoreus* began,
Whom age taught modesty, a milde old man,
(Him superstitious *Memphys*, that observ'd
Th' encrease of Nile, brought forth: while he had serv'd
At the gods altars, not one Apis liv'd
Five changes of the Moone) his speech reviv'd
The sacred league of *Ptolomey's* dead father,
And *Pompey's* merits; but *Photinus* rather
A counseller for tyrants, with base breath
Durst thus presume to counsell *Pompey's* death.
Iustice, and truth haue many guilty made:
Faith suffers, *Ptolomey*, when it would aide
VVhom fortune hates; joyne with the gods, and fate,
And fly the wretched, loue the fortunate:
Profit from honesty differs as far
As does the sea from fire, earth from a star.
Crownes loose their power, whilest only good they doe:
Respect of right all strength does overthrow.
Tis mischeifes freedome, and th' vncurbed sword,
That does to hated crownes safety afford.
No cruell actions, vnlesse throughly done,
Are done secure; let him from court be gone,
That would be good; vertue, and soveraignety
Doe not agree; nothing but feare shall he,
That is asham'd a tyrant to be deem'd.
Let *Pompey* rue that he thy yeares contemn'd,
Thinking thou couldst not from thy shore driue backe
A conquer'd man: let not a stranger take,

Thy

Thy scepter: if thou wouldst resigne thy reigne,
Th' hast neerer pledges, giue the crowne againe
To thy condemned sister: lets keepe free
Our Ægypt from the Roman slavery.
Shall we, that did not in the war adhere
To *Pompey*, now prouoke the Conquerer?
Vagrant through all the world, hopelesse of all
He seekes with what land's ruine he may fall:
Haunted with ciuill war slaine ghosts he flyes
Nor only *Cæsar*, but the Senates eyes,
VVhose greater part feedes fowles in Thessaly.
He scares those nations, whom he left to dy
Mixt in one bloody field: he feares those Kings,
VVhose hapless states his fall to ruine brings:
Now guilty of the losse, harbour'd by none,
To vs, whom yet he has not ouerthrowne,
He seekes; a greater cause, ô *Ptolomey*,
Haue we to accuse *Pompey*; why would he
Our quiet land staine with the crime of war,
And make vs hated by the Conquerer?
VVhy does thy misery choose our land alone
To bring Pharsalias fortune, and thine owne
Fear'd punishment into? we beare a blame
Already, (and our swords must purge the same,)
In that, because the Senate moou'd by thee
Gaue vs a crowne, we wisht thy victory.
This sword, now drawne by fate, we did prouide
To wound not *Pompeys*, but the conquer'd side,
And rather could we wish for *Cæsar's* head:
But whither all are carry'd, we are led.
Mak'st thou a doubt of our necessity
To kill thee now we may? what strength haue we
For thee to trust, wretch'd man? thou saw'st our men
Vnarm'd, to plow soft mould scarse able, when
Nile ebb'd. Our kingdomes strength tis fit that we
Try, and confesst; canst thou, ô *Ptolomey*

Raise

Raise *Pompey's* ruine, vnder which great Rome
It selfe is fall'n so low? or dar'st thou come
To stir the ashes of Pharsalia,
And such a war vpon thy kingdome draw?
We to no side, before the battell, cleft;
Shall we now cleave to *Pompey's*, which is left
By the whole world? provoking the knowne fates,
And feared strength of *Cæsar?* wretched States
Aide they, that did their prosperous times attend.
No faith ere chose a miserable friend.

The mischiefe pleas'd them all: the young king proud
Of this strange honour, that his men allow'd
Him to command so wonderfull a thing,
Chose out *Achillas* for the managing.
Where the false land in Casian sands does ly
Stretch'd out, and fords witnesse the Syrtes nigh,
Weapons, and partners of his murderous guile
He puts in a small boate. Oh gods, durst Nile,
Durst barbarous Memphis, and th'effœminate men
Of soft Canopus harbour such a spleene?
Has civill war deprest the world so low?
Or are the Roman fates dejected so?
Are Pharian swords admitted, and a roome
For Ægypt left into this war to come?
In this at least ye civil wars be true:
Bring well knowne hands, keepe forreine beasts from (you,
It *Pompey's* far-fam'd name deserue to be
The crime of *Cæsar*. Feares not *Ptolomey*
The ruine of that name? or when the sky
Thunders, dar'st thou, effœminate *Ptolomey*,
Insert thy profane hands? to terrify
Thee, King, a Romans name enough should be,
Without that worth that did the world controll:
Rode thrice in triumph to the capitoll:
That govern'd Kings: that led the Senates war:
And sonne in law was to the Conquerer.

Why

VVhy with thy sword our bowells doest thou wound?
Thou doest not know, proud boy, vpon what ground
Thy fortunes stand, thou now canst claime no right
To Ægypts scepter: for in civill fight
He's fall'n, that Ægypts crowne on thee bestow'd.
Now *Pompey's* ship tooke downe her sailes, and row'd
Toward the shore. The wicked band drew (*b*) neere
In a small two-oar'd boate, with fained cheere
Tell him the Kingdome at his service stands;
And fearing that the shore for shelues, and sands
Could not approached be by ships so great,
Into their little boate they doe entreat
He would descend. If by the fates decree,
And everlasting lawes of destiny
Pompey condemned to that wretched end
Had not bin forc'd to shore; (*c*) none of his friends
VVanted presages of the dire event.
For had their faith beene pure, if they had meant
Their Scepter giver truely t'entertaine
In Court, th Ægyptian King with all his traine
And fleete had come. *Pompey* to fate giues way,
And, bid to leaue his navy, does obay,
Preferring (*d*) death before base feare. Into
The enemyes boates *Cornelia* faine would go,
Now more impatient to be separate
From her deare Lord, because she feares his fate.
Stay wife, and sonne, and far from shore (quoth he)
Behold my fortune: and in this necke try
The tyrants faith: but deafe to his commands
Frantick *Cornelia* wrings her wofull hands:
VVhither without me goest thou, cruell man?
Remoov'd from Thessaly, must I againe
Be left? still fatall haue our partings bin
In flight thou needed'st not to haue touch'd in
At Lesbos, but there still haue let me be,
If thou entend I nere shall land with thee,

Only

Only at ſea thy ſad companion.
Thus all in vaine *Cornelia* making mone
Vpon the ſhips foredecke ſtood looking ore,
So full of greife, and feare, ſhe could not more
Looke after him, nor turne her eyes away.
Doubtfull of his ſucceſſe the fleete did ſtay,
Not fearing ſwords, nor force, nor treachery.
But leſt great *Pompey* ſhould ſubmiſſiuely
Adore that ſcepter that himſelfe beſtow'd.
Septimius then a Roman ſouldier bow'd,
Saluting *Pompey* from th' Ægyptian boate,
VVho (oh Heavens ſhame) leaving his pile, had got
A Barbarous partizan, one of the guard
To Ægypts King: fierce vnrelenting hand,
Bloody as any beaſt VVho would not then
Haue thought that fortune meant to favour men,
VVhen ſhe had kept this impious ſword ſo far
From Theſſaly, and ſtay'd from civill war
This hand? but ſhe diſpos'd the ſwords (alas)
That civill miſcheife might in every place
Be done A tale the Conquerors to ſhame
It was, the gods eternall bluſh, and blame,
A Roman ſword ſhould by a King be led,
And the Ægyptian boy teach *Pompey's* head
VVith his owne ſword. VVhat fame ſhall future time
Giue thee *Septimius*? or how ſtile thy crime,
That *Brutus* act as parricidall blame?
And now the ending hower of *Pompey* came:
Putting himſelfe into the monſters (*e*) hands
He went aboard their boate, the murdrous bands
Straight draw, great *Pompey* ſeeing their drawn ſwords,
Covers his face, diſdaining to ſpend words,
Or lookes on ſuch a fate, and ſhut his eyes,
Containing his great ſpirit, leſt words might riſe,
Or teares, his everlaſting fame to taint.
But when *Achillas* murdring weapons point.

Had

Had peirc'd his side, scorning the villaines pride
No groanes he gaue: great, like himselfe he dy'd
With vastitr'd breast, and thus in secret spake;
All times, that mention of Romes labours make,
And future ages through the world will see
This fact, and Ægypts base disloyalty.
Maintaine thine honour now, the fates to thee
Through the whole life gaue long prosperity;
And the world knowes not (valesse now they see)
How *Pompey's* spirit could beare adversity.
Blush not that such base hands thy death afford,
But thinke, who ever strike, 'tis *Cæsars* sword.
Though they these limbs all torne, and scatter'd leaue,
Yet am I happy, god; no god can reaue
My happinesse; my fortune, and my breath
Expire at once: nor wretched is my death.
Cornelia, and my son this slaughter see:
So much more patient let my sorrow be.
The more *Cornelia*, and my son approoue
My dying constancy, the more they'll loue.
So well could he his dying spirits guide:
Such strength of minde had *Pompey* when he dy'd.
But poore *Cornelia*, that had rather dy
Then see that sight, with shreekings fills the sky:
Twas wicked I, deare Lord, that murdred thee:
For whilst at Lesbos thou turnd'st in to me,
Cæsar had enter'd Ægypts shore; for who
But he, had power that horrid act to doe?
What ere thou art, sent from the gods to kill,
Pleasing thine owne revenge, or *Cæsars* will:
Thou know'st not, wretch, where *Pompey's* bowels be:
Thou strik'st with fury there, where conquer'd he
Desires thy stroke, now let him suffer more
Then his owne death, and see my head before.
I am not guiltlesse from the crime of war,
The only wife following my Lord so far,

Fearelesse

Fearelesse of campes, or seas; and conquer'd too
I tooke him in, which Monarchs durst not doe.
Did I for this, husband, deserue to be
Left safe aboord? false Lord, why spar'st thou me?
Or thought'st thou life (thou dying) fit for me?
Ile finde a death, though not from *Ptolomey*.
Oh sailors, let me leape downe from the decke,
Or with these twisted shrowdes to breake my necke:
Or let some worthy friend of *Pompey's* now
Heere sheath his weapon, and for *Pompey* doe
An act, that he'll impute to *Cæsars* hate.
Why doe you hinder my desired fate?
Husband, thou liv'st, *Cornelia* has not power
Yet of her selfe; they hinder my deaths houre
(And there she sounds) to be the Conquerours pray;
The fearefull fleete hoist sailes, and post away.
But when great *Pompey* fell, that sacred face,
And honour'd visage kept his former grace
Though angry with the gods; deaths vtmost hate
Chang'd not his visage, and majesticke state,
As they confesse, that his rent necke did see.
For sterne *Septimius* in that cruelty
Findes out an act more cruell: to vncouer
His face, he cuts the cloth, that was cast ouer,
Invading halfe-dead *Pompey's* breathing face,
His dying necke acrosse the bords he layes;
Then cuts the nerues, and veines, the twisted bones
He breakes the arte to whip off heads at once
Was not yet found. But when the head was torne
Off from the trunke, 'twas by *Achillas* borne.
Degenerate Roman, base *Septimius*,
Vs'd in an vnder office, couldst thou thus
Basely cut off great *Pompey's* sacred head
To be (oh shame) by another carryed?
Young *Ptolomey* to know great *Pompey's* face, (grace
Those haires, that kings haue honour'd, whose curl'd

Adorn'd

Adorn'd his noble front, strookes with his hands;
First on a pole the head of *Pompey* standes,
VVhilst yet his lips with throbbing murmurs shooke,
His eyes vnclos'd, and lively was his looke:
That head that still determin'd war, and peace,
That rul'd the Senate, lawes, and suffrages;
Romes fortune in that face tooke greatest pride.
Nor was the wicked tyrant satisfy'd
With sight: but for memoriall of the fact,
Dire arts the heads corruption must extract,
The braine is taken out, dry'd is the skin,
The noisoone moisture purged from within,
Medicines make solid, and preserue the face.
Degenerate issue, last of *Lagus* race,
Whom thy incestuous sister shall depose;
VVhen sacred vaults the Macedon encloste,
When dust of Kings in sumptuous buildings lyes,
And the ignoble race of *Ptolomey's*
In Pyramids, and rich Mausolean graues
Vnjustly rest, must *Pompey* by the waues
And headlesse trunke against the shore be swept?
VVas it too great a trouble to haue kept
The carcasse whole for *Cæsar*? this sad date
Did fortune giue to *Pompey's* prosperous state;
By such a death as this to pull him downe
From such an height: heaping all plagues in one
Sad day, which he so many yeares had bin
Free from: nor yet had *Pompey* ever seene
Joy mixt with woe: no god his prosperous state
Did ere disturbe, none helpe his wretched fate;
But once for all with a differring hand
Did fortune pay him, torne vpon the sand,
Salt water playing in his wounds, the mocke
Of seas he lyes, and beat 'gainst every rocke:
No figure left of him, tis note enough
To know great *Pompey*, that his head is off.

But

But fates, ere *Cæsar* on that shore arriue,
A suddaine funerall to *Pompey* giue,
Left he in none, or in a better tombe
Should ly. To th'shore did fearefull *Cadmus* come
Out of his lurking hole, that was before
Great *Pompey's* quæstor, and from Cyprus shore
Had follow'd him; he by the shades of night
Durst goe (true loue had vanquisht terrour quite)
To find his slaughter'd Lord, along the sand,
And through the waues, to bring the trunke to land.
Faint light through dusky clouds sad Cynthia gaue;
But different colour'd from the foamy waue
The trunke appeard; which *Cadmus* catching straight
When the waues ebb'd, but tired with the weight
Expects their flow to helpe him, and so bore
The trunke to land, and plac'd it on the shore;
Then falling downe, bathing the wounds in teares,
Thus to the gods he speakes, and clouded stars.
Fortune, no costly pile with odours fill'd
Thy *Pompey* craues, nor that his hearse may yeild
Precious Arabian fumes to fill the ayre,
Nor that the pious Roman neckes should beare
Their countreys father forth, nor to adorne
A funerall pompe old tryumphs should be borne;
No funerall songs, nor that his troopes the while
March a dead march about their generalls pyle.
Great *Pompey* but a base Plebeian Beere,
That his torne limbs may carry to dry fire,
Let him not want wood, and a burner, though
But meane, and let it be, ô gods, enough
That with loose haire *Cornelia* does not stand
To take her last embrace, and then command
To fire the pile; from this last funerall rite
She is away, yet hardly out of sight,
This said, far off a little fire he kenn'd
Burne a neglected herse, watch'd by no friend.

Thither he goes, and taking thence a part
Of fire, and halfe-burn'd stickes, who ere thou art
Neglected ghost, deare to no friend, (quoth he)
But happier then great *Pompey*, pardon me,
(If any knowledge after death remaines)
That by a strangers hand thy hearse sustaines
This wrong; I know thou yeild'st, and cast'st endure
For *Pompey's* sake, this losse of sepulture,
And art asham'd of funerall rites, whilest he
Lyes an vnburyed ghost. Then speedily
With his armes full of fire poore *Codrus* ran
To find the trunke, which to the shore againe
The waues had beat; then off the sand he wipes,
And gathering vp the ribs of broken ships,
He layes them in a ditch; on no hew'n trees
Or well built pyle the noble body lyes:
Fire brought, not vnderbuilt great *Pompey* takes.
Then sitting by the fire thus *Codrus* speakes.
Romes greatest Lord, the only majesty
Of Italy, if worse this burialll be
Then none at all, then floating on the sea,
Avert thy *Manes*, and great ghost from me.
Tis fortunes injury that makes this right,
Lest fish, or foule, or beasts, or *Cæsars* spight
Might wrong thy coarse, accept this little brand
Of fire since kindled by a Roman hand.
If fortune grant recourse to Italy,
Not here shall these so sacred ashes ly:
But from my hand *Cornelia* shall take,
And vrne thy reliques, vntill then wee'll make
Thy burialls marke vpon the shore, that who
So ere would pacify thy ghost, and doe
Full rights o' funerall, may finde out so
The bodyes ashes, and the sands may know,
Whither to bring thy head. Thus having spoke
He does with fuell the weake flame revoke;

Pompey

Pompey dissolv'd, his fat distilling fed
The little fire; and now day promised
By bright Aurora, dimm'd the stars weake lights.
Cedrus abruptly leaues the funerall rites,
And runs, himselfe about the shore to hide.
What mischeife fear'st thou (foole) for such a deede,
Which long tongu'd fame for ever shall renowne?
Cæsar himselfe shall praise what thou hast done
To *Pompey's* body. Goe then voide of dread:
Confesse the funerall, and require his head.
An end of duteous workes piety makes.
The bones halfe-burnt, and yet dissolv'd he takes,
Still full of nerves, and vnconsumed marrow;
Quenching them in sea-water, in a narrow
Peice of the earth together layes them downe:
Then lest the ashes should abroad be blowne
By the windes force, he layes a stone aboue;
And lest some sailer should that stone remoue
To tye his cable, with a cole-burnt staffe
Vpon the top he writes this Epitaph.
Heere *Pompey* lyes, fortune, this stone we call
His tombe: in which, rather then none at all,
Cæsar would haue him ly. Why in a roome
So small, rash hand, includ'st thou *Pompey's* tombe,
And shutt'st vp his great ghost? as far he lyes
As the earths farthest shore extended is.
Romes mighty name, and Empires vtmost bound
Is *Pompey's* tombe; this marke for shame confound
The shame of heaven; if *Alcides* ly
Over all Oete, and all Nysa be
Great *Bacchus* monument, why should one stone
In Ægypt stand for *Pompey's* tombe alone?
Did no one peice of earth thy name expresse,
All Ægypts land, *Pompey*, thou mightst possesse.
Let vs be still deceiv'd, and still for feare
Of thee, to tread on Ægypts land forbeare.

But if that sacred name must grace a stone,
Write his each deed, and glorious action:
The Alpine war of rebell *Lepidus*;
The conquest of revolt *Sertorius*
(The Consull being call'd home:) those triumphs note,
Which he but gentleman of Rome had got:
Cilician Pirates tam'd: traffique made free:
Barbarian kingdomes conquer'd all that ly
Vnder the East, and North; with this make knowne
How still from war he tooke a peacefull gowne
Contented with three triumphs, he to Rome
His other conquests did forgiue; what tombe
Can hold all this? his ashes in this graue
No titles, nor triumphant storyes haue.
That name, that temples lofty tooles, and high
Triumphall arches deckt with victory
VVere wont to beare, now neere the lowest sand
A small graue shewes, which strangers cannot stand
Vpright to reade, which (if it be not shownc)
The Roman travellers passe by vnknowne,
Ægypt, whom civill fate has guilty made
'Twas not in vaine the *Sibylls* verse forbad
A Roman Niles Pelusian mouth to touch,
Or once his summer-swelled banks approach.
How shall I curse thee for this impious deed?
May Nile run backe, and slay at his first head,
May thy vnfruitfull fields want winter raine,
And all like Æthiops barren sands remaine.
We let thy *Isis* in Romes temples dwell,
Thy deify'd dogs, and sorrow causing bell:
Osiris, whom thou shewest, while thou weep'st,
A man, our god in dust thou Ægypt keep'st.
And thou that gau'st the tirant temples, Rome,
Has not yet fetch'd thy *Pompey's* ashes home:
His ghost lyes yet exil'd If *Cæsars* frownes
That first age fear'd, yet now thy *Pompey's* bones

Bring

Bring home, ô Rome, if yet on that curs'd land
Not turn'd by the waues, the marks doe ſtand.
VVhoo'll feare that graue? whoo'll feare to take from
Aſhes deſerving temples? that offence (thence
Enioine me (Rome) to doe, my boſome vſe:
Oh too too happy I, if Rome would chuſe
My hand to open that baſe ſepulcher,
And his deare aſhes hither to transferre.
Perchance when Rome from oracles would craue
An end of dearth, or peſtilence to haue,
Of too much fire, or earthquakes, thou to Rome
Shalt by the gods expreſt appointment come,
Thy aſhes borne by the high Prieſt. For who
To ſcorch'd Siene in lunes heat can goe,
In view of Nile, or Phariam Thebes deſcry
Vnder the ſhowry Pleiades ſtill dry;
VVhat Eaſterne Merchant traffiquing reſorts
To the red ſea, or rich Arabian ports,
But at thy graues ever adored ſtone,
And aſhes (though perchance ſcatter'd vpon
The ſands) will ſtay, thy ghoſt to pacifie,
Before the *Caſian* loue preferring thee?
This little graue can nothing hurt thy name;
Thy ghoſt would be of a farre cheaper fame
Shrowded in gold, and temples: fortune now
Beares more diuinity entomb'd ſo low,
The ſea-beat ſtone is more maieſticke farre
Then the proud altars of the Conqueror.
Some worſhip gods dwelling in duſky clay,
That to Tarpeian *Ioue* refuſe to pray.
Twill vantage thee hereafter in thy graue
No poliſht marbles laſting workes to haue.
This little duſt will quickly ſcatter'd ly:
The tombe will fall, proofes of thy death will dy:
And then a happyer age will come, when none
Shall credit giue to thoſe that ſhew the ſtone:

As false shall Ægypt seeme in times to come
(As Crete of *Ioues*) to boast of *Pompey's* tombe.

FINIS Libri Octavi.

Annotations on the eight Booke.

(a) Pompey *in his flight from Larissa came all along the Tempe to the shore, and lodged that night in the small cottage of a fisherman, about morning he went to sea in a little boate, and sailing along by the shore met with a ship of greater burden, of which one* Peticius *a Roman was capt tiue, who knowing* Pompey, *receiued him, and transported him to Lesbos, where* Cornelia *lay.* Plutarch, Appian.

(b) *When their boate drew neere to* Pompey, Septimus *arose, who had once served as a Tribune under* Pompey) *and in the Roman language saluted his generall, and welcomed him in the Kings name.* Achillas *complemented with him in the Greeke tongue, and desireth him to enter into his boate, by reason that the shelues, and sands would not afford a passage to his ship.*

(c) *Those that attended* Pompey, *seeing his entertainement not Royall, nor Magnificent, but that a few only in a small boate were sent to meete him, began to suspect the treason and counselled* Pompey *to put to sea, and forsake that shore whilest yet he was free from danger.*

(d) Pompey *disdaining to appeare fearefull, (although he were full of ill presages) came into* Achillas *his boate, as he was invited, and taking his leaue of his wife, and son* Sextus Pompejus, *he repeated these two Iambike verses of* Sophocles.

ὅστις δὲ πρὸς τύραννον ἐμπορεύεται
Κεινὸν τὸ δοῦλος, κἂν ἐλεύθερος μόλῃ.

These

These were the last words hee spake to his friends, and so entred into the boate, where Achillas *was.*

(c) *When* Pompey *was now farre from his ship, and perceiued no courteous entertainement in the boate, hee looked vpon* Septimius *and thus spake; Haue not I knowne thee heretofore my fellow souldier?* Septimius *disdaining to answere him at all only nodded his head to him, and when* Pompey *was rising out of the boate,* Septimius *first run him through with his sword.*

LVCANS

Pharſalia.

The Ninth Booke.

The Argument.

Pompey's departed ſpirit to heaven aſcends.
His wife, and ſons Lament: Cato commends
His worthy life: checks the Coloſsians,
And marching ore the ſcorched Libyan ſands
To Iuba's Kingdome, with ſtrong patience
Endures the heat, the Southwinds violence
And killing ſerpents venome. Cæſar ſees
Renowned Troys defac'd antiquities,
To Ægypt comes, and with diſſembling breath
Complaines, and weepes for noble Pompey's death.

IN Pharian coales his ghoſt could not remaine,
Nor thoſe few aſhes his great ſpirit containe,
Out from the graue he iſſues, and forſakes
Th'vnworthy fire, and halfe burnt limbs, and takes
Vp to the conuexe of the ſky his flight,
Where with blacke ayre the ſtarry poles doe meete.
The ſpace betwixt the regions of the moone,
And earth, halfe-deify'd ſoules poſſeſſe alone,
Whom fiery worth, in guiltleſſe liues, has taught
To brooke the lower part of heaven, and brought

Then

Them to th'eternall spharres, which not they hold,
That are with incense bury'd, tomb'd in gold.
There filled with true light, with wondring eyes
The wandring planets, and first stars he sees.
He sees our day involv'd in midst of night,
And laughes at his torne trunkes ridiculous plight.
Then ore the Æmathian fields, his scatter'd fleete:
And bloody *Cæsars* troopes he tooke his flight:
And with revenge for these dire facts possest
Catoes bold hart, and brutus noble breast.
Cato, while chance was (*a*) doubtfull, and at stake
Whom civill war Lord of the world would make,
Then hated *Pompey*, though with *Pompey* he
(Led by the Senate, and Romes Auspicy)
Had fought, but when Pharsaliaes field was try'd,
He altogether favour'd *Pompey's* side.
His countrey wanting a protector then
He tooke, and chear'd the trembling hearts of men:
And putting swords in fearefull hands againe
Made civill war, neither for hope of reigne,
Nor feare of bondage; nought at all in war
For his owne sake did he; his forces are
Since *Pompeys* death, alone for liberty;
Which left the speed of *Cæsars* victory
Should seaze vpon, being dispersed ore
The coast, he sailes vnto Corcyra's (*b*) shore,
And in a thousand ships carryes away
The conquer'd remnant of Pharsalia.
Who would haue thought so great a fleete had held
All flying men? that conquer'd ships had fill'd
The straitned seas? from thence they saile away
To ghost-fill'd Tænarus, and long Males;
Thence to Cytherus: Boreas blowing faire
Crete flyes: and getting a good sea they cleare
The Cretan coast *Phycus*, that durst deny
Their men to land, they sacke deservedly.

And

And theare along the deepe, while faire winds blow;
Vnto thy shore, oh Palinurus, goe:
(For not alone doth our Italian sea
Keepe monuments of thee, but Libya
Can witnesse well calme harbours once did please
Thy Phrygian master) when vpon the seas
Deserving ships afar, they gan to feare
Whether the men their foes, or partners were:
Cæsar's knowne speed gaue them iust cause to feare,
And still suspect his comming every where.
But those sad ships brought greife, and woes, and crys
Able to draw softteares from Cæsars eyes:
For after that Cornelia all in vaine
(Left Pompey's trunke beat from the shore againe
Should floate at sea) by prayers had striv'd to draw
From flight the sailers, and her son in law,
When from the shore that little fire descry'd
His most vnworthy funerall, she cry'd,
Seem'd I not worthy then, fortune, to thee
To light my husbands funerall fire, and ly
Stretch'd out on his cold limbs, burne his torne haires,
And gathering his sea-scattered limbs, with teares
To bath each wound? with bones, and ashes hot
To fil my lap, and in the temples put
The sad remainder of his funerall?
That sir's no honour to his hearse at all.
Besides perhaps some hands of Ægypt now
This loathed office to his ashes doe.
Well did the Crassi's ashes naked ly,
For by the gods far greater cruelty
Is Pompey burnt. Still shall my woes appeare
In the same shape? and shall I nere interre
My slaughter'd Lords? and at full vrnes lament?
What need'st thou tombe, or any instrument
Of sorrow, wretch? doth not thy breast containe
Thy Pompey, and his image still remaine

Within

VVithin thee? let those wiues that meane to liue
After their Lords, vrnes to their ashes giue.
But yet the fire, that lends you enuious light
From Ægypts shore, brings nothing to my sight
Of thee, deare *Pompey*: now the flame is gone,
The vanisht smoake bearcs to the rising Sunne
Pompey aloft: the windes vnwillingly
Beare vs from thence, yet is no land to me
(Though triumph'd by my Lord as Conqueror)
Nor chariot deck'd with laurell halfe so deare.
My breast has quite forgot his happinesse,
And loues that *Pompey*, whom Niles shores possesse,
Faine would I stay vnder this guilty clime:
The land is enobled by so great a crime.
I would not leaue (beleeue me) Ægypts shore.
Sextus, try thou the chance of war, and ore
The spacious world thy fathers colours beare:
This his last will was trusted to my care,
VVhen me of breath deaths fatall bower shall reaue,
To you, my sonnes, this euill warre I leaue;
And let not *Cæsar's* race in quiet reigne,
VVhilest any of our stocke on earth remaine.
Solicite kingdomes, and free power full towres
By my names fame: these are the factions,
These are the armes I leaue; what *Pompey* ere
VVould goe to sea, shall finde a navy there.
My heires may stirre war in what land they will.
Be but courageous, and remember still
Your fathers lawfull power. Serue vnder none
But *Cato* (whilest he fights for Rome) alone.
I haue perform'd thy trust, done thy behest
Deare Lord, thy cunning did prevaile, and lest
False I those words of trust should nere deliver,
Deceiu'd I liu'd Now *Pompey*, where soever
Th'art gone, through hell, if any hell there be,
Or empty Chaos, I will follow thee:

How

How long my life's decree'd I doe not know,
If long, Ile punish it for lasting so:
For not expiring when it first did see
Thy wounds, with sorrow broken it shall dy.
It shall dissolue in teares: no halter, sword,
Or præcipice shall death to me afford.
It were a shame for me, now thou art gone,
Not to haue power to dye with griefe alone.
This said, and covering with a vaile her head,
Vnder the hatches she resolv'd to lead
A life in darkenesse: neerely hugging woe
She feedes on teares, and for her husband now
Embraces griefe. The noise of stormy winde,
Nor eyes of fearefull sailers moouc her minde:
Her hope contrary to the sailers is,
Compos'd for death, and wishing stormes she lyes.
They first arriv'd on Cyprus foamy shore.
From thence a milde Eastwinde commanding bore
Their shipps to *Catoes* Libyan campe; as still
A doubtfull minde doe sad prefages fill,
Cneius from shore spying his fathers traine,
And brother, running to the sea amaine,
VVhere is our father, brother? speake (quoth he)
Liues the worlds head, and honour, or are we
Vndone, and *Pompey* to the shades below
Has borne Romes fate? he answeres, happy thou
VVhom fate into another coast dispersst;
Thou, brother, this dire mischeife only hear'st:
Mine eyes are guilty of a fathers death.
Nor did he loose by *Cæsars* armes his breath,
Nor of his fall a worthy author found.
By the false tyrant of Niles impious ground,
Trusting the gods of hospitality,
And his owne bounty to old *Ptolomey*,
In recompence of kingdomes given he dy'd
I saw them wound our noble fathers side,

And

And thinking Ægypts King durſt not haue done
So much, I thought *Ceſar* had ſtood vpon
The ſhore of Nile. But not our fathers wounds,
Nor blood ſo ſhed ſo much my heart confounds,
As that his head, which mounted on a ſpeare
Aloft we ſaw, they through their cyties beare:
Which (as they ſay) is kept for *Ceſars* eye:
The tyrant ſeekes his guilt to teſtify.
For whether dogs, or fowles deuouring maw
Conſum'd his trunke, or that ſmall fire we ſaw
Diſſolued it by ſtealth, I dee not know.
What ere injurious fate to that could doe,
I did forgiue the gods that crime, and wept
For that part only, which the tyrant kept.

When *Cneius* heard theſe words, his inward woe
In paſſionate ſighs, and teares he could not ſhow;
But thus inflam'd with pious rage gan ſpeake,
Lanch forth the fleete, ſailers, with ſpeed, and breake
Through the croſſe winds a paſſage with the oare,
Braue Captaines follow me, neuer before
Knew ciuill war more worthy ends then theſe,
T'interre vnbury'd *Manes*, and appeaſe
Pompey with ſlaughter of th'effaminate boy.
Why ſhould not I th' Ægyptians towers deſtroy?
And from the temples *Alexander* take,
To drowne his hearſe in Mareotis lake?
In Nile *Amaſis*, and thoſe Kings with him
Digg'd vp from their Pyramides ſhall ſwimme.
All tombes ſhall rue *Pompey's* no ſepulcher:
Iſis (their goddeſſe now) Ile diſinter,
Oſiris linnen-couer'd ſhrine diſperſe,
And kill god *Anis* ouer *Pompey's* hearſe.
Vpon a pyle of gods Ile burne his head;
Thus ſhall the land by me be puniſhed;
I will not leaue a man to till thoſe fields,
Nor take the profit, that Niles flowing yeilds.

The

The gods, and people banished, and gone,
Thou, father shalt possesse Ægypt alone.
This said, to launch the fleete loth he assayes,
But *Cato* stills the young mans wrath with praise.
Now ere the shore when *Pompey's* death was knowne
The sky was peirc'd with lamentation:
A greife not seene, not prarell'd at all,
That common people mourne a great mans fall.
But when *Cornelia* quite exhaust with teares
Was seene to land with some dishevel'd haires,
Their troubled lamentations sounded more.
Cornelia landed on a friendly shore,
Gathering the garments, and triumphall weedes
Of hapleſſe *Pompey*, that expreſt his deedes,
And ancient trophes, painted robes, and sheild,
That thrice great *Ione* in triumph had beheld,
Into the funerall fire she threw them all;
Such was her lords imagin'd funerall.
Example from her piety all take,
And funerall fires all ore the shore they make
T' appeaſe the ghosts slaine in Pharſalia.
So when the shepheards of Apulia
Make winter fires on their bare-eaten ground
To spring their grasſe againe; a glistering round
The Vulturs arme, and high Garganus yeilds,
And hot Matinus bullocke-pasture fields.
But not more pleasing was't to *Pompey's* spirit
That all the people raile at heauen, and twit
The gods with *Pompey*, then what *Cato* spoke,
Few words, but from a truth-fill'd breast they broke.
A Roman's dead, not like our ancestry
To know the rule of right, but good (quoth he)
In this truth scorning age, one powerfull growne
Not wronging liberty: the people prone
To serue, he only private still remain'd;
He sway'd the Senate, but the Senate reign'd.

Nought

Nought claim'd he by the sword, but wish'd what he
VVish'd most, the Senates freedome to deny,
Great wealth he had, but to the publike hoord
He brought far more then he retain'd; the sword
He tooke, but knew the time to lay it downe.
Arm'd he lov'd peace, though armes before the gowne
He still prefer'd; and ever plear'd was he
Entring, or leaving his authority.
A chast vnriotted house, and never stain'd
VVith her Lords fortune, to all lands remain'd
His name renown'd, which much availed Rome.
True liberty long since was gone, when home
Sylla and *Marius* came: but *Pompey* dead,
Even freedomes shadow is quite vanished.
No Senates face, no colour will remaine
Of power; none now will be asham'd to reigne.
Oh happy man, whom death, when conquer'd caught,
And Ægypts guilt swords to be wisht for brought.
Perchance thou could'st haue liv'd in *Cæsars* state.
To know the way to dy is mans best fate,
His next to be compel'd; and such to me
(If captiv'd now) fortune, let *who* be;
Not to be kept to shew the enemy
I doe not beg, so headlesse kept I be.
More honour from these words the noble ghost
Receiv'd, then if the Roman barres should boast
His praise. Now mutinous the souldiers are,
Since *Pompey's* death growne weary of the war;
In which broiles *Tarcho Catoes* side to quit
Tooke vp the colours, who prepar'd for flight
With all his ships was chid by *Cato* so.
Never reclaim'd Cilician, wouldst thou goe
To thy old theft at sea? is *Pompey* slaine,
And thou return'd to Pyracy againe?
Then round about he on each man gan looke
Amongst whom one boldly thus to *Cato* spoke

Not

Not hiding his intent, 'twas not the loue
Of civill war, but *Pompey*, first did moove
Our armes, (excuse vs *Cato*) we abhar'd
By fauour, now he, whom the world preferr'd
Before her peace, is dead, our cause is gone;
Now lets returne to our left mansion,
Our houshold gods, and children deare to see.
For what can civill wars conclusion be,
If not Pharsalias field, nor *Pompeys* death?
Our time of life is spent; now let vs breath
Our last in peace: let our old age prouide
Our funerall pyles, which civill war deny'd
Two greatest Captaines. For no barbarous,
Or cruell yoke will fortune lay on vs.
No Scythian, nor Armenian tyranny.
The subjects of Romes gowned state are we.
He that was second, *Pompey* being aliue,
Is first with vs: the highest place we giue
His sacred name. He whom wars fortunes make,
Shall be our lord, no generall wee'll take.
Vnto the war we followed thee alone;
We'll follow fate, *Pompey*, now thou art gone.
Nor haue we cause to hope for good successe,
Since *Cæsars* fortune now doth all possesse.
Th' Æmathian strength is by his victory
Dispers'd, we loose his mercy; only he
Has power, and will to spare the conquered.
Our civill war's a crime now *Pompey* 's dead,
'Twas duty while he liv'd, If *Cato*, thou
Wilt serue thy country still, lets follow now
Those Eagles, which the Roman Consuls keepes.
Thus having spoke aboord the ship he leapes
With all his company. Romes fate had gone,
The people bent to slavery vpon
The shore exclaime. But from a sacred breast
Cato to them at last these words expresst.

Fought you, young men, with *Cæsars* armyes hopes
(No more true Roman, but Pompeyan troopes)
To gaine a Lord? since for no Lord you fight,
But liue to doe your selues, not tyrants right,
Since your spent bloods can no man his rule procure,
But your owne safety, you'll not now endure
The warrs, to liue in bondage you desire
And for your slauish neckes a yoake require.
Your danger's worthy now, the cause is good:
Pompey perhaps might haue abus'd your blood.
And will you now, when libertye's so nigh,
To all of Rome your swords, and throates deny?
Of three Lords fortune now has left but one.
Ægyps base King, and Parthian bowes haue done
More for the iawes then you, (oh shame) goe ye
Base men, and scorne the gift of *Ptolomey*;
Who will beleeue your hands could guilty be
Of any blood? he'll rather thinke that ye
Were the first men, that from Pharsalia fled.
Goe then securely: you haue merited
Pardon in *Cæsars* iudgement, not subdew'd
By seidge, or open force. Oh seruants lewd,
When your first master's dead, his heir you'll serue.
Why would you not more then your lines deserue,
And pardons? rauish with your sword a prey
Metellus daughter, *Pompey's* wife away,
And his two sonnes: the gift of Ægypt's King
Surpasse, or could you to the titant bring
My head no small reward 'twould render ye;
Then to good purpose haue you follow'd me.
On then, and in our bloods your merit make;
'Tis slothfull treason a base flight to take.
This speech of *Cato* straight recalls from seas
Their flying ships; as when a swarme of Bees
Their hony combs, and barren wax forsake;
Nor hang in clusters now, but singly take

Their

Their flight ith aire, and tast not slouthfull growne)
The bitter Thyme: at sound of brasse alone
Amaz'd they leaue their flight: againe approaue
Their flowery taskes, againe their hony loue.
Glad is the Shepheard on sweete Hybraes hill
To keepe the riches of his cottage still.
So *Catoes* speech on their affections wrought,
And them to patience of a war had brought
And now their restlesse mindes with toile t'laure,
And teach them warlike laboures to endure,
VVith weary marches first their strength hattryes
Along the sands; their second labour is
To scale Cyrenes lofty walls: on whom
Cato no vengeance tooke, when overcome,
(Though they against him shut their gates) to him
Revenge sufficient did their conquest seeme.
He thence to Libyan (*e*) *Iubaes* kingdome goes;
But there the Syrts did nature interpose
Which *Catoes* dauntlesse virtue hopes to passe,
These Syrts, when all the worlds first structure was,
Nature as doubtfull left twixt sea, and land;
(For neither sinke they quite like seas to stand,
Nor yet like land with shores repell the maine,
But doubtfull, and vnpassable remaine,
A shelfe-spoil'd sea, a water cover'd land,
Where sounding waues let in by sands command.
This part of nature, Natures selfe disclam'd
As a vaine worke, and to no purpose fram'd)
Or once the deepe-drown'd Syrts were seas entire;
But burning *Titan* thence to feede his fire
Drew vp those waues so neere the torrid zone;
And now the water holds contention
With *Phœbus* drought: which by continuance spent,
The Syrts will grow a solid continent.
For now their topps but shallow waters hide,
The fading sea decayes at every side.

When first the fleete began to launch from shore,
In his owne kingdome did blacke Auster rore:
Whose blasts the sea from ship invasion keepe,
And from the Syrts far towle the wary deepe,
Or flatt the sea with thiowne in heapes of sand.
Now the resistlesse winder the seas command,
Whose blasts of all spred sailes, that fasten'd were
To the maine-mast quite robb'd the marriner,
In vaine the shrowdes to winde so violent
Deny their sailes; beyond the ships extent,
Beyond the prow the swelled linnen's blowne.
But where a man more provident was knowne,
That did his linnen to the saileyard ty,
He quite despoil'd of tackling presently
Was overcome. That fleete had far more ease.
Which on the deepe was tost with certaine seas.
But all those ships, which had cut downe their masts
T' avoide the fury of strong Austers blasts,
(As then the winde against the tide did striue)
Against the winde the conquering tide did driue.
Some ships the sea forsakes, whom straight the sands
Vnseene trap i'e, whose state now doubtfull stands:
Part of the shipvpon firme ground doth rest;
Part swimmes in water. Now the sea's oppresst
With flatts. The sands assault the Ocean,
And though strong Auster driue the waues amaine,
They cannot master these high hills of sand.
On th' Oceans backe far from all countreys stand
Heapes of dry dust not by the Ocean drown'd.
The wretched sailers, though their ships on ground,
No shores can see. Part of the fleete this shallow
Detaines; the greater part their rudders follow,
And safe by flight, by skillfull pylots aide
Are to Tritonias standing poole conuay'd.
This poole (they say) that god esteemeth deare,
Whose shrill shell trumpet fears, and shores doe heare.

This

This *Pallas* loues, borne of the braine of *Ioue*,
Who first on Libya trode. (The heart doth proue
This land euen heuen) she standing by the side,
Her face within the quiet water spi'd,
And gaue her selfe from the lou'd poole a name
Tritonia. Heere doth the silent streame
Of darke oblivious *Lethe* gently fall,
That from hells *Lethe* takes originall.
The waking dragons charge is neere to these,
The once robb'd orchard of th' Hesperides.
To rob old times of credit, the desire
Is spite, or truth from Poets to require,
A golden wood there was, whose yellow trees
Laden with wealthy fruit, flood bow'd: of these
A dragon guardian was, which neuer slept,
And the bright wood a troope of Virgins kept.
Hither Alcides comming, did surprise
The wealth, and burden of those laden trees,
And leaving light their robbed boughs, did bring
Those glittering apples to th' Argolian King.
Part of the fleete got off from hence againe,
And from the Syrtes driven, did remaine
Vnder great *Pompey's* eldest sonnes command
On this side Garamantis in rich land.
But *Cæsar* vertue brooking no delay
Through vnknowne regions lead his troopes away,
T' encompasse round the Syrts by land, for now
The stormy seas vnnauigable grow
In winter time: but stormes desired are
To coole the temper of the sweltring aire.
They feare no cold in Libya's scorched clime,
Nor too much heat, because in winter time.
Entring these barren sands thus *Cæsar* spake;
You that haue follow'd me, souldiers, and make
Freedome your only safety, settle now
Your mindes with constancy to vndergoe

Vertues great worke. We march ore barren fields,
Ore Sun-burnt regions, where no fountaine yeilds
Water enough, where *Titans* heate abounds,
And killing serpents smeare the parched grounds.
Hard wayes, but whom their falling countrey's cause
Through paths vnknowne, and midd'st of Libya draws,
Who make no vowes for their returning home,
But thinke of going only, let them come.
I would deceiue no souldier, nor keepe close
My feares to draw them on. Let only those
My followers be, whom dangers doe inuite,
Who thinke it braue, and Roman, in my sight
T'endure the worst of ills. He that would haue
A surety for his safety, and faine saue
His loued life, let him be gone from me,
And finde an easier way to slavery
Vpon the sands whilest I first, footing set,
Let me first suffer th' aires annoying heat:
Let serpents poyson'd teeth first seize on me,
And in my fate doe you your dangers try.
Let him that sees me drinking, water craue,
And plaine of heat, when I a shelter haue.
Or when I ride before the foote, straight grow
Weary, if any by endurance know
Whether I goe souldier, or generall.
The tands, heat, thirst, and poysonous serpents, all
Are sweete to vertue: Hard things patience loues,
And sweetest still, when dearest, goodnesse proues.
These Libyan dangers only justify
The flight of men, thus their hot spirits he
With labours loue, and vertue striv'd to fire,
Marching ore deserts never to retire
Secure he goes to Libya, gracing there
VVith his great name a little sepulcher.
If th'old account we follow, Libya is
The world's third part: following the windes, & skyes

A part

A part of Europe. For not distant more
Then Scythian Tanais is Nilus shore
From VVesterne Gades, where Europe Affricke flyes,
And makes the Ocean roome: but greater is
Asia then both. For as they both send forth
Libya from South, and Europe from the North
The VVesterne winde: the Easterne winde alone
From Asia blowes. That part that's fertile knowne
Of Libya, VVestward lyes, but moisture lackes:
The North-winde dry with vs, there stormy, takes
His flight but seldome thither. The rich soiles
No wealthy growing minerall's doe spoile:
The earth corrupts into no brasse, nor gold,
But keepes her naturall, and perfect mold.
The Mauritanian men are rich alone
In Citron wood, of which no vse was knowne
To them of old, contented with the shade.
Our arts first did that stradge wood invade,
From far we fetch our tables, as our meate.
But in those parts about the Syrts, whose heat
Is violent, and scorching Sol too nere,
No corne can grow, no vines can prosper there,
Nor trees deepe rooting take, the sandy ground
VVants vitall temper, and no care is found
Of Ioue in that at all, the barren land
Through every season doth vnchanged stand
By natures negligence. Yet this dull earth
Vnto few small herbes affords a birth,
VVhich are the hardy Nasamonians fare,
Neere the sea coast they bleakely seated are,
When barbarous Syrts with the worlds losse maintaine
For spoile they still vpon the sand remaine.
And though no merchant trade with them, yet gold
They haue, and still by shipwracke traffique hold
VVith all the world. This way did vertue beare
Cato along, the Souldiers could not feare

A storme by land, or thinke of blustring winde,
But there (alas) the Ocean's dangers finde.
For more on land then sea the Southwindes rore.
About the Syrts, and hurt the land much more.
No rockes, nor mountaines stand opposed there
To breake his force, and turne him into aire?
No well-growne oakes, no wood opposed stands;
The ground lyes open all, free are the sands
To Æols rage, which violently strong
Hurryes through th'aire a sandy cloud along.
Their greatest part of land the windes doe beare
Into the aire, which hangs not fixed there.
His house, and land the Nasamonian sees
Fly in the winde, their little cottages
Blowne ore their heads into the aire as high
As from a fire the smoake, and sparkles fly.
The mounted dust like smoake obscures the sky.
And then more strong then visuall did the blast
Assault our men; no souldier could stand fast;
No, not the ground, in which they stood, could stay.
'Twould shake the earth, and beare that land away
If Libya hollow were, or harder mould
The Southerne windes in caverns to enfold;
But since compos'd of loose, and fleeting sands
Resisting not, it hides, the lowest stands
Because the highest yeilds, helmets of men,
Their sheilds, and piles the winde with fury then
Bereft them of, and through the VVelkin tost.
That in some forreine far-removed coast
Perchance by men was deem'd a prodigy,
And nations fear'd armes falling from the sky,
Thinking those weapons reft from men, did fall
Downe from the gods. So once I thinke that all
Our sacred sheilds to holy Numa were,
VVhich now our choise Patritian shoulders beare.

The

The Southerne winde, or Northerne robb'd of yore
Some forreine people, that those bucklers wore.
The land thus plagu'd with winde, the fouldiers all
Downe to the ground, their cloathes fall girded, fall,
Hold fast the earth, yet sure they scarsely lay
By weight, nor strength from being blowne away.
Mountaines of dust the Southwindes furious hand
Rowles ore their heads, drowned in heapes of sand
The souldiers scarse can stir. Some though vpright
VVith rising earth are orewhelmed quite;
And, though the earth remooue, want motion.
Vast stones of ruin'd walls from far are blowne,
And (strange to tell) in some far region fall,
They ruines see, that see no house at all.
No paths, nor difference now of wayes are knowne:
Their course is guided by the star alone
Like navigators, nor all stars to vs
In that Horizon are conspicuous,
For to earths face (there bowed) many be
Obscur'd from sight. But when the aire is free
From the windes rage, dissolv'd againe by heat,
And scorching day their body flow'd with sweat,
Their mouths with thirst were parch'd a little scarce.
They spy'd which from a muddy fountaine came;
From whence with much adoe a souldier got
His helmet full of water, and straight brought
The same to Cato, their dry throates were all
VVith dust besmeared, and the generall
Himselfe was envy'd for that little draught.
Base souldier, answeres he, in thy poore thought
Seem'd I alone so worthlesse? none but I
Tender, and weake in all this company?
This punishment thou more deserv'st then I
To drinke thy selfe while all the army's dry.
Then stirr'd with wrath he strucke the helmet downe,
The water spilt suffic'd them every one.

And

And now to Libyaes only temple plac'd
In *Garamantis* rude they come at last.
Iupiter Ammon is adored there,
Not arm'd with thunder like our *Iupiter*,
But crooked hornes. To whom the Libyans build
No sumptuous Fane, no orient jewells fill'd
The house with lustre. Though the Indians, &
The Æthiopes, and rich Arabians
Iupiter Ammon's name doe all adore,
And no god else, yet still that god is poore.
No wealth corrupts his Fane, a god of th'old
Puritanes, his temple guards from Roman gold.
That place of all the countrey onely greene
Shewes a gods presence. All that lyes betweene
Lepris, and Berenicis is dry sand,
And barren dust; no part of all the land,
But *Ammons* seat beares trees. The cause of it
A neighbouring fountaine is, whose waters knit
The moistened earth, and make fertility.
But when the Sun at noone is mounted high,
Those trees no shadow can diffuse at all:
Their boughs scarse hide their trunkes. No shade or (small
The Sunbeames make, since perpendicular.
It is perceiv'd this is the region where
The Summer Tropicke hits the Zodiacke.
The signes obliquely rise not, but direct.
Nor more direct the Bull then Scorpio,
Moist Capricornus then hot Cancer goes
Nor Gemeni then Sagitarius,
Nor Leo then oppos'd Aquarius:
Virgo then Pisces, Libraes motion
Then Aries. But whom the torrid zone
Divides from vs, those people ever see
The shadowes Southward, which here Northward be,
You slowly seeing Cynosure, suppose
Her vndrench'd carre into the Ocean goes.

And

And that no Northerne signe from seas is free,
You stand far distant from each axeltree;
Your signes in midst of heaven converted be.
The Easterne people standing at the doore,
The oracles of horned *Ioue* t'implore,
Giue place to *Cato*; whom his souldiers ply
That of that Libyan far-fam'd deity,
His future fates event he would be taught.
Him *Labienus* most of all beseught;
Chance, and the fortune of our way (quoth he)
Lend vs the mouth of that great deity,
And his sure counsells: we may now implore
His powerfull guidance through this war, and ore
The dangerous Syrtes. For to whom should I
Beleeue the gods would truly se certify
Their secret wills, then *Catoes* holy breast,
Whose life to heavenly lawes was still addrest,
And follow'd god? behold we now haue heere
A freedome given to talke with *Iupiter*.
Cato, enquires of wicked *Cæsars* fate,
And know what shall be Romes ensuing state,
Whether this civill war be made in vaine,
Or shall our lawes, and liberties maintaine,
Let *Ammon's* sacred voice thy breast inspire.
Thou lover of strict vertue, now desire
To know what vertue is, seeke from aboue
Approovement of the truth: He full of *Ioue*,
Whom in his secret breast he carried ever,
These temple worthy speeches did deliver;
What, *Labienus*, should I seeke to know?
If I had rather dye in armes, then bow
Vnto a Lord? if life be nought at all?
No difference betwixt long life, and small?
If any force can hurt men vertuous?
If fortune loose, when vertue doth oppose,

Nor

Her threats if good desires be happinesse,
And vertue grow not greater by successe?
Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
Of *Ammon* teach. The gods are with vs still,
And, though their oracles should silent be,
Nought can we doe without the gods decree;
Nor needes he voices; what was fit to know
The great Creator at our births did show.
Nor did he choose these barren sands to shew
(Hiding it heere) his trueth but to a few.
Is there a seate of god, saue earth, and Sea,
Aire, heaven, and vertue? why for god should we
Seeke further? what ere moues, what ere is seene
Is *Ioue*. For oracles let doubtfull men
Fearefull of future chances troubled be:
Sure death, not oracles ascertaine mee.
The coward, and the valiant man must fall.
This is enough for *Ioue* to speake to all,
Then marching thence the temples faith he saues,
And to the people entry'd *Ammon* leaues.
Himselfe afoot before his weary'd bands
Marches with pile in hand, and not commands,
But shewes them how to labour: never sits
In coach, or charriot: sleepes the leastia nights:
Last tastes the water. When a fountaine's found,
He stayes a foot till all the souldiers round,
And every cullion drinke. If fame be due
To truest goodnesse, if you simply view
Vertue without successe, what ere we call
In greatest Romans great, was fortune all.
Who could deserue in prosperous war such fame?
Or by the nations blood so great a name?
Rather had I this vertuous triumph win
In Libyaes desert sands, then thrice be seene
In *Pompey's* laurell'd charriot, or to lead
Iugurtha captiue. Here behold indeed

Reme

Rome, thy true father, by whose sacred name
(Worthy thy Temples) it shall never shame
People to sweare; whom, if thou ere ast free,
Thou wilt hereafter make a deity.
Now to a torrid clime they came, more hot
Then which the gods for men created not.
Few waters heere are seene; but in the sands
One largely-flowing fountaine only stands,
But full of Serpents, as it could containe.
There on the bankes hot killing Aspes remaine,
And Dipsases in midst of water dry.
VVhen *Cato* saw his men for thirst would dy
Fearing those waters; thus he spake to them.
Feare not to drinke, souldiers, this wholesome streame,
Be not affrighted with vaine shewes of death,
The snakes bite deadly, fatall are their teeth,
VVhen their dire venome mixes with our blood,
The water's safe. Then of the doubtfull flood
He drinkes himselfe, there only the first draught
Of all the Libyan waters *Cato* sought.
VVhy Libyaes aire should be infected so
VVith mortall plagues, what hurtfull secrets grow
Mixt with the noxious soile by natures hand,
Our care, nor labour cannot vnderstand:
But that the world, in the true cause deceiv'd,
In stead of that a common tale receiv'd,
In Libyaes farthest part, whose scorched ground
The Ocean warm'd by setting Sol doth bound,
Medusas countrey lay, whose barren fields
No trees doe cloath, whose soile no herbage yeilds:
Chang'd by her looke all stones, and rockes they grow.
Heere hurtfull nature first those plagues did show,
First from *Medusas* iawes those serpents grow ne
Hissed with forked tongues, and hanging downe
Like womans haire, vpon her backe, gaue strokes
Vnto her pleased necke. In stead of locks

Vpon

Vpon her horrid front did serpents hisse;
Her combe comb'd poyson downe, no part but this
Safe to be seene about Medusa was.
For who ere fest'd the monsters mouth, and face?
Whom, that had view'd her with an eye direct?
Did she ere suffer sence of death t'affect?
She hasten'd doubting fate, preventing dread;
Their bodyes dy'd before their soules were fled?
Enclosed soules with bodyes turn'd to stone.
The furyes haires could madnesse worke alone;
Cerberus hissing *Orpheus* musicke still'd;
Alcides saw that *Hydra*, which he kill'd;
But this strange monster even her father, who
Is the seas second god, her mother too
Ceres, and *Gorgon* sisters feared, she
Could strike a numnesse through the sea, and sky.
And harden all the world into a stone.
Birds in their flight haue fall'n conjealed downe.
Running wilde beasts to rockes converted were;
And all the neighbouring Æthiopians there
To marble statues, not a creature brookes
The sight of her; t'avoide the *Gorgons* lookes
Her snakes themselues backeward themselues invert.
She neere *Alcides* pillars could convert
Tiranian *Atlas* to an hill, and those
Giants with serpents feete, that durst oppose
The gods themselues, those wars in Phlegra field
Her face could end, but shew'd in *Pallas* sheild.
Thither the sonne of showre rap'd *Danae*
Borne on th' Arcadian wings of *Mercury*
Inventer of the harpe, and wrestling game,
Flying through th' aire, with borrow'd Harpe came,
Harpe, whom monsters blood before did staine,
When he, that kept *Ioves* loued cow, was slaine.
Aide to her winged brother *Pallas* gaue,
Conditioning the *Gorgons* head to haue.

She bids him fly to Libyaes Easterne bound
His face averted, or the *Gorgons* ground.
In his left hand a shield of shining brasse,
Wherein to see the stone transforming face
Of sterne *Medusa*, *Pallas* had him keepe;
Then lay'd *Medusa* in an endlesse sleepe,
But yet not all; part of her snaky haire
Defends her head: some snakes still waking are:
Some ore her face, and sleeping eylids glide.
Minerva doth th'averted *Perseus* guide,
And with a trembling hand directs the stroake
Of his Cyllenian Harpe, which quite broke
Her large snake-cover'd necke. How strange a looke
Had *Gorgons* head cut off by *Perseus* stroke,
And towring blade? what poyson did arise
In her blacke mouth? what death shot from her eyes?
Which not *Minerva* durst to looke vpon;
And *Perseus*, sure, had bin congeal'd to stone,
Had not *Minerva* hid that dismall face
With those snake-haires. Now *Perseus* flyes apace
To heaven with *Gorgons* head; but in his mind
Considering how the neareſt way to find,
Over the midſt of Europe meanes to fly;
But *Pallas* straight forbids that injury
To Europes fruitfull fields, and bids him spare
The people there, for who can in the ayre
Refraine to gaze, when such a bird he spyes.
Perseus converts his course, and Westward flyes
Ore desert Libya, whose vnfruitfull seat
Vntill'd lyes ope to nought but *Phebus* heat;
Who runs his burning course straight ore their heads.
No land then this a larger shadow spreads
'Gainſt heaven, nor more the moones ecclipse doth cause
When straying not in latitude, she drawes
Neither to North nor South, but still is found
In signes direct. Yet this vnfruitfull ground

Barren

Barren in all that's good, a seed could yeild
From venome, which *Medusaes* head distill'd.
From those dire drops mixt with the putrid earth
Sols aiding heat did give new monsters birth.
First from that dust so mixt with poyson bred
Rose the sleep-causing Aspe with swelling head,
Made of the thickest drop of Gorgons gore,
Which in no serpent is compacted more.
She wanting heat seekes not a colder clime,
Content to liue in her owne Libyaes slime.
But oh how shameleſſe is our thirſt of gaine?
Thoſe Libyan deaths are carryed ore the maine,
And Aſpes at Rome are ſold as marchandiſe.
In ſcaly folds the great *Hæmorrhoe* lyes,
Whoſe bite from all parts drawes the flowing blood.
Cherſidres then, that both in land, and flood
Of doubtfull *Syrtes* liues; *Chelydri* too,
That make a reeking ſlime where ere they goe.
The Cenchris creeping in a traſt direct,
Whoſe ſpeckled belly with moe ſpots is deckt,
Then ere the various Theban marble takes.
Sand-colour'd Ammodytes, the horned ſnakes,
That creepe in winding tracks; the Scytale;
No ſnake in winter caſts her skin but ſhe;
The double-head; Dipſas, that thirſty makes;
The water-ſpoyling Newte, the dart-like ſnakes,
The Pareas, whoſe way his tale doth guide;
The Preſter too, whoſe ſting diſtendeth wide
The wounded's foamy mouth; the Seps, whoſe bite
Conſumes the bones, diſſolues the body quite.
The Baſiliske, whoſe hiſſe all ſnakes doth ſcarre,
(Hurtfull before the venome touch) who far
All vulgar ſerpents from his ſight commands,
Reigning alone vpon the empty'd ſands.
You dragons too, gliſtring in golden pride,
Who hurtleſſe wander through all lands beſide,

Hot

Hot Affrik mortall makes, aloft you fly
Through the ayre on wings, and follow speedily
The heards; your strokes the mightyest bulls destroy,
Great Elephants not escape you: all you kill,
Nor neede you poysons helpe to worke your will.
This thirsty way amoong these venom'd snakes
Cato amidst his hardy souldiers takes:
Where many losses of his men he found,
And deaths vnusuall from a little wound.
A trodden Dipsas turning backe his head
Did bite young *Aulus* Ensigne bearer, bred
Of *Tyrrhene* race: no griefe, nor paine ensew'd:
His wound no pity found, no danger shew'd,
But in (alas) did fiery venome deepe
Into his marrow, and soone hid entrailes creepe.
Which quite drunke vp all moisture, that should flow
Into his vitall pans: his palate now
And tongue is scorch'd, and dry; no sweate could poe
To his tir'd joynts, from's eyes no teares could flow.
His place, now his sad generalls command
Could stay this thirsty man; out of his hand
He throwes his Eagle; water runs to haue,
Which the dry venome in his heart did craue.
Though he in midst of Tanais did ly,
Padus, or Rodanus, he would be dry,
Or drinke the streames, where ever Nilus flowes.
The soyle ads to his drought, the worme doth loose
Her venoms fame, help'd by so hot a land.
He digs, and seekes each veine in all the sand.
Now to the Syrts he goes, and in his mouth
Salt water takes, which could not quench his drought,
Although it pleas'd. He did not know what kinde
Of death he dy'd, nor his disease could finde,
But thinkes it thirst; and now full faine he would
Rip open all his veines, and drinke his blood.

Cato commands them (loath his men should stay
To know what thirst was) straight to march away.
But a more woefull death before his eye
Appear'd; A Seps no poore *Sabellus* thigh
Hung by the teeth, which he straight with his hands
Cast off, and with his pile nail'd to the sands;
A little snake, but none more full then she
Of horrid death, the flesh falls off, that nigh
The wound did grow, the bones are bared round,
Without the body naked shewes the wound.
His shankes fall off, matter each members fills,
His knees are bar'd, his groine blacke filth distills,
And every muscle of his thighes dissolues:
The skin, that all his naturall parts involues,
Breaking lets fall his bowels, nor doth all,
That should remaine of a dead body, fall.
The cruell venome, eating all the parts,
All to a little poisonous filth converts.
The poison breakes his nerues, his ribs doth part,
Opens his hollow breast, there shewes his heart,
His vitalls all, yea all that man composes,
And his whole nature this foule death discloses;
His head, necke, shoulders, and strong armes doe flow
In venomous filth, not sooner melts the snow
By hot Southwinds, nor waxe against the Sunne.
This is but small I speake; burnt bodyes run
Melted by fire in filth, but what fire ere
Dissolu'd the bones? no bones of his appeare.
Following their putrid iuice, they leaue no signe
Of this swift death, the palme is only thine
Of all the Libyan snakes; the foule take they,
But thou alone the carcasse tak'st away.
But lo a death quite contrary to it;
Marsian Nasidius an hot Prester bit.
Whose face, and cheekes a suddaine fire did rost;
His flesh, and skin was stretch'd, his shape was lost.

His

His ſwelling body is diſtended far
Paſt humane growth, and vndiſtinguiſhd are
His limmes; all parts the poiſon doth confound,
And he lyes hid, in his owne body drown'd:
Nor can his armour keepe his ſwolne growth in.
Not more doth boyling water riſe within
A brazen caldron, nor are ſailes more ſwell'd
By Weſterne windes. No limme he now can weild.
A globe deform'd he is, an heape confus'd.
Which ravening beaſts did feare, which birds refus'd:
To which his friends durſt doe no obſequy,
Nor touch, but from the growing carcaſſe fly.
But yet theſe ſnakes preſent more horrid ſights,
A fierce *Hamorrhus* noble *Tullus* bites,
A braue young man, that ſtudyed *Catoes* worth,
And as in pouncing of a picture, forth
Through every hole the preſſed ſaffron goes,
So from his every part red poiſon flowes
For blood; his teares were blood: from every pore,
Where nature vented moiſture heretofore,
His mouth, his noſe, flowes blood: his ſweate is red:
His running veines all parts be bloodyed.
And his whole body's but one wound become.
An Aſpes ſharpe bite did *Lucus* heart benum;
No paine he felt, ſurpris'd with ſudaine ſleepe
He dy'd, deſcending to the Stygian deepe.
Not halfe ſo ſuddaine doe thoſe poyſons kill,
Which dire Sabæan ſorcerers diſtill
From off the falſely ſeeming Sabine tree.
On an old ſtumpe a dart-like ſnake did ly,
Which, as from thence her ſelfe ſhe nimbly threw,
Through *Paulus* head, and wounded temples flew.
Twas not the poiſon wrought his fate, the blow
It ſelfe brought death. To her compared ſlow
Fly ſtones from ſlings, and not ſo ſwift as ſhe
From Parthian bowes doe winged arrowes flee.

What help'd it wretched *Marrus* that he did
Kill a fierce Basiliske? the poyson slid
Along his speare, and fastned on his hand,
Which he cut off, and then did safely stand
With that hands losse, viewing securely there
The sad example of his death so neare.
Who would haue thought the knotty Scorpion had
Such power in killing, or a sting so bad?
Her straight stroke won, when she *Orion* slew,
A trophee, which the constellations shew.
Who, small Solpuga, from thy hole would flee?
Yet the three sisters giue their power to thee.
So that no rest they found by night, nor day;
They fear'd the ground it selfe, on which they lay.
For neither heapes of leaues, nor reedes they found
To make them beds but on the naked ground
Expos'd their bodyes, whose warme vapours steame
By night attracted the cold snakes to them
Whose harmelesse jawes, whileſt nights astringents cold
The poyson freez'd, vnhurt their bosomes hold.
Nor by the guidance of the stars their way
Can they discerne, but oft complayning say
Restore, oh gods, to vs those wars againe,
From which we fled: restore Pharsalia's plaine.
Why should we dy, whose liues deuoted were,
And sworne to war, the death of cowards here?
The Dipsases on *Cæsars* party are,
And horned snakes helpe end our ciuill war.
Oh let vs goe, where the hot zone doth ly.
'Twould ease our grieued hearts, that to the sky
We might ascribe our deaths. In nought doe we
Accuse thee, Affrica, or nature thee.
For thou this monster bearing country tane
From mens plantation, didst for snakes ordaine.
This land all barren, where no corne could thriue,
Thou mad'st, that men might from these serpents liue.

But

But we are come into their dwellings here.
Take punishment on vs, thou god, who ere
Hating our iourney, didst the world divide,
Placing the doubtfull Syrtes on one side,
The torrid zone on tother, deaths sad seate
Plac'd in the midst. To thy most hid retreat
Our civill war dares goe; to the worlds end
Our wayes, through natures secrets prying, tend.
Worse things, perchance, must be endur'd then this.
The pole declines, the setting Sunne doth hisse
Drench'd in the sea. No land doth further ly
This way; then *Iubaes* woefull monarchy
Knowne but by fame, we shall perchance againe
Wish for this serpents land; th' aire doth containe
Some comfort yet: some things are living here.
Alas, we wish not for our country deare,
Europe, nor Asia, different Sunnes which see:
Vnder what pole, oh Affricke, left we thee?
'Twas winter at Cyrene when we lay:
Is the yeares course chang'd in so small a way?
The South is at our backes: to th' adverse pole
Our journey tends; about the world we rowle.
We are, perchance, Antipodes to Rome.
Let this our comfort be, Let *Cæsar* come,
Oh let our foes pursue where we haue fled.
Thus they in sad complaints vnburdened
Their loaded patience. *Catoes* vertue kepes
Them proofe 'gainst any labour, who still sleepes
Vpon the naked sands, and every bower,
Present at every fate, tempts fortunes power.
Comes at all calls; his presence doth bestow
Farre more then health, a strength to vndergoe
Even death it selfe. Whileſt *Cato's* standing by
They are asham'd impatiently to dy.
What power ore him had any misery?
Whose presence griefe in others breasts subdew'd,

And what small power can be in sorrow shew'd.
Some ease at last did tired fortune giue
To their long suffrings, there a natiō liue
Marinarian (*d*) Psylls, from serpents biting free.
They arm'd with powerfull incantations be.
Their blood's secure, and, though they did not charme,
By touch of poyson cannot suffer harme.
The places nature this did justly giue,
That serpent-free they might with serpents liue.
Twas well, that in this poysonous aire they breath;
For peace is made betwixt themselues, and death.
Of their owne broodes such certaine proofes haue all,
That when to ground a new-borne childe doth fall,
Fearing strange *Venus* hath their beds defil'd,
By deadly Aspes they try the doubted childe.
As th' Eagle when her Eaglets are disclos'd,
Loues them against the rising Sunne expos'd;
Those that with fledy eye can view his beames,
And boldly gaze, those only she esteemes,
The other that scornes the Psylls so count it there
Their nations pledge, if infants doe not feare
The serpents touch, or freely play with snakes.
They not content with their owne safety, take
For strangers care; and following th' army then
Against those serpents aided *Catoes* men
For when the campe was pitch'd, those sands, that lay
Within the compasse of the trenches, they
Did purge with snake-expelling charmes throughout,
And medcinable fires made round about.
Their Wallwort crackes and fennell gumme doth fry,
Thin Tamariske, Thessalian *Centory*,
Strong *Panace*, Arabian Pepperwort,
Sicilian *Thapsos* burn'd with Sulphurwort,
Larche trees, and Southernewood, which serpents dread
And hornes of flags far off from Affricke bred.

So

So night was safe. If slung by day they were,
That magicke nations miracles appeare;
For 'gainst the Psyl's the taken venome striues;
Markes to the wounded place their spittle giues;
Whose force the poyson in the wound doth slay.
Then with a foaming tongue dire charmes they say
In ceaseleſſe murmurs. For no time to breath
The danger giues. Approaching speedy death
Admits no silence. Oft hath poyson tane
In th'inmoſt parts bin charm'd away againe.
But, when call'd out by their commanding tongue,
If any poyson dare to tarry long,
Then falling downe they licke the pallid wound,
And with a gentle bite squeezing it round
Sucke with their mouths the poyson out, and it
Extracted from the key-cold body spit.
And in their mouths taſting the poyson well
VVhat serpent deepeſt bit the Psylls can tell.
Now ore the fields encourag'd by their aide
The Roman souldiers wander'd leſſe afraide.
Thus *Cato* treading sands of Libya
The Moone twice waning, and twice wexing saw.
Now more and more the sands to harden gan,
And Affricks thicken'd ground grew giue againe.
Trees here, and there began t'extend their shade:
And cottages of reeds and sedges made.
How great an hope of better ground had they,
VVhen firſt they saw fierce Lions croſſe their way?
Leptis was neer'ſt which quiet harbour lent.
Their winter free from heat, and stormes they spent.
Now *Cæsar* with Pharsaliaes slaughter cloy'd
Leaving all other cares, his thoughts employ'd
In the pourſuite of *Pompey*, and was brought
(VVhen he his steps by land had vainely sought)
By fames report to sea, and paſſed ore
The Thracian straights, and that loue-famed shore,

VVhere once faire *Heroes* wofull turrets stood;
VVhere *Helles* trance'ly new-nam'd the flood.
No arme of sea bounds with a streame so small
Asia from Europe, though Propontis fall
Narrow into the Euxine sea, and from
Purple Chalcedon part Byzantium.
Thence goes to fre renown'd Sigæan sands,
The streame of Simois, and Rhætæan lands
Fam'd for the Græcian worthyes tombe, where ly
Great ghosts so much in debt to Poetry.
Such'd Troyes yet honour'd name he goes about,
To finde th'old wall of great *Apollo* out.
Now fruitlesse trees, old oakes with putrify'd,
And rotten roots the Trojan houses hide,
And temples of their gods, all Troy's orespred
VVith bushes thicke, her ruines ruined.
He sees the bridall groue, *Anchises* lodg'd,
Hesiones rocke, the caue where *Paris* judg'd,
VVhere nimph *Oenone* plav'd, the place so fam'd
For *Ganimedes* rape, each stone is nam'd,
A little gliding streame, which *Xanthus* was,
Vnknowne he past, and in the lofty grasse
Securely trode; a Phrygian straight forbid
Him tread on *Hectors* dust: with ruines hid
The stone retain'd no sacred memory.
Respect you not great *Hectors* tombe, quoth he!
Oh great, and sacred worke of Poesy,
That freest from fate, and giv'st eternity
To mortall wights; but, *Cæsar* envy not
Their living names, if Roman muses ought
May promise thee, while *Homer's* honoured,
By future times shall thou, and I be read;
No age shall vs with darke oblivion staine,
But our Pharsalia ever shall remaine.
Then *Cæsar* pleas'd with sight of these so prais'd
Antiquities, a greene turfe-alter rais'd,

And

And by the frankincenſe-fed fire prepar'd
Theſe orizons not vaine; you gods, that guard
Theſe *Heroes* duſt, and in Troyes ruines reigne:
Aeneas houſhold gods, that ſtill maintaine
In Alba, and Lavinia your ſhrines,
Vpon whoſe altars fire yet Troian ſhines;
Thou ſacred temple clos'd Palladium,
That in the fight of man did'ſt never come,
The greateſt heire of all *Iulus* race
Here in your former ſeate implores your grace,
And pious incenſe on your altars layes;
Proſper my courſe, and thankefull Rome ſhall raiſe
Troyes walls againe, your people Ile reſtore,
And build a Roman Troy. This ſaid, to ſhore
He haſts, takes ſhipping, and to *Ceres* lends
His full-ſpread ſailes with haſt to make amends
For theſe delayes, and with a proſperous winde
Leaues wealthy Aſia, and faire Rhodes behinde.
The VVeſt-winde blowing ſtill, the ſeaventh night
Diſcevers Ægyptus ſhore by Pharian light.
But ere they reach the harbour, day appeares,
And dimmes the nightly fires, when *Caſar* heares
Strange tumults on the ſhore, noiſes of men,
And doubtfull murmurings, and fearing then
To truſt himſelfe at land, ſtayes in his fleete;
VVhom ſtraight *Achillas* launches forth to meete
Bringing his Kings dire gift great *Pompey's* head
VVith an Ægyptian mantle covered;
And thus his crime with impious words to grace.
Lord of the world, greateſt of Roman race,
And now ſecure (which yet thou doeſt not know)
In *Pompey's* death, my King doth heere beſtow
VVhat only wanted in Pharſalia's field,
And what thy warre, and travells end will yeild:
VVe in thy abſence finiſh'd civill war.
For *Pompey* heere deſiring to repaire

Theſſalia's

Theſſalia's ruines, by our ſword lyes ſlaine,
By this great pledge, *Caſar*, we ſeeke to gaine
Thy loue, and in his blood our league to make,
Heere without bloodſhed Ægypts kingdome take,
Take all Niles fertile regions, and receiue
VVhat euer thou for *Pompey's* head would'ſt giue:
Thinke him a freind worthy thine armes to haue,
To whom the fates ſuch power ore *Pompey* gaue.
Nor thinke his merit cheape, ſince brought to paſſe
VVith eaſy ſlaughter, his old freind he was,
And to his baniſh'd father did reſtore
The crowne of Ægypt. But why ſpeake I more?
Finde thou a name for this great worke of his,
Or aske the world; if villany it is,
The more thou ow'ſt to him, that from thee tooke
This act of villany. Thus having ſpoke
Straight he vncouers, and preſents the head,
VVhoſe ſcarſe-knowne lookes pale death had altered.
Caſar at firſt his gift would not refuſe,
Nor turne his eyes away, but fixtly veiwes
Till he perceiu'd 'twas true, and plainely ſaw
'Twas ſafe to be a pious father in law;
Then ſhed forc'd teares, and from a joyfull breaſt
Drew ſighs, and grones, as thinking teares would beſt
Conceale his inward joy: ſo quite orethrowes
The tyrants merit, and doth rather chooſe
The weepe, then ow to him for *Pompey's* head.
He that on ſlaughter'd Senators could tread,
And ſee the blood-ſtain'd fields of Theſſaly
Dry-ey'd, to thee alone durſt not deny
The tribute of his eyes. Strange turne of fate,
Weep'ſt thou for him, whom thou with impious hate
Caſar, ſo long purſu'dſt? could not the loue
Of Daughter, Nephew, not alliance moue?
Think'ſt thou among theſe people, that bewaile
Great *Pompey's* death, theſe teares can ought availe

Perchance

Perchance thou envy'ſt *Ptolomeys* dire fact;
And griev'ſt that any had the power to act
This but thy ſelfe, that the revenge of war
Was loſt, and taken from the conquerer.
What cauſe ſo ever did thy ſorrow moue,
It was far diſtant from a pious loue.
Was this the cauſe that thy purſuite did draw
Ore land, and ſea, to ſaue thy ſonne in law?
'Twas well, ſad fortune tooke the doome from thee,
And ſpar'd ſo far a Roman modeſty,
As not to ſuffer thee, falſe man, to giue
Pardon to him, or pity him aliue,
Yet to deceiue the would, and gaine beleife
Thou add'ſt a language to thy fained greife.
Thy bloody preſent from our preſence beare,
For worſe from *Cæſar*, then ſlaine *Pompey* here
Your wickedneſſe deſerues, the only meede
Of ciuill warre, to ſpare the conquered
We looſe by this, and did not *Ptolomey*
His ſiſter hate, I cou'ld with eaſe repay
This gift of his, and for ſo blacke a deede
Returne his ſiſter *Cleopatraa* head.
Why wag'd he ſecret war, or why durſt he
Thus thruſt his ſword into our worke? did we
By our Phatſalian victory afford
Your King this power, or license Ægypts ſword?
I brook'd not *Pompey* to beare ſhare with me
In rule of Rome, and ſhall I *Ptolomey*?
All nations joyned in our war in vaine,
If any other power on earth remaine
But *Cæſar* now; if any land ſerue two.
We were determin'd from your ſhore to goe,
But fame forbid vs, leſt we ſhould ſeeme more
To feare then hate dire Ægypts bloody ſhore.
And doe not thinke you haue deceiued me:
To vs was meant ſuch hoſpitality.

And

And 'twas our fortune in Theſſaliaes war,
That frees this head. VVith greater danger far
Then could be fear'd, we fought. I fear'd the doome
Of baniſhment, the threats of wrathfull Rome,
And *Pompey's* force: but bad I fled, I ſee
My puniſhment had come from *Ptolomey*.
VVe ſpare his age, and pardon his foule fact;
For let your King for ſuch a deed expect
No more then pardon. But doe you enterre
This VVorthy's head: not that the earth may beare,
And hide your guilt; bring fumes, and odours ſtore
T'appeaſe his head, and gather from the ſhore
His ſcatter'd limbs, compoſe them in one tombe.
Let his deare ghoſt perceiue that *Caſar's* come,
And heare my pious griefe. VVhilſt he preferrs
All deſperate hazards before me, and dares
Rather to truſt his life with *Ptolomey*,
The people all haue loſt a joyfull day,
The world our peace: the gods my prayers deny'd
That laying theſe victorious armes aſide
I might embrace thee, *Pompey*, and requeſt
Our former life, and loue, and thinke me bleſt
After this war thy equall ſtill to be,
Then had my faithfull loue perſwaded thee
Though conquer'd to excuſe the gods, and make
Thee Rome, to pardon me. Though thus he ſpake,
He found no partners in his griefe; the reſt
Belett not his, and their owne teares ſuppreſt,
And durſt (oh happy freedome) with dry eye
Though *Caſar* wept, behold this tragedy.

FINIS.

Annotations on the ninth Booke.

(a) *Whilest the event of the civill war was yet doubtfull, and both the Generalls were possessed of their full strengths*, Cato *was fearefull of both their intents, and hated them both; as fearing that the conquerer would captive his countrey; but after the battell of Pharsalia was fought and* Cæsar *had conquered, he was then wholly of* Pompey's *side, desiring to vphold the party vanquished*

(b) Pompey *the great pursuing* Cæsar *into Thessalia, had left* Cato *with a great strength to guard Dyrachium who hearing the overthrow, and flight of* Pompey, *marched away to take shipping at Corcyra, and follow* Pompey *to ioyne his strength with him.*

(c) Cato *at Cyrene hearing that* Lucius Scipio *the father in-law of* Pompey *the great was ioyned in Affrica with* Iuba *King of Mauritania, and that* Atius Varus, *whom* Pompey *had deputed his Lieutenant in Affrica, was there also marched overland thither, in which march being thirty dayes vpon those desart sands, and with admirable patience, and magnanimity enduring the iourny; forsaking his horse alwayes, and marching a foot in the head of his army, to teach his souldiers, rather then command them to endure hardnesse; he arrived at last at* Iuba's *court; where, though the souldiers with one voice elected him Generall, he refused the charge, and chose rather to serue vnder* Scipio, *then command himselfe in chiefe.*

(d) *These Psylli are a people inhabiting those parts of Affrica fortifyed by nature with an incredible priveledge against the strength of poison, and sustaine no harme by the biting of serpents. The serpents (saith* Pliny) *are afraid of them, and when others are bitten, these Psylli by suck-*

ing

*ing the wounds, and muttering some charmes doe easily cure them. They haue a cu*ſ*tome (as writers report) when their children are borne, if the father ſuſpect his wiues chaſtity, he expoſes the infant to all kind of ſerpents, if begotten by a ſtranger, the child dyeth, but if lawfully begotten, the priveledge of his fathers blood protecteth him againſt the venome.*

LVCANS

LVCANS

Pharſalia.

The Tenth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæſar in Ægypt fearleſſe walkes, and ſees
Their temples, tombes, and ſam'd antiquityes.
Before his feete faire Cleopatra *kneeles,*
Whom to her brother king he reconciles.
With ſumptuous feaſts this peace they celebrate,
To Cæſars *eare* Achoreus *doth relate*
Niles ebbes, and flowes, and long concealed ſpring.
Within the pallace Cæſar, *and the King*
By ſterne Achillas *are beſieg'd by night.*
Cæſar *to* Pharos *takes a ſecret flight;*
There from his ſhip he leapes into the waues,
And his endanger'd life by ſwimming ſaues.

WHen *Cæſar* firſt, poſſeſt of *Pompey's* head,
Arriued there, and thoſe dire ſands did tread:
His fortune ſtroue with guilty Ægyps fate,
Whether that Rome that land ſhould captiuate;
Or Ægyps ſword take from the world the head
Both of the Conquerer, and the conquered.

Pompey

Pompey, thy ghost prevailes, thy *Manes* free
Cæsar from death, lest Nile should after thee
Be by the Romans lov'd. He goes from thence
To Alexandria arm'd with confidence
In this dire mischiefes pledge, following along
His fasces. But perceiving that the throng
Of people murmur'd that in Ægypt he
Bore th' Ensignes vp of Romes authority,
He findes their wavering faiths, perceiving plaine
That for his sake great *Pompey* was not slaine.
Then with a looke still hiding feare goes he
The stately temple of th'old god to see,
VVhich speakes the ancient Macedonian greatnesse.
But there delighted with no objects sweetnesse,
Not with their gold, nor gods majestike dresse,
Nor lofty city walls, with greedinesse
Into the burying vault goes *Cæsar* downe
There Macedonian *Philip's* mad-brain'd son
The prosperous theise lyes buryed: whom just fate
Slew in the worlds revenge: vaults consecrate
Containe those limbs, which through the world 'twere
To cast a road: but fortune spar'd his dust, (just
And to that Kingdomes end his fate remain'd.
If ere the world her fierdome had attaind,
He for a mocke had beene reserv'd, whose birth
Brought such a dire example to the earth,
So many lands to be possest by one,
Scorning the narrow bounds of Macedon,
And Athens, which his father had subdew'd:
Through Asian lands with human slaughter strew'd,
Led by too forward fates he rushes on,
Driving his sword through every nation:
Rivers vnknowne, Euphrates he distaines
VVith Persians blood Ganges with Indians:
Th'earth at all mischiefe, lightning dire, that rent
All people, and a star malevolent

To

To nations. To invade the South-east sea
He built a fleete. Not barren Libya,
Water, nor heate, nor Ammons desart sands
Could stop his course. Vpon the Westerne lands
(Following the worlds decrese) he meant to tread,
To compasse both the poles, and drinke Niles head.
But death did mete his course; that cheeke alone
Could nature giue this Kings ambition?
Who to his graue the worlds sole Empire bore,
With the same envy, that 'twas got before;
And wanting heires left all he did obtaine
To be divided by the sword againe.
But fear'd in Parthia; and his Babylon
He dy'd. Oh shame, that Easterne nation
Then trembled at the Macedonian speare
Farre more, then now the Roman pile they feare.
Though all the North, the West, and South be ours,
In th' East the Parthian King contemnes our powers.
That, which to *Crassus* proou'd a fatall place,
A secure province to small *Pella* was.
Now the yong King come from Pelusium
Had pacify'd the peoples wrath: in whom
As hostage of his peace, in Ægypts court
Cæsar was safe; when loe from Pharos port,
Bribing the keeper to vnchaine the same,
In a small galley *Cleopatra* came
Vnknowne to *Cæsar* entering the house;
The staine of Ægypt, Romes pernicious
Fury, vnchast to leaues disgrace,
As much as *Helena's* bewitching face
Fatall to Troy, and her owne Greekes did proouc,
As much Romes broiles did *Cleopatra* moouc.
Our Capitall she with her Sistrum feare'd,
VVith Ægypts base effeminate rout prepar'd
To seize Romes Eagles, and a triumph get
Ore captiv'd *Cæsar*: when at *Leucas* fleet

It doubtfull stood, whether the world that day
A woman, and not Roman should obey.
Her priles first spring that impious night had bin,
That with our chiefes mixt that incestuous queene.
Who would not pardon *Antonyes* mad loue,
When *Cæsars* flinty breast desires could moue
In midst of war, when heat of fight rag'd most,
And in a court haunted by *Pompey's* ghost?
Embrew'd with blood from dire Pharsalias field
Could he vnto adultrous *Venus* yeild?
And mixe with warlike cares (oh shameleſſe head)
A bastard issue, and vnlawfull bed;
Forgetting *Pompey*, to beget a brother
To thee, faire *Iulia*, on a strumpet mother:
Suffring the forces of his scattered foes
To ioyne in Affrike, basely he bestowes
Time in Ægyptian leue, a conquerer
Not for himselfe, but to bestow on her;
Whom trusting to her beauty, without teares,
Though gesture sad, with looſe, as if rent haires,
Dreſt in a beauticus, and becomming woe
Did *Cleopatra* meete, bespeaking so:
If, mighty *Cæsar*, nobleneſſe there be,
Ægyptian *Lagus* royall issue I,
Depos'd and banisht from my fathers state,
If thy great hand reſtore my former fate,
Kneele at thy feet a queene; vnto our nation
Thou doſt appeare a gratious conſtellation.
I am not the first woman that hath swey'd
The Pharian sceptre: Ægypt has obay'd
A queene; not sexe excepted: I desire
Thee read the will of my deceased Sire,
Who left me there a partner to enjoy
My brothers crowne, and marriage bed. The boy
(I know) would loue his sister, were he free:
But all his power, will, and affections be

Vnder

Vnder *Photinus* gitdle; To obtaine
The crowne I beg not, *Cæsar* from this staine
Free thou our house: command the King to be
A King, and free from servants tyranny.
Shall slaues so proud of *Pompey's* slaughter be,
Threatning the same (which fates auert) to thee?
Cæsar, 'tis shame enough to th'earth, and thee
His death *Photinus* gift, and guilt should be.
Her suite in *Cæsars* eares had found small grace,
But beauty pleades, and that incestuous face
Preuailes; the pleasures of a wanton bed
Corrupt the iudge. The King had purchased
His peace with weighty summes of gold; which done,
With sumptuous feasts th's glad accord they crowne.
Her riot forth in highest pompe (not yet
Transferr'd to Rome) did *Cleopatra* set.
The house excell'd those temples, which men build
In wicked'st times, the high-arch'd rooses were fill'd
With wealth? high trestles golden tables bore:
Nor did carv'd marble only cover ore
The house; alone th'vnmixt *Athaces* stood,
And pillars of red marble: their feet troad
On pauements of rich Onyx: pillars there
Not coverd with Ægyptian Eben were;
Eben was timber there, and that rich wood
Not to adorne, but prop the Pallace stood.
The roomes with Ivory glister'd, and each dore
Inlay'd with indian shels, embell-sh'd ore
With choisest Emeralds: the beds all shone
With richest gems, and yellow Iasper stone,
Coverlids rich, some purple dy'd in graine,
Whose tincture was not from one Caldron tane,
Part woue of glittering gold, part scarlet dy,
As is th' Ægyptian vse of Tapestry:
The serviteurs stood by, and waiting pages,
Some different in complexions, some in ages;

Some of blacke Libyan hew, some golden haires,
That *Cæsar* yeilds in all his German wars
He nere had seene so bright a yellow haire:
Some stiffe curl'd lockes on Sun-burnt sore heads weare.
Besides th'vnhappy strength robb'd company
The Eunuch'd youths: neere these were standing by
Youths of a stronger age, yet those so young
Scarse any downe darkning their cheekes was sprung.
Downe sate the Princes, and the higher power
Cæsar, her hurtfull face all painted ore
Sate *Cleopatra*, not content alone
T'enjoy her brothers bed, nor Ægypts crowne:
Laden with pearles? the read seas spoyled store
On her rich haire, and weary'd necke she wore.
Her snowy breasts their whitenesse did display
Through the thin Sidonian tiffenay
VVrought, and extended by the curious hand
Of Ægypts workemen. Citron tables stand
On Ivory trestells, such as *Cæsars* eyes
Saw not, when he King *Iuba* did surprise.
O blinde ambitious madnesse to declare
Your wealth to him, that makes a civill war,
And tempt an armed guest. For though that he
Sought not for wealth by wars impiety,
And the worlds wracke: suppose our cheifes of old
VVere there, compos'd of that poore ages mould,
Fabricius, *Curis* grave, or that plaine man
That Consull from th'Etrurian plowes was tane,
VVere sitting at those tables, whom to Rome
VVith such a tryumph he would wish to come.
In golden plate they fill their feasting bords
VVith what the aire, the earth, or Nile affords,
VVhat luxury with vaine ambition had
Sought through the world, and not as hunger bad,
Beasts, foules, the gods of Ægypt are devour'd:
From christall ewers is Niles water powr'd

Vpon

Vpon their hands: ſtudded with gemmes that ſhine
Their bowles conteine no Marcotike wine,
But ſtrong, and ſparkling wines of Meroe,
To whom few yeeres giue full maturity.
VVith fragrant Nard, and never-fading roſe
Their heads are crown'd: their haire anointed flowes
VVith ſweeteſt cinnamon, that has not ſpent
His ſavour in the aire, nor loſt his ſent
In forreine climes: and freſh Amomum brought
From harveſts neere at hand, there *Caſar's* taught
The riches of the ſpoiled world to take;
And is aſham'd that he a war did make
VVith his poore ſonne in law, deſiring now
Some quarrell would twixt him, and Ægypt grow.
VVhen wine, and cares had tir'd their glutted pleaſure,
Caſar begins with long diſcourſe to meaſure
The howres of night, beſpeaking gently thus
The linnen-veſted graue *Athenæus*:
Old man deuoted to religion,
And, (which thine age confirmes) deſpis'd by none
Of all the gods, to longing eares relate
Ægyptes originall, her ſite, and ſtate,
VVorſhip of gods, and what doth ere remaine
In your old temples character'd, explaine.
The gods, that would be knowne, to vs vnfold,
If your forefathers their religion told
T' Athenian *Plato* once, when had you ere
A gueſt more worthy, or more fit to heare?
Rumor of *Pompey* drew our march thus far,
And fame of you, for ſtill in mid'ſt of war
I leaſure had of heaven, and gods to heare,
And the ſtars courſe: nor ſhall *Eudoxus* yeare
Excell my Conſulſhip. But though ſo much
My vertue be, my loue of truth be ſuch,
There's nought I more deſire to know at all
Then Niles hid head, and ſtrange originall

So many yeares vnknowne: grant but to me
A certaine hope the head of Nile to see,
Ile leaue off ciuill war. *Cæsar* had done,
When thus diuine *Acheorem* begun:
Let it be lawfull, *Cæsar* to vnfold
Our great forefathers secrets hid of old
From the lay people. Let who ere suppose
It piety to keepe these wonders close:
I thinke the gods are pleas'd to be made knowne;
And haue their sacred lawes to people showne: (course,
Planets, which crosse, and slacke the tenth sphæres
Had from the worlds first law their different powers.
The Sun deuides the yeares, makes nights, and dayes,
Dimmes other starres with his resplendent rayes.
And their wi'de courses moderates; the tides
Of Thetis *Phabes* growth, and waning guides.
Saturne cold i.e, and frozen zones obtaines;
Mars stirs the windes, and winged lightning reignes;
Quiet well temper'd aire doth *Iuno* possesse;
The seedes of all things *Venus* cherishes;
Cyllenius rules ore waters which are great;
He when he enters, where the dog-starre heat,
And burning fire's display'd, there where the signe
Of *Cancer* hot doth with the Lyon ioyne,
And where the Zodiacke holds his *Capricorne*,
And *Cancer*, vnder which Niles head is borne:
Ore which when *Mercuryes* proud fires doe stand,
And in a line direct, (as by command
Of Phæbe the obeying Ocean growes)
So from his open'd fountaine Nilus flowes;
Nor ebbs againe till night haue from the Sun
Those howers recouer'd, which the summer won.
Vaine was the old opinion, that Niles flow
Was caus'd, or help'd by Æthiopian snow.
For on those hills cold Boreas never blowes.
As there the natiues Sunburnt visage showes,

And

And moist hot Southerne windes. Besides the head
Of every streame, that from thaw'd ice is bred,
Swells then, when first the spring dissolues the snowes.
But Nile before the dog dayes never flowes,
Nor is confin'd within his bankes againe
Till the Autumnal æquinoctian:
Thence tis he knowes no lawes of other streames,
Nor swells in winter, when *Sols* scorching beames
Are far remote, his waters want their end:
But Nile comes forth in summer time to lend
A cooler temper to the sweltring aire,
Vnder the torrid zone, least fire impaire
The earth, vnto her succour Nilus drawes,
And swells against the Lyons burning jawes.
And when hot *Cancer* his *Sonne* burnes,
Vnto her aide implored Nilus turnes:
Nor till the Sun to Autumne doe descend,
And that hot Meroë her shades extend,
Doth he restore againe the drowned field.
Who can the causes of this flowing yeild?
Even so our mother nature hath decreed
That Nile should flow, and so the world hath neede.
As vainely doth antiquity declare
The West windes cause of this increases are,
Which keepe their seasons strictly, and long stay,
And beare within the aire continu'd sway.
These from the Westerne parts all clouds exile
Beyond the South, and hang them over Nile:
Or else their blasts the rivers current meets,
And will not let it to the Ocean gett;
Prevented so from falling to the maine
The streame swells backe, and overflowes the plaine.
Some through the cavernes of earths hollow wonbe
In secret channells thinke these waters come
Attracted to th' æquator from the cold
North clime, when *Sol* his Mansion doth hold,

The scorched earth attracting water, thither
Ganges, and Padus flow vnseene together:
Venting all riuers at one fountaine so
VVithin one channell Nilus cannot goe.
From th'Ocean swelling, which beguirts about
All lands, some thinke, encreased Nile breakes out;
The waters loose, ere they so far haue ran,
Their slendrest quite. Besides the Ocean
Is the stars food, we thinke, which *Phœbus* drawes,
VVhen he possesseth fiery *Cancers* claws.
More then the aire digests attracted so
Falls backe by night, and ouses Nilus flow.
I thinke if I may iudge so great a case,
Some waters since the world created was,
In after ages from some broken vaine
Of earth haue growne; some god did then ordaine,
VVhen he created all the world, whose tides
By certaine lawes the great Creator guides.
Cæsar's desire to know our Nilus spring
Possest th Ægyptian, Persian, Gracian King;
No age but strou'd to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Philipp's great son, *Memphis* most honourd King
Sent to th'earths vtmost bounds to finde Niles spring
Choise Æthiops; they trode the sunburnt ground
Of the hot zone, and there warme Nilus found.
The farthest VVest our great *Sesostris* saw,
VVhilest captiue Kings, did his proud charriot draw:
Yet there your Rhodanus, and Padus spy'd
Before our Niles hid fountaine he descry'd.
The mad Cambises to the Easterne lands,
And long-liu'd people came. His famisht bands
Quite spent, and with each others (*a*) slaughter fed
Return'd thou, Nile, yet vndiscouered.
No tale dares mention thine originall,
Th'art sought, wherever seene. No land at all

Can

Can boast that Nile is hers. Yet Ile reveale,
As far as that fame god, that doth conceale
Thy spring, inspires me. From th' Antarticke pole
Vnder hot Cancer doe thy surges rowle
Directly North, winding to East and VVest,
Sometimes th' Arabians, sometimes Libyans blest
VVith fruitfullnesse thou mak'st, the Seres spy
Thee first, and seeke thee too, thy channell by
The Æthiopians, as a stranger flowes:
And the world knowes not to what land it owes
Thy sacred head, which nature hid from all,
Least any land should see thee, Nilus, small.
She turn'd away thy spring, and did desire
No land should know it, but all lands admire.
Thou in the summer Solstice art oreflowne
Bringing with thee a winter of thine owne,
VVhen winter is not ours: nature alone
Suffers thy streames to both the poles to run.
Not there thy mouth, not heere thy spring is found.
Thy parted channell doth encompasse round
Meroe fruitfull to blacke husband-men,
And rich in Eben wood: whose leaues, though greene,
Can with no shade asswage the summers heat,
Vnder the Lion so directly set.
From thence thy current with no waters losse
Ore the hot zone, and barren deserts goes,
Sometimes collected in one channell going,
Sometimes dis'pers'd and yeilding bankes oreflowing.
His parted armes againe collected slide
In one slow streame, where *Phalæ* doth divide
Arabia from Ægypt Ore the sand,
VVhere the red sea by one small necke of land
From ours is kept, thou, Nile, dost gently flow.
Oh who wou'd thinke thou ere so rough couldst grow
That sees thee gentle heere, but when thy way
Steepe Cataracts, and craggy rockes would stay,

Thy

Thy never-curbed waues with scorne despise
Those petty lets, and foaming laue the skyes:
Thy waters sound, with noise the neighbouring hills
Thy conquering streame with froath grown hoary fills.
Hence he with fury first assaults that Ile,
Which our forefathers did *Abatos* stile,
And those neare rockes, which they were pleas'd to call
The rivers veines, because they first of all
His swelling growth did show. Hence nature did
His straglíng waues within high mountaines hide,
Which part thee, Nile, from Affricke; betwixt those
As in a vale thy pent vp water flowes.
At *Memphis* first thou runn'st in fields, and plaines,
VVhere thy proud streame all bankes, and bounds dis-
Thus they secure, as if in peace, a part (daines.
Of night discours'd. But base *Pharsian* heart
Once staín'd with sacred blood, could nere be free
From horrid thoughts. Since *Pompey's* murder he
Counts nought a crime? great *Pompey's Manes* bide
Within his breast, and vengefull furyes guide
His thoughts to monsters new, hoping to staine
Base hands with *Cæsars* blood, which fates ordaine
Great Senators shall shed. Fate to a slaue
That day almost the Senates vengeance gaue,
The mulct of civill war. Oh gods defend,
Let none that life in *Brutus* absence end.
Shall th'execution of Romes tirant be
Base Ægypts crime, and that example dy?
Bold man, he makes attempt against fates course,
Nor at close murder aimes, by open force
A most vnconquer'd Captaine he assaults;
So much are mindes emboldén'd by their faults.
He durst the death of *Cæsar* now command,
As *Pompey's* once, and by a faithfull hand
To sterne *Achillas* this dire message send,
VVho shar'd with him in murder'd *Pompey's* end,

VVhom

Whom the weake King against himselfe, and all
Trusts with a strength, his forces generall.
Thou on thy downy-bed securely snort,
Whilest *Cleopatra* hath surpris'd the court.
Pharos is not betray'e, but given away.
Hast thou (though all alone) this match to slay.
Th'incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
Cæsar already has enjoy'd her bed:
Twixt these two husbands Ægypt is her owne,
And Rome her hire for prostitution.
Haue *Cleopatra's* sorceryes beguild
Old *Cæsars* breast, and shall we trust a childe?
Who, if one night incestuously embrac'd
The beastly pleasures of her bed he tast
Cloath'd with the name of marriage, twixt each kisse
He giues my head, and thine, the gibbet is
Our fortune, if he finde his sister sweete.
Hope we no aide from any side to meete:
The King her husband, her adulterer
Cæsar, and we (I grant) both guilty are
In *Cleopatras* sight, where twill appeare
Crime great enough that we are chast from her.
Now by that crime, which we together did,
And left: and by the league we ratifi'd
In *Pompey's* blood, I pray, be speedy here,
Fill on the suddaine all with war, and feare:
Let blood breake off the marriage night, and kill
Our cruell Queene, whose armes so ere she fill
In bed to night. Not feare we *Cæsars* fate:
That which aduanc'd him to this height of state,
The fall of *Pompey*, was our glory too:
Behold the shore, and learne what we can doe,
Our mischeifes hope: behold the bloody'd waue,
And in the dust great *Pompey's* little graue
Scarce couering all his limmes. Hee, whom we feare,
Was but his peere. But we ignoble are

An

In blood: all one: we stir no forreine state,
Nor King to aide, but our owne prosperous fate
To mischeife bring; and still into our hands
Fortune delivers them; see ready stands
Another nobler sacrifice then he;
This second blood appeases Italy.
The blood of *Cæsar* will those staines remoue,
Which *Pompey's* murder stucke, and make Rome loue
Those hands she once thought guilty. Feare not than
His fame, and strength, hee's but a private man
His army absent. This one night shall end
The civill war, and to whole nations send
A sacrifice t' appease their ghosts bestow,
And pay the world that head, which fates doe ow.
Goe confidently then 'gainst *Cæsars* throat:
For *Ptolomey* let Ægypts souldiers doo't,
The Romans for themselues. But stay not thou;
He's high with wine, and fit for *Venus* now.
Doe but attempt, the gods on thee bestow
Th' effect of *Brutus*, and graue *Catoes* vow.
Achillas prone to follow such aduise
Drawes out his army straight in secret wise,
Without loud signalls given, or trumpets noise
Their armed strength he suddainely imployes.
The greatest part were Roman souldiers there,
But so degenerate, and (*b*) chang'd they were
With forreine discipline; that voide of shame
Vnder a barbarous slaues command they came,
Who should disdaine to serue proud Ægypts King.
No faith, nor piety those hirelings bring
That follow campes: where greatest pay is had,
There's greatest right; for money they invade,
Not for their owne just quarrell, *Cæsars* throat.
Oh wickednesse, within what land has not
Our Empires wretched fate found civill warre?
Those troopes remoov'd from Thessaly so far

Rage

Rage Roman-like heere vpon Nilus shore.
What durst the house of *Lagus* venture more
Had they receiv'd great *Pompey?* but each hand
Performes that office, which the gods command:
Each Roman hand helpe to this war must lend.
The gods were so dispos'd Romes state to rend.
Nor now doth *Cæsars*, or great *Pompey's* loue
Diuide the people, or their factions moue.
This ciuill war *Achillas* vndertaker,
A barbarous slaue a Roman faction makes.
And had not fates protected *Cæsars* blood,
This side had won, in time both ready stood;
The court in feasting drown'd did openly
To any treason; and then easily
Might they haue tane at table, *Cæsars* head,
His blood amid'st the feasting gobblets shed.
But in the night tumultuous war they feare,
Promiscuous slaughter rul'd by chance, left there
Their King might fall; so confident they are
Of their owne strength, they hasten not, but spare
So great an actions opportunity.
Slaues thinke differring *Cæsars* death to be
A reparable losse. Till day breake light
His execution is put off. One night
To *Cæsars* life *Protinus* power could giue,
Till *Titan* shew his rising face to liue.
Now on mount Casius *Lucifer* appear'd
With hot, though infant day, had Ægypt chear'd;
When from the wall they veiw'd those troopes afar
March on well ranck'd, and marshall'd for a war,
Not in loose maniples, but ready all
To stand, or giue a charge. The city wall
Cæsar distrusts, and shuts the pallace too,
So poore a seidge enforc'd to vndergoe.
Nor all the house can his small strength maintaine,
One little part great *Cæsar* can containe:

Whilest

Whileſt his great thoughts both feare, and anger beare,
He feares aſſaults, and yet diſdaines to feare,
So in ſmall traps a noble Lyon caught
Rages, and bites his ſcorned goale with wrath;
So would fierce *Vulcane* rage, could any ſtop
Sicilian *Ætnas* fiery cauernes top.
He that in dire Pharſalian fields of late
In a bad cauſe preſum'd on proſperous fate,
And feared not the Senates hoaſt, nor all
The Roman Lords, nor *Pompey* generall,
Fear'd a ſlaues war: he heere aſſaulted tooke
A houſe, whom Sythians bold duſt neere prouoke,
Th' *Alans* fierce, nor Mauritanians hot,
Which faſt-bound ſtrangers barbarouſly ſhoote.
He whom the Roman world could not ſuffice,
Nor all that twixt the Gades, and India lyes,
Like a weake boy ſeekes lurking holes alone.
Or woman in a late ſurpriſid towne:
Nor hopes for ſafety but in keeping cloſe,
And through each roome with ſteps vncertaine goes,
But not without the King; him he retaines
About his perſon ſtill: his life he meanes
Shall the reuenge, and expiation be
Of his owne fate; thy head, ô *Ptolomey*,
He meanes to throw for want of darts, or fire
Againſt thy ſeruants; as *Medea* dire,
VVhen her purſuing Sires reuenge ſhe fled,
Stood arm'd againſt her little brothers head
To ſtay her Sire. But deſperate fate ſo nigh
Enforced *Cæſar* tearmes of peace to try.
A courtier from the abſent King is ſent
To checke his men, and know this wars entent.
But there the law of Nations could obtaine
No power: their Kings Embaſſadour is ſlaine
Treating of peace, to adde one horrid crime
O monſtrous Ægypt, to thy impious clime.

Impious

Impious *Pharnaces Pontus* Theſſaly,
Nor Spaine, nor *Iubaes* far-ſpread monarchy,
Nor barbarous *Syrtis* durſt attempt to doe,
VVhat heere effæminate Ægypt reaches too.
The war on every ſide growes dangerous,
And ſhowres of falling darts even ſhake the houſe.
No battring ram had they to force the wall,
Nor any engine fit for war at all:
Nor vs'd they fire: the skilleſſe people run
Through the vaſt pallace ſcatter'd vp, and downe,
And vſe their joyned ſtrength no where at all:
The fates forbid, and fortune's *Cæſars* wall.
But where the gorgeous pallace proudly ſtands
Into the ſea, from ſhips the Navall bands
Aſſault the houſe; but *Cæſar* every where
Is for defence at hand, and weapons here,
There wild-fire vſes. Though beſiedg'd he be,
Doth the beſiedgers worke (ſuch ſtrength had he
Of conſtant ſpirit) wild fire balls he threw
Among the joyned ſhips; nor ſlowly flew
The flame on pitchy ſhrowds, and bords, that drop
With melted waxe: at once the ſaileyards top,
And loweſt hatches burne. An halfe burnt boate
Here drownes in ſeas, their foes and weapons floate,
Nor ore the ſhips alone doe flames prevaile;
But all the houſes neere the ſhore aſſaile:
The South windes feed the flame, and drive it on
Along the houſes with ſuch motion,
As through the VVelkin fiery meteors run,
That wanting fuell feed on aire alone,
This fire a while the courts beſiedging ſtay'd,
And drew the people to the cityes aide.
Cæſar that time would not in ſleepe beſtow,
VVho well could vſe occaſions, and knew how
In war to take the greateſt benefit
Of ſuddaine chances, ſhips his men by night,

Surpriſes

Surprises Pharos: Pharos heretofore
An Iland was, when prophet *Proteus* wore
That crowne: but joyn'd to Alexandria now.
Two helpes on *Cæsar* doth that fort bestow:
Commands the sea, the foes incursions stay'd,
And made a passage safe for *Cæsars* aide.
He now intends no longer to differ
Proteum (e) death, though not enough severe.
Not fire, nor beasts, nor gibbets reaue his breath,
Slaine with a sword he dyes great *Pompey's* death.
Arsinoe (d) from court escaped goes
By *Ganymede* helpe to *Cæsars* foes,
The crowne (as *Lagus* daughter) to obtaine,
By whose just sword was sterne *Achillas* slaine.
Another to thy ghost is sacrific'd
Pompey, but fortune is not yet suffic'd,
Far be it, gods, that these two deaths should be
His full revenge, the fall of *Ptolomey*,
And Ægypts ruine not enough is thought:
Nor ere can his revenge be fully wrought,
Till *Cæsar* by the Senates swords be slaine.
But though the author's dead, these broiles remaine;
For *Ganymedes* now commander moor'd
A second war, which full of danger proov'd,
So great the peril was, that day alone
Might *Cæsars* name to future times renowne.
While *Cæsar* striues pent vp so closely there
To ship his men from thence, a suddaine feare
Of war did his entended passage meete:
Before his face the foes well-rigged fleete,
Behinde their foote from shore against him fight:
No way of safety's left, valour, nor flight,
Nor scarse doth hope of noble death remaine.
No heapes of bodyes, no whole armyes slaine
Are now requir'd to conquer *Cæsar* there:
A little blood will serue. Whether to feare,

Or

Or wish for death he knowes not. In this same
Sad straite, he thinkes of noble Scæva's fame,
Who at Dyrrachium, when his workes were downe,
Beseidg'd all Pompey's strength himselfe alone:

Th'example rais'd his thoughts, resolv'd to doe
What Scævа *did; but straight a scorne to owe*
His valour to examples, checks againe (restraine.
That high resolue: great thoughts, great thoughts
Yet thus at last; Scæva *was mine, 'twas I*
Nurtur'd that spirit: if like him I dy,
I doe not imitate, but Cæsars *feate*
Rather conformes that Scævas *all was great.*
In this resolue had Cæsar *charg'd them all*
Himselfe alone, and so a glorious fall
(Slaine by a thousand hands at once) had met,
Or else enobled by a death so great
Those thousand hands; but fortune was afraid
To venture Cæsar *further then her aide*
Could lend a famous rescue, and endeare
The danger to him; she discovers neare
Ships of his owne; thither when Cæsar *makes,*
He findes no safety there, but straight forsakes
Those ships againe, and leapes into the maine.
The trembling billowes fear'd to entertaine
So great a pledge of fortune, one to whom
Fate ow'd so many victoryes to come
And Ione *(whilest he on* Cæsars *danger lookes)*
Suspects the truth of th'adamantine bookes.
Who could have thought, but that the gods above
Had now begun to favour Reme, and love

Her liberty againe? and that the fate
Of Pompey's sons, of Cato, and the state
'Gainst Cæsars fortune had prevailed now?
Why doe the powers Celestiall labour so
To be vnjust againe? againe take care
To saue that life they had expos'd so far
That now the danger even in Cæsars eye,
Might cleare their doome of partiality?
But he must liue vntill his fall may proeue
Brutus *and* Cassius *were more iust then* Ioue.
Now all alone on seas doth Cæsar floate;
Himselfe the oares, the Pylot, and the boate;
Yet could not all these offices employ
One mans whole strength, for his left hand on high
Raised, holds vp his papers, and preserues
The same of his past deedes, his right hand serues
To cut the waues, and guard his life alone
'Gainst th' Oceans perills, and all darts, which (throwne
From every side doe darken all the sky.
And make a cloud, though heaven it selfe deny,
Two hundred paces thus alone he swam
Till to the body of his feete he came,
His ere-ioy'd souldiers shouting to the skies
Take sure presage of future victoryes.

FINIS.

Annotations on the tenth Booke.

(a) Cambyſes *the ſon of* Cyrus, *and king of Perſia added to his monarchy the kingdome of Ægypt, he intended a farther war againſt the Æthiopians, which are called* Macrobij *by reaſon of the extraordinary length of their naturall liues. But by reaſon of the tediouſneſſe of the march, and want of proviſion, there was in his army a great famine, that they killed by lot every tenth ſouldier, and fed vpon them.*

(b) Achillas *comming to aſſault* Cæſar *had an army of twenty thouſand, they were many of them Roman ſouldiers, which had ſerued before vnder* Gabinius, *but had changed their manner of life, and corrupted with the riot of Ægypt, had quite forgotten the Roman diſcipline*

(c) Photinus *the Kings tutor remaining with* Cæſar *ſent ſecret encouragements to Achillas to goe forward with his ſiedge, which being diſcouered by interception of his meſſengers he was ſlaine by* Cæſar.

(d) Ganymedes *an Eunuch, and tutor to* Arſinoe *the yonger ſiſter of the King of Ægypt, aſſaulted* Achillas *by treachery, and ſlew him, and being himſelfe made Generall of the army he continued the ſiedge againſt* Cæſar.

FINIS.

THis dying Figure that rare Lucan formes,
Whose lofty genius great Apollo chose
When Roman liberty oppress should dy,
To sing her sad, and solemne obsequy
In stately numbers, high, as Rome was great;
And not so much to verses indebted yet,
As thou, fam'd Maro, when thy infant verse
The Gnats low funerall did first rehearse.
Thy favour'd Muse did finde a different fate:
Thou gott'st Augustus love, he Nero's hate;
But twas an all more great, and high to move
A Princes envy, then a Princes love.

Heu Nero crudelis, nullaq; inuisior umbra,
Debuit hoc saltem non licuisse tibi. Martial

LVCAN'S Pharsalia:

OR

THE CIVILL Warres of *Rome*, betweene POMPEY the great, and IVLIVS CÆSAR.

The whole ten Bookes.

Englished by *Thomas May. Esquire*

LONDON *Printed for Thomas Iones. Anno 1631.*

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The second Edition, corrected, and the Annotations inlarged by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed by *Aug. Mathewes, for Thomas Iones,* and are to be sold at his shop in St. *Dunstanes* Church-yard. 1631.

TO THE RIGHT Honorable WILLIAM, Earle of *Deuonſhire*. &c.

MY LORD,

THE great ſubiect of this ſtately *Poem*, together with the worth of the noble *Author*, haue enboldned me to preſent the Tranſlation (how meanely ſoeuer I haue performed it) to your

Honourable hand. I cannot but presume that the high, and rich conceits of *Lucan* from your deepe iudgement shall finde their proper, and due approbation, and my defects, from your noble *candor*, an easie, and gentle censure. The matter of this Worke is a true History adorned and heightned with *Poetical raptures*, which doe not adulterate, nor corrupt the truth, but giue it a more sweet and pleasant relish. The History of it, is the greatest of Histo-

ries,

ries, the affaires of *Rome*, whose transcendent greatnes will admit no cõparison with other *States* either before, or after it; *Rome* was then at that great height, in which S. *Augustin* wished to haue seen it, which after Ages almost with adoration haue admired, and do rather coniecture then fully comprehend. The blood of her valiant citizens, and the conquests, and triumphs of so many ages had raised her now to that vnhappy height, in which shee

could neither retaine her freedom without great troubles, nor fall into a *Monarchy* but most heavy and distastfull. In one the greatnesse of private Citizens excluded moderation: in the other the vast strength, and forces of the Prince gaue him too absolute and vndetermined a power. The vices of *Rome* did at this time not only grow vp to their power, but overthrow it. *Luxury* and *Pride*, the wicked daughters of so noble a Mother as the *Roman Vertue*,

Vertue, began to consume that which brought them forth. These were the seeds of that faction, which rent the State, and brought in violently a change of governement. The two heads of this great division (if wee may terme *Pompey* the head of a faction, & not rather the true servant of the publike State) were *Pompey* the great, and *Julius Cæsar*, men of greater eminence then the former ages had seene any, whose prosperous atchiuements in forreine

forreine wars had too far enabled them to ruine that ſtate, which before they ſerved. The Author of it was a noble Roman, rich in his minde as his large fortunes, of whoſe happy conceits, and high raptures I forbeare to diſpute, or any way anticipate your Lordſhips iudgement. To whoſe noble cenſure I refer both the Author, and my poore endeavours, and ſhall ever reſt.

Your Lordſhips to command,

THO. MAY.

THE LIFE OF MARCVS ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

MARCVS Annæus Lucanus was by nation a Spaniard, and borne at Corduba His fathers name was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, sonne to *Lucius Annæus Seneca* the orator, and brother to *Iulius Gallio*, and *Lucius Seneca* the Philosopher, *Nero's* Tutor. The two elder Brothers employed at Rome in state affaires (especially *Seneca*) arrived at the height both of dignity, and renowne. They were both Senatours, and by their worthy endeavours deserved not only to bee powerfull in their owne times, but famous to all posterity. *Marcus Mela* the youngest brother content with that title, which his birth gaue him, a Roman knight, and preferring the sweetnesse of a country life before the glorious trouble of

of a court employment, lived at home at his natiue Corduba; hee married *Cala Acilia* the daughter of *Acilius Lucanus* the Orator, on whom hee begat *Marcus Annæus Lucanus* surnamed of his grandfather by the mothers side. *Annæus Mela*, though but a Roman Knight, was (saith *Tacitus*) a great man, and hee begate *Lucan*, no small addition to his greatnesse; a great testimony of *Lucan's* worth from so judicious an author as *Cornelius Tacitus*. He was borne at Corduba, the third of the Nones of November in the second Consulship of *Caius Cæsar Germanicus* with *Lucius Cæsianus*. When he was eight moneths old, his father brought him to Rome, to season his infancy (so soone as it might bee capable) with the choisest education in learning, and manners. At which time (if we may credit fame, and as was before reported of *Plato*) Bees swarmed about the childes cradle, and prefsed in clusters toward his mouth. A happy presage (as the learned interpreted it) of his future wit, and admired eloquence. His Tutors, and Schoolemasters were the most eminent, and famous men of those times, *Rhemnius Palemon* the Grammarian, and *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician. By whose carefull instructions, as by his owne diligence, and admirable facility of naturall wit, he arrived in a short

a ſhort time to an high perfection as well in the Greeke, as Roman language. Of all his ſchoolefellowes hee moſt vſed the friendſhip of *Saleius Baſſus*, & *Aulus Perſius* the Satyriſt, Hee marryed *Polla Argentaria* the daughter of *Pollius Argentarius*, a Noble, Rich, and learned Lady. Brought to the Court by his Vncle *Seneca*, he grew ſuddainly into great favour with *Nero* the Emperour. He was made Quæſtor before the vſuall time, and admitted into the Colledge of *Augurs*. But what vertue could long be ſafe in ſuch a Court? the jealous tyrant being not able to brooke another mans praiſes; who amongſt all his other cruelties, was moſt ſevere in depreſſing the fame of deſerving Men. *Nero* therefore envying the Wit, and excellent Poetry of *Lucan*, ſuppreſt his works, and forbad him any more to recite Verſes. Which indignity of all other moſt hard to bee endured (as witty *Martiall*.

Qui velit ingenio cedere rarus erit.)

Diſcontenting *Lucan*, drew him into *Piſoes* conſpiracy. The conſpiracy detected, *Lucan* by *Nero* was commanded to dy, but liberty given him to chooſe his death. Who after a full feaſt, bad the Phyſitians cut his veines; and when hee perceived through loſſe of blood his hands, and feete to waxe cold, and the vitall ſpirits forſaking the outward parts of his bo-

dy,

dy, with a minde, and looke vndaunted hee re-
cited these Verses of his owne in the third
booke of his Pharsalia.

Scinditur anulsus, nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus, ruptis cadit undique venis;
Discursusque animæ diversa in membra meant
Intercepta aquis; nullius vita perempti (ta
Est tanta dimissa via.

But others say he did not repeat these Verses,
but those in the ninth Booke,

Sanguis erant lachrymæ: quacunque foramina
novit (dant
Humor, ab his largus manat cruor: ora revelus
Et patulæ nares: sudor rubet: omnia plenis
Membra fluunt venis: totum est pro vulnere
corpus.

These were his last words. Hee dyed the day
before the Calends of May, in the seven and
twentyeth yeare of his age, *Nerva Syllanus*, and
Vestinius Atticus being Consuls. He was bury-
ed at Rome in his owne most faire, and sump-
teous Gardens.

TO

To my choſen Friend,

The learned Tranſlator of LVCAN,

THOMAS MAY,

Eſquire.

WHen, Rome, I reade thee in thy mighty paire,
And ſee both climing vp the ſlippery ſtaire
Of Fortunes wheele by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line ſome pin thereof ſhould ſlacke
At leaſt, if not the generall Engine cra ke.
But when againe I view the parts ſo peiz'd,
And thoſe in number ſo, and meaſure raiſ'd,
Not neither Pompey's popularity,
Caeſar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calme Brutus tenor part, but all along
Keepe due proportion in the ample ſong,
It makes me raviſh'd with full wonder cry
What Muſe, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan theſe true moodes? reaches my ſence
What gods but thoſe of arts, and eloquence?
Phoebus, and Hermes? They whoſe tongue, or pen
Are ſtyl'd th'interpreters twixt gods, and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and wrought
Lucans whole ſtone vnto 'em, and ſo wrought,
As not the ſmalleſt joynt, or pretieſt word
In the great maſſe, or machine there is blurr'd?
The ſelfe ſame Genius! ſo the worke will ſay.
The Sunne tranſlated, is the Sonne of May.

Your true friend to 'udgement
and Choiſe

BEN. IONSON.

Vpon this vnæquall'd worke and the Author.

ROme had beene ſtill my wonder: I had knowne
Lucan, in no expreſſion but his owne:
And had, as yet coniectur'd it, a wrong,
To haue prais'd Cæſar in another tongue.
To bring forth One, that could not vnderſtand,
I thought a pride too great, for an Land,
Yea, for Romes ſelfe. Who would be proude to tell
How great ſhe was, when ſhe could write ſo well.
Till truth was neuer brought by thee: till I
Found Lucan *Language'd*, like my infancy.
Till Rome was met in England in that State
That was, at once, her greatneſſe, and her fate;
So all to vs diſcouer'd, that naught's hid
Which either ſhe could ſpeake, or Cæſar did.
Beyond which, nothing can be done by thee,
Though thou hadſt more of Lucan, then we ſee
Reueal'd in this: wherein there is ſo much
Of myracle, that I durſt doubt him, ſuch
As thou haſt rendred him. But that I know
This croſſe to be thy friend, and Lucans foe,
Whom thou haſt made ſo much thy ſelfe, that we
May almoſt ſtriue about his Pedigree,
Since Rome hath nothing left, to proue him hers
But the foule ruſtance of his Murtherers.
So neatly haſt thou rob'd her of his name,
That ſhe can onely re-chew't with a ſhame,
Which may ſhe doe; whilſt Nations reckon thee,
Lucan *in all, except* Romes *infancy*.

I. VAVGHAN

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The first Booke.

The Argument of the first Booke.

The fatall causes of this warre are shewne,
Enraged Cæsar passes Rubicon,
Inwades Arminum, where to him from Rome
Curio, and both the banish'd Tribunes come
With new incitements to the ciuill warre.
Cæsar's Oration to his Souldiers,
Bold Labienus protestation, which by all
The rest confirmed makes the Generall
Draw out from every part of France at once
His new dispers'd, and wintring Legions,
Rome's feare, great Pompey with the Senate, flyes;
Heaven, ayre, and earth are fill'd with prodigies.
The Prophets thence, and learned Augures show
The wrath of Heaven, and Romes ensuing woe.

ARres more then ciuill on Æmathian plaines
We sing: rage licens'd; where great Rome disdaines
In her owne bowels her victorious swords,
Where kindred hoasts encounter, all accords

Of Empire broke: where arm'd to impious warre
The strength of all the shaken world from farre
Is met; knowne Ensignes Ensignes doe defie,
Piles (a) against Piles, 'gainst Eagles Eagles fly.
What fury, Countreymen, what madnesse cou'd
Moore you to feast your foes with Roman blood?
And choose such warres, as could no triumphs yeeld,
Whilst yet proud Babylon vnconquer'd held
The boasting trophæs of a Roman hoast,
And vnrevenged wander'd *Crassus* (b) Ghost?
Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you haue tane,
With that bloods losse, which ciuill hãds haue drawne?
Yours had been *Tanais* rising, yours his sett,
The Kingdomes scorched in Meridian heate,
And those, where wirter, which no spring can ease,
With lasting cold doth glaze the Scythian seas;
The *Seres* yours, the wilde *Araxis* too,
And those, that see Niles spring, if any doe,
Then 'gainst thy selfe, if warre so wicked, Rome,
Thou loue, when all the world is overcome,
Turne backe thy hand: thou didst not want a Foe;
But now that walles of halfe fall'n houses so
Hang in Italian Townes, vast stones we see
Of ruin'd walles, whole houses empty be,
And ancient Townes are not inhabited;
That vntill'd Italy's with weedes orespread,
And the neglected Plowes want labouring hands,
Nor thou fierce *Pyrrhus*, nor the Punicke Bands
This waste haue made; no sword could reach so farre,
Deepe pierce the wounds receiu'd in ciuill warre.
But if no other way to *Heroes* raigne
The Fates could finde, if gods their Crownes obtaine,
At such deare rates, and Heaven could not obey
Her *Ioue*, but after the sterne Giants fray;
Now we complaine not, gods, mischiefe and warre
Pleasing to vs, since so rewarded, are;

Let

Let dire *Pharſalia* grone with armed Hoaſts,
And glut with blood the Carthaginian Ghoſts:
With theſe let *Munda's* (c) fatall Battle goe,
Mutina's (d) Siedge, *Peruſian* (e) famine too:
To theſe add *Actiums* (f) bloody Navall fight,
And neere Sicilia (g) *Sextus* ſlaviſh Fleete.
Yet much owes Rome to civill enmity
For making thee our Prince; when thou the ſky
Though late, ſhalt clime, & chage thine earthly reigne,
Heaven, as much grae'd, with ioy ſhall entertaine,
And welcome thee, whether thou wouldſt put on
Ioves Crowne, or ride in *Phebus* burning Throne.
(Earth will not feare the change) thece maiſt thou ſhine
Downe on thy World; to thee all power divine
Will yeild, and Nature to thy choiſe will give
What god to be, or where in Heaven to liue.
But neere the Northern Beare oh doe not reigne,
Nor groſſe the point of the Meridian,
From whence obliquely thou ſhouldſt Rome behold,
If all thy weight one part of Heaven ſhould hold,
The Honour'd loade would bowe heavens Axletree:
Hold thou the middle of the poyſed Sky:
Let all the ayre betweene tranſparent be,
And no darke Cloud twixt vs, and *Cæſar* fly.
Then let Mankinde forget all warre and ſtrife,
And every Nation loue a peacefull life.
Let peace through all the world in this bleſt ſtate
Once more ſhut warre like *Ianus* Iron gate.
Oh be my god: If thou this breaſt inſpire,
Phebus from *Cirrhaes* ſhades I'll not deſire,
Nor Nyſa's *Bacchus*, *Cæſar* can infuſe
Verſe enough into a Roman muſe.
The cauſe of theſe great actions Ile declare,
And ope a mighty worke, what drew to warre,
Our furious People and the World beſide;
Fates envious courſe, continuance ſtill deny'd:

To mighty States, who greatest falls still feare,
And Rome not able her owne weight to beare.
So when the knot of Nature is dissolu'de,
And the worlds Ages in one houre inuolu'd
In their old Chaos, Seas with Skyes shall ioyne,
And Starres with Starres confounded loose their shine:
The Earth no longer shall extend her shore
To keepe the Ocean out: the Moone no more
Follow the Sunne, but scorning her old way
Crosse him, and claime the gouernance of the day.
The falling worlds now iarring frame no peace,
No league shall hold: great things themselues oppresse,
The gods this bound to groning States haue set;
But to no Forraine armes would Fortune yet
Lend her owne envy ore great Rome, that awes
Both Land and Sea; shee's her owne ruines cause
Subiected ioyntly to three (6) Lords; how ill
Preoue shared rules accords, and fatall, still?
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th'happinesse
To mixe your powers, and ioyntly th'earth possesse?
Whilest Land the Sea, and Ayre the Land shall bound,
Whilest labouring Titan runnes his glorious round,
And through twelue heavenly signes night follows day,
No faith keepe those, that kingdomes ioyntly sway;
Rule brookes no sharers; doe not this beleeue
In forraine States, Rome can examples giue.
A brothers bloud did our first walls distaine;
Nor was the spacious earth and watry maine
This mitchiefes price: a refuge for theeues fled.
A little house this brothers hatred bred.
This iarring concord lasted for a space
Dissembled twixt the two: for *Crassus* was
The warres sole let; like that small necke of land,
That in the middst of two great Seas doos stand,
And will not let them ioyne; that tane away,
Straight the Ionian meets th'Ægæan Sea:

So when warpaining *Crassus* sadly slaine
With Romane blood did Asian Charan staine,
That Parthian losse to homebred rage gaue reines:
More then you thinke you did fierce Parthians
That day: our civill war your conquest wrought,
And now Romes Empire by the sword is sought:
That State, that mistresse ore the World did reigne,
Rulde Land and Sea, yet could not two containe.
For *Iulia's* (t) deith, whom cruell Fates before
Had slaine, the pledge of their alliance bore
Downe to her graue, if Fate had spar'de her life,
Her furious husband, and sterne fathers strife
She had compos'de, and made their armed hands
Let fall their swords, and ioyne in friendships bands:
As once the Sabin women enterposde,
Their sires and husbands bloody iarres composde.
Thy death, faire *Iulia*, breakes off all accords,
And giues them leaue againe to draw their swords:
On both sides powerfull æmulation bearес
On their ambitious spirits: great *Pompey* feares
That his piraticke Laurell should giue place
To conquerde France, and *Cæsars* deeds deface
His ancient triumphs; fortunes constant grace
Makes him impatient of a second place;
Nor now can *Cæsar* a superior brooke,
Nor *Pompey* brooke a peere; who iustlier tooke
Vp armes, great Iudges differ, heaven approoues
The conquering cause; the conquerde *Cato* loues.
Nor were they æquall, one in yeares was growne,
And long accustomde to a peacefull gowne
Had now forgot the Souldier: Fame he bought
By bounty to the people: and much sought
For popular praise: his Theaters loud shout
Was his delight; new strength he sought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes saue,
And stood the shadow of a glorious name.

As an old lofty Oake, that heeretofore
Great Conquerors spoiles, and sacred Trophies bore,
Stands firme by his owne weight, his roote now dead,
And through the ayre his naked boughes does spread,
And with his trunke, not leaues, a shaddow makes:
He, though each blast of Easterne winde him shakes,
And round about well rooted Trees doe grow,
Is onely honour'd; but in *Cæsar* now
Remaines not onely a great Generalls name,
But restlesse valour, and in warre a shame
Not to be Conqueror; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call,
His forward Sword; confident of successe,
And bold the fauour of the gods to presse:
Orethrowing all that his ambition stay,
And leaues that ruine should enforce his way;
As lightning by the winde forc'd from a cloude
Breakes through the wounded aire with thunder loud,
Disturbes the Day, the people terrifyes,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *Ioues* owne Temple spares it; when no force,
No barre can hinder his preuailing course,
Great waste, as foorth it sallyes and retires,
It makes and gathers his dispersed fires.

These causes moou'd the Cheifes, and such as are
In mighty States the common seeds of warre.
For since our Chests the conquer'd world hath fill'd
Too full, and vertue did to riches yeild,
Since spoiles, and warrelike rapine taught vsriot,
Excesse in Plate, in buildings reignes; the dyet
Of former times wee scorne; that soft attire,
That Women were asham'd of, Men desire.
Strength-breeding pouerty is fled, and nought
But wealth from all the spoiled world is sought,
The bane of States; those Lands encreas'd they hold
In th' hands of vnknowne Tenants, which of old

Camilli

Camillus plow share wounded, and the hands
Of th'ancient *Curij* till'd, the state now stands,
Not as of old, when men from auarice free
Could liue in peace, and wisht but liberty.
Hence quarels grow; what pouerty esteemed
A vild offence: now's greatest honour deem'd,
By Sword our Countreys power in curbe to hold:
Might measures right: Lawes and decrees are sold,
Consuls and Tribunes iarres all right suppresse,
Fasces are bought, the peoples suffrages
Corruptly straight, and giuen; hence bloody iarres
Oft staine elections in the field of *Mars*:
So griping Vsury growes, so faith is lost,
And ciuill warre, as gainefull, sought by most.
By this time *Cæsar* the cold Alpes orepast,
In his great thoughts the future warre had cast,
And now to Rubicon's small current come,
He dreames the Image of affrighted Rome
With countenance sad through dusky night appeares:
On her towre-bearing head her hoary haires,
Hung downe all torne, her armes were nak'd when she
Thus sighing speakes, oh whither carry yee,
My Ensignes Souldiers: If you come as friends,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends. (e)
A suddaine feare straight chilles the generall veines,
His haire's with horrour rais'd, faintnesse detaines
His steps vpon the banke, then thus he prayes:
Thou, *Ioue*, whose eye these Citie walles surueyes
From thy Tarpeian hill: You Deities,
Of Troy, and *Romulus* hid misteries,
Thou Latian *Ioue* worshipt on th'Alban mount,
You Vestall fires, and Rome, whom I account
My greatest God, blesse this attempt; not thee,
Doe I inuade: Conqueror by land and sea
Thy *Cæsar* comes, thy Souldier still: Be hee
He in the fault, that caus'd this enmity

Then brooking no delay, the streame showre-swell'd
He marches ore; so in a Libyan field
A Lion viewing his sterne foe at hand,
Till he collect his ire doth doubtfull stand:
But straight whē his Tailes swindge has made him hot
And rais'd his shaggy Mane, from his wide throat
He roares; then if a Mauritanian Speare,
Or Shaft haue pierc'd his side, voide of all feare,
Regardlesse of that wound he rushes on.
Gently along flowes ruddy Rubicon
From a small Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley doocs divide
Gallia from Italy, now Winter lent
Him strength, and *Cynthia* her full hornes had spent
In showres to rayse his flood, and melted snow
The moist East-wind made downe the Alpes to flow.
The Horse-men first are plac'd against the streame,
To take the waters fury: vnder them
The Foote-men shelter'd, found a passage ore
More calme, the current being broke before
But now when *Cæsar* had orecome the flood,
And Italy's forbidden ground had trod,
Here Peace, and broken Lawes I leaue, quoth he,
Farewell all Leagues: Fortune ile follow thee
No more weele trust: Warre shall determine all:
This said, by Night the actiue Generall
Swifter then Parthian back-shot shaft, or stone
From Balearicke Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum; when every star
Fled from th'approaching Sunne but Lucifer,
And that day dawn'd, that first these broiles should see,
Either the moist Southwindes, or Heavens decree
With pitchy Cloudes darkned the fatall day;
VVhen now the Soldiers by command made stay
I'th Market place, shrill trumpets flourisht round,
And the horse Hornes wicked alarums sound.

VVith

VVith this sad noise the Peoples rest was broke,
The young men rose, and from the temples tooke
Their Armes, now such as a long peace had marr'de.
And their old bucklers now of leather's bar'de:
Their blunted Piles not of a long time vs'd,
And Swords with th'eatings of blacke rust abus'd.
The Roman Colours, and knowne Eagles then,
An' *Cæsar* in the midd'st high mouted scene,
The townesmens trembling joynts for horror faint,
And to themselues they make this sad complaint:
Oh ill built Citty too too neere the Gaule,
Oh sadly situated place, when all
The world haue peace, we are the spoyle of warre,
And first that are inuaded: happier farre
Might we haue liu'd in farthest North, or East,
Or wandring tents of Scythia, then possest
The edge of Italy. This towne of ours
First felt the furious Gaules and Cymbrian powers,
Hither the Libyans first, and Germans come,
This is warres way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
Thus silently they mourne, and durst not lend
Their griefe a word, nor teares in publique spend.
As Birds by winters raging cold are still'de,
And the mid ocean dooes no murmur yeild
But when bright day dissolu'd the dampes of night,
The Fates new firebrands bring, and stirre to fight
Cæsars yet doubting minde, leaving no pause
To shame, but fortune findes him out a cause
Of armes, and labours to make just his war.
The factious Tribunes by the Senate are
Against their sacred priviledge exil'de,
And by the *Gracchi's* (*l*) factious names revil'de.
These now to *Cæsar* came, and brought along
With them bold *Curio's* (*m*) mercenary tongue:
That tongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
Gainst armed great ones for the publike good.

Hee,

Hee when he saw the Generall musing, said,
While this my voice, *Cæsar*, thy cause could aide,
Wee did prorogue, though gainst the Senate's will,
Thy gouernement, while Oratory's skill
Could turne the wauering Peoples hearts to thee.
But since by warres rough hand Lawes silenc'd be;
Wee are exil'd, and gladly it sustaine,
To be endenia'd by thy Sword againe,
Whilst their yet strengthlesse side is only scarr'd,
Vse no delay: delay hurts men prepar'de,
A greater price on equall danger heere
Is set; in Gallia's warre alone ten yeare,
Thou hast consum'd: but here, one field well fought
Rome has the world to thy subiection brought,
Now thy returne from France with victory
No pompous triumph waites: no Bayes for thee,
Shall deck the Capitoll; base enuy's hands
Keepe back thy due: conquest of warrelike Lands,
Is made a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule: nor canst thou now diuide
The world; the world thou maist possesse alone.
This speech gaue fire to *Cæsar* too too prone
Before to warre; so peoples showtes raise more
A fierce Olimpicke Steed striuing before
To force the Lists, and breake th' opposing barres,
Straight to the Standard all his Souldiers
Cæsar assembling, 'midst their murmuring noise
Commands a silence with his hand and voice,
Fellowes in Armes, that haue endur'd with me,
A thousand stormes in ten yeares victory,
Haue our spent bloods in northerne Climes deseru'de
This, all our wounds, so many winters seru'de
Vnder the Alpes? not more prouision Rome
Would make for warre, if *Hannibal* had come
Ouer the Alpes: Cohorts they reinforce,
Fortesses are fell'd for Shipping; all the force

Of Land and Sea is arm'd gainſt *Cæſar* now.
What more(had wee beene vanquiſht) would they do?
If the fierce Gaules our flying backes purſu'd,
That dare now wrong vs; when our warres conclude
Succeſſefully, and friendly Gods vs call?
Let the long peace-infeebled Generall
His gownes, and new rais'd Souldiers bring alongs
Vaine names the *Cæſars*, and *Marcellus* tongue.
Muſt he with Forreigne, and bought clients be
Glutted with ſtill continuing ſoueraignty?
Can hee triumphant Charriots mount before
The Year's appointed, (o) and let goe no more
Honours (o) vſurp't? why ſhould I now complaine
Of the lawes breach, and famine (p) made for gaine?
Th' affrighted *forum* (q) with arm'd men beſet,
Drawne ſwords enuironing the Iudgement ſeat,
When 'gainſt all law, *Milo* for murder try'de
Pompey's proude Colours clos'd on euery ſide?
Now left his age, though tir'd, a priuate ſtate
Should end, by impious ciuill warre his hate
He ſeekes to glut, ſcorning but to excell
His Maſter *Sylla's* guilt: as Tigers fell, (blood
Whom their fierce Damme with ſlaughtred Cattels
VVas wont to nouriſh in th' Hyrcanian wood,
Nere looſe their fury: ſo thou *Pompey* vs'd
To lick the blood that *Sylla's* ſwords effus'd
Retain'ſt thy former thirſt; neuer againe
Grow thoſe iawes pure, that blood did once diſtaine.
VVhen wilt thou end thy too long tirannyy,
VVhere bound thy (r) guilt? in thisat leaſt to thee
A patterne let thy Maſter *Sylla* be
To leaue off ſuch vſurped ſoueraignety.
After the Pirates, and tir'de Ponticke King,
VVhoſe war to end ſcarce Poiſons (s) helpe could bring:
Muſt *Cæſars* fall *Pompey's* laſt triumph make,
Becauſe commanded I did not forſake

My

My conquering Army? but if I be barr'd
My labours merde, let these haue the reward
Of their long service; let these Soldiers all
Triumph, though vnder any Generall,
Where shall their bloudlesse age after the Warre
Finde rest? what lands shall my old Soldiers share?
Where shall they plow? where shall their City stand
Are Pirates, (t) *Pompey*, worthier of Land?
March on victorious colours, march away,
The strength that we haue made, we must employ.
He giues the strongest all things, that denyes
His due; nor want we ayding Deities,
Nor spoile these armes doe seeke, nor Soveraignty:
But to free Rome, though bent to slauery.
Thus spake he: the yet doubting Soldiers
Vncertaine murmurs raise: though fierce with warre
Long vse, their houshold gods their minds gan moouc,
And piety: but straight the swords dire loue
And feare of *Cæsar* turnde them backe againe.
Lælaps the first Files leading did obtaine:
For saving of a Roman Soldier
Oake-crowned, and freed from duties of the warre.
If I may speake, Romes greatest Generall,
Thy Soldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieues vs all,
That such long patience kept thee from so just
A warre: or didst thou not thine army trust?
While life-bloud keepes this breathing body warme,
While brandisht Darts fly from this agile arme,
Wilt thou weake gownes, and Senates raigne endure?
In civill warre is Conquest so impure?
Lead vs through Libyas gulfes, cold Scythian land,
Lead vs ore thirsty Affrickes scorched land.
This arme the conquerde world behind to leaue
Has plowde the Britisth Oceans curled waue,
And broke the Rhines swift current; thy command
To doe, my will's as ready as my hand.

Hees

Bees not my friend, gainst whom thy trumpets sound;
By these thy colours, which ten Camps haue found
Ever victorious, *Cæsar*, here I sweare,
And by thy triumphs, ore what soe so ere,
If thou commaund me spill my brothers life,
Kill my old Father, or my pregnant wife,
Ile doo't, though with a most vnwilling hand;
Fire Temples, rob the goddesse thy command.
Great *Iouues* Temple in our flames shall sinke:
If to encampe on Tuscan Tybers brinke,
Be boldly pitch in Italy thy tent.
If to dismantle townes be thy entent,
These armes of mine the battering Ram shall place,
Although the city, thou wouldst quite deface,
Were Rome it selfe. The Souldiers all agree,
And promise him their lifted hands on high
To any war. Their shout not that can passe,
Which the loud blast of Thracian *Boreas*
On pitty Ossa makes, and bowes amaine
The rattling wood, or lets it rise againe.
Cæsar perceiving that the Fates gaue way
To war, and his Men prone, fearing delay,
His troopes through France dispers'd straight calling
With flying colours marches on to Rome. (home
They leaue their tents pitcht by Lemanus (▽) Lake,
And those on Vogesus high Rockes forsake,
Which aw'de the painted Lingones so strong,
Isara's Fords they leaue, that runne so long
Alone; but in a River of more fame
Falling to'the Ocean beares an other name.
The yellow Ruthens eu'de of their long feare:
Milde Arar ioyes no Roman shipps to beare:
And Varus Italyes encreated bound.
That haven Alcides consecrated ground
With Cliff s orelookes the Sea, no Northwest winde,
Nor West blow there: *Corsus* their proper winde

Reignes

Reignes there, where safe Alcides fort doots stand.
And that still doubtfull coast, that Sea and Land
Calleuge by turnes: firme land it is when low
The Ocean ebbes, but sea at every flow.
VVhither the winde strong blowing from the Pole,
And then retiring, to and fro doe rowle
The Sea: or that the Moone his course doe guide:
Or burning *Titan* most foode to prouide,
Attracting lifte the Ocean to the sky,
Seeke you that labour for such skill: for me,
VVhat ere thou be that cause'st this ebbe and flow,
Be still conceal'd; since heauen will haue it so.
They march away that Nemasus did hold,
And Adors bankes, where Tarbe does enfold
In her crookt shore the sea that gemly flowes.
The Santoni reioyce now free'd from foes:
Th'Leuci and Rhemi Archers good; with these
Bituriges, and Speare-arm'd Suessones.
The dwellers neere Sequana skilfull riders.
The Belgæ hooke-arm'd Chariots expert guiders.
Sprung from the Troian blood the Hedui,
That durst claime brotherhood of Italy.
Rebellious Neruians (a) stain'd with Cotta's fate;
And they that in loose Mantles imitate
Sarmatia; fierce Batauians whom to warre
Crookt Trumpets call; those that neere Cinga are;
VVhere Araris with Rhodanus now met
Runnes ioyn'd into the Sea; the men whose seate
Is on Gebenna mount couer'd with snow.
The Pictones now free their fields can plow.
The fickle Turones are not restrain'd
By garrison; the Andian now disdain'd
To pine in Medua's thick fogges: but goes
For pleasure, where delightfull Liger flowes.
Faire Genabos is freed from garrison;
Treuer is glad the warre from thence is gon:

The

The Ligures now shorne, once like the rest,
Long haird, of all the vnshorne Gaules the best:
And where with offerings stayn'd of humane blood
Hermes and *Mars* their cruell Altars stood,
And *Teue* that vile as Scythian Dian's sare.
Then you that valiant soules, and slaine in warre
Doe celebrate with praise that neuer dyes,
You Bards securely sung your Elegyes.
You Druides now free'd from warre maintaine
Your Barbarous rites, and Sacrifice againe.
You what heauen is, and gods alone can tell,
Or else alone are ignorant; you dwell
In vast, and desers woods: you teach no spirit
Plutoes pale kingdome can by death inherit.
They in another world informe againe:
The middst twixt long liues (if you truth maintaine)
Is death. But those wilde people happy are,
In this their errour, whom feare greatest farre
Of all feares in iures not, the feare of death;
Hence are they prone to warre: nor losse of breath
Esteeme: nor spare a life that comes againe,
They that the hair'd *Cayci* did conteine
In their obedience, marching now to Rome, (come
From Rhines rude bankes, and new found countrey
When *Cæsar's* now collected strength had bred
More lofty hopes, through Italy he sped
His troopes, and all the neighbouring Cities seiz'd,
Then idle rumours their true feares encreas'd,
And peirc'd the peoples hearts; swift fame gan show
The warres approach, and their ensuing woe.
Then euery tongue a false alarum yeilds:
Some dare report that on the pasture fields
Of faire Meuania is the warre begunne,
And bloody *Cæsar's* barbarous Cohorts runne
Where Vmbrian Nar does into Tyber flow:
That all his Eagles, and ioyn'd Standards now

With

With a vaſt ſtrength make furious approach:
Nor doe they now ſuppoſe him to be ſuch,
As once they ſaw him: fiercer far then ſo
They thinke, and ſavadge as his conquer'd foe:
That all th' inhabitants twixt th' Alpes and Rhine
Drawne from their countries and cold Northerne clim
Follow: and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By barbarous hands ſhall fall; thus every one
By feare giues ſtrength to Fame: no author knowne,
They feare what they ſuppoſe: but not alone
The People dooes this vaine turmiſe deceiue:
The Senate ſhakes; th' affrighted Fathers leaue
Their ſeates: and flying to the Conſuls giue
Directions for the war; Where ſafe to liue,
What place t'avoide they know not: whither ere
Their ſuddaine wits directs their ſteps, they heare
Th'amazed people forth in troopes: whom nought
So long had ſtirr'de: a man would then haue thought
The city fir'd, orth'houſes ſudaine fall
By earthquake threatned, the madd people all
With haſty ſteppes ſo vnadviſed runne,
As if no way at all were left to ſhunne
Their imminent, and feard deſtruction,
But forſake their habitation:
As when rough Seaes by ſtormy *Auſter* blowne
From Libia's Sands, haue broke the maine maſt downe
Maſter and Marriners their Ship forſake
Not borne as yet, leape into th'Sea, and make
Themſelues a Shipwracke: ſo from th' City they
Fly into warre: no Sire his ſonne can ſtay,
No weeping wife her Husband can perſwade:
No not their houſhold gods, till they haue made
Vowes for their ſafety; none an eye dares caſt
Back on lou'd Rome, although perhaps his laſt.
Irrevocably doe the people flye.
You gods that eaſily giue proſperity,

But not maintaine it, that great city fill'd
VVith natiue soules, and conquer'd; that would yeeld
Mankinde a dwelling: is abandon'd now
An easie prey to *Cæsar*; when a foe
Begirts our Souldiers in a forreine Land,
One little trench nights danger can withstand;
A soddaine worke rais'd out of earth endures
The foes assault; th' encamped's sleepe secures.
Thou Rome, a war but noyld, art left by all,
Not one nights safety trusted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when *Pompey* flyes,
Tis time to feare; then lest their hearts should rise
With hope of future good, sad augury bodes
A worse ensuing fate: the threatning gods
Fill heaven, and earth, and sea with prodigies.
Vnheard of Starres by night adorne the skies:
Heaven seemes to flame, and through the Welkin fire
Obliquely flyes: state-changing comets dire
Display to vs their bloud portending haire:
Deceitfull lightnings flash in clearest ayre.
Strange forme! Meteors the thicke ayre had bred
Like lavelins long, like lampes more broadly spread.
Lightning without one cracke of thunder brings
From the cold North his winged fires, and flings
Them 'gainst our Capitoll: small starres, that vse
Onely by night, their lustre to diffuse,
Now shine in midst of day: *Cynthia* bright
In her full orbe, like *Phœbus*, at the sight
Of earths blacke shades eclipses: *Titan* hides,
(When mounted in the midd'st of heaven he rides)
In cloudes his burning Chariot, to enfold
The world in darknesse quites day to behold,
No Nation hopes: as once backe to the East
He fled at sight of sad *Thyestes* feast;
Fierce *Vulcan* opes Sicilian Ætna's throate,
But to the sky her flames she belches not,

But on th'Italian shore obliquely flings;
Bloud from her bottome blacke Charibdis brings:
Sadlyer barke *Scyllaes* doggs then they were wont:
The Vestall fire goes out: on th'Alban mount
Iones sacrificing fire it selfe divides
Into two parts, and rises on two sides,
Like the two Theban Princes funerall fires. (spire
Earth opes her threatning jawes: th'Alpes nodding
Shake off their snow: *Thetis* does higher now
Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spaines Calpe flow.
The native gods did weepe: Romes certaine thrall
The Lares sweating shew'd: the offrings fall
Downe in the Temples: and (as we haue heard)
Nights fatall Birds in midst of day appear'd:
VVilde Beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
Beasts make with mens articulate voice their mone;
Births monstrous both in limmes proportion,
And number; mothers their owne infants fear'd:
Sibilla's fatall lines were sung and heard
Among the people: and with bloody armes
Cybele's head-shaking Priests pronounc'd their charmes
I'th' peoples eares howling a balefull mone:
And Ghosts from out their quiet vrnes did grone.
Clashing of armour, and loude shoutes they heare
In desert groues, and threatnings Ghosts appeare.
The dwellers neere without the City wall
Fled: fierce *Erynnis* had encompast all
The towne: her snaky haires, and burning brand
Shaking: as when she rul'd *Agaua's* hand,
Or the selfe maim'd *Lycurgus*: such was she,
VVho once, when sent by *Iunoes* cruelty,
Great *Hercules* (new come from Hell) did fright:
Shrill trumpets sounded, dismall ayres of night
That horrid noise, that meeting armies yeild,
Did then present: in midst of *Mars* his field

Re

Of private men, when poore *Amyclas* made
This answere; many things (alas) disswade
My minde from trusting of the seas to night.
The Sunne set pale, his beames dispers'd, whose light
Partly to North, and partly South inclin'd.
The middle of his orbe but dimmely shin'd,
And dazled not the weake beholders eyes:
VVith dulled hornes did the pale moone arise,
Not free from cloudes her middle part she had:
Her pointed ends no horne directly made:
First red betokening windes, then pale she was,
And in darke cloudes obscur'd her mourning face.
But the shores noise, the murmur of the woods,
The Dolphins playing vp and downe the floods
VVith course vncertaine I mislike, no more
Like I the Cormorants flocking to the shore:
Nor that the Herne on her smooth wing relying
Presumes to reach the skyes with lofty flying;
Nor that the Crow wagling along the shore
Diues downe, and seemes t'anticipate a showre.
But if affaires of weight require mine aide,
To vse my skill I will not be afraide;
Either the windes, and seas shall it deny,
Or I will reach the shore of Italy.
This said, loosing his vessell he puts on,
And spreads his sailes, at whose first motion
Not only th'vsuall falling starres did make
In the darke aire a long and fiery tracke,
But even those starres, which make their fixt abode
In th'higheast *Spheres*, did seeme to shake and nod,
The seas blacke face a terrour does diffuse,
The threatning waues in trackes voluminous
Boile vp, the seas by blasts vncertaine blowne
Betoken many windes conception
Then thus the master spake; behold how great
A danger the sea teemes withall: as yet

Vncertaine tis what winde rough East or West
Shall come; the barke's on every side distrest
With severall waues; the clouds and skies expresse
The Southwindes rage: the murmur of the seas
The Northwestwinde in such a storme to shore
Nor safe, nor shipwracke can we ere get ore,
No course but one of safety does remaine,
Hope lesse to steare our courses barke againe.
Let's shun our danger'd barke a land, before
We are too far gone from the Grecian shore.
Cæsar presuming that all dangers great
Would yeild to him, contemne, quoth he, the threat
Of raging seas, spread sailes, and if the sky
Warrant thee not to goe for Italy,
Ile warrant thee, the iust cause, why thou fear'st
Is this, because thou know'st not whom thou bear'st:
Him whom the gods never forsake; to whom
Fortune accounts it injury to come
After his wish; breake through the waues; alone
Thinke thy selfe safe in my protection.
These are the troubles of the seas and skyes,
Not of our barke: tis barke, where *Cæsar* is,
Her carriage shall protect; not long shall this
Storme last, but happy for the Ocean tis
That barke is heere. Oh turne not backe thy hand,
Nor thinke vpon Epire's adioyning land,
Thinke on Calabria's shore safe to arriue,
Since no land-like to me can safety giue.
Alas thou knowest not why these terrours rise;
In all these tumults of the seas and skyes
Does fortune striue to pleasure me. No more
He spoke; when straight a furious whirlewind tore
From the rent barke her shrowdes, and downe it flunge
The sailes, that on the trembling mainemast hunge.
The ioynts dissolved vessell sounds, when lo
Windes full of danger from all quarters blow:

First

First from th' Atlantike Ocean *Corus* blowes
Rowling the waues and raised billowes throwes
With violence against the rockes amaine:
Him Boreas meetes, and turnes them backe againe;
The sea stands doubtful, to what winde to yeild;
But Scythian Boreas fury winnes the feild.
But though high waues he from the bottome reare,
Yet to the shore those waues he cannot beare,
They meete with those that Corus brings, and breake
The seas thus rais'd (though now the winds were weak)
Would meete themselues. Nor must you now surmise,
Eurus is still, or showre-blacke *Notus* lyes
In prison'd close in *Æolus* rocky caue
They from their severall quarters rush to saue
With furious blasts their lands from being drown'd,
And keepe the sea within his proper bound.
For oft (they say) small seas by violent winde
Haue beene transported: so th' *Aegean* joyn'd
With the *Pyrrhene*: so with th' *Ionian*
The Adriatike met. How oft in vaine
That day the sea seem'd mountaines topps to'oreflow,
And yeilding earth that deluge t'vndergoe
But such high waues on no shore raised be,
But from the worlds far part, and the maine sea
They rowle; the earth-embracing waters bring
Their monstrous waues, so when the heavens high king
Help'd his tir'd thunder with his brothers mace
To mankinds ruine, earth then added was
To Neptunes king some, when the sea confounded,
All lands, and *Tethys* by no shore was bounded,
Contented with no limit but the skyes
Then also would those swelling seas arise
Vpto the starres; had not great *Ioue* keep downe
Their waues with clouds, nor sprung that night alone
From naturall causes; the thicke aire was growne
Infected with the damper of *Acheron*,

And clogg'd with foggy stormes, waues fro the maine
Fly to the cloudes, and fall like showres againe.
The lightnings light is lost; it shines not cleare,
But shootes obscurely through nights stormy aire.
The heauens then trembled; the high pole for feare
Resounded, when his hindges moored were.
Nature then fear'd the old confusion:
The element all concord seem'd vndone;
And night, that mist th'aetheriall deityes
With the infernall, seem'd againe to rise;
Their hope of safety was that in this great
Wracke of the world they were not perisht yet.
As far as you from *Leucas* top may see
The quiet sea, so faire could they descry
From waues high tops the troubled Ocean;
But when the swelling billowes fall againe,
The maine-mast top scarce aboue water stands:
The top'sailes touch the cleu'es, the keele the sands.
For ground is seene from whence the seas arise
In hills; in waues the seas whole water is.
Feare conquers art: the master does not know
Which waue to breake, which waue to yeeld vnto,
But the seas discord only aides them now;
The barke one billow cannot ouerflow
Let by anothers force, which still sustaines
The yelding side, the barke vpright maintaines
Her course, supported by all winds, no more
Low *Sasons* gulfes, Thessalia's crooked shore,
Or the Ambracian dangerous ports they fear'd,
But ore the high Ceraunia to be rear'd
By billowes; *Cæsar* thinkes it now to be
A danger worthy of his destiny;
Are the gods troubled so to mine me,
Whom sitting heere in a small barke (quoth he)
They haue assaulted with a storme so lowd?
Vpon the seas, not warres they haue bestow'd

The

The glory of my death, feareless I come
Ye gods, to any death that ye can doome:
Though this too hasty fate great actes breake off,
I haue already done things great enough;
The Northren nations I haue tam'd, and quell'd
My foes at home by armes: Rome has beheld
Great *Pompey* my inferiour; honours stay'd
From me in war, the people forc'd haue pay'd,
All Roman honours in my titles be.
Let it be knowne, fortune, to none but thee
(Though full of honour to the shades below
I both Romes Consull, and Dictator goe)
I dye a private death, ô gods I craue
No funerall: let the seas in most waue
Keepe my torne carkasse: let me want a tombe,
And funerall pyle whilest looke for still to come
Into all lands I am, and ever fear'd. (rear'd
Thus having spoke (most strange) the tenth waue
His barke aloft; nor from the billowes top
Did she fall downe, kept by the water vp,
Till on the rocky shore she stood at last.
His fortune, and so many kingdomes (cast
On shore) and townes againe he did receiue.
Cæsar's returne next morne could not deceiue
His souldiers so, as his stolne flight had done;
About their generall flock they every one
Assaulting him with lamentations,
And not ingratefull accusations;
VVhither did thy rash valour carry thee
Too cruell *Cæsar*? to what destiny
Didst thou leaue vs poore soules, venturing vpon
Th' vnwilling seas, and stormes thy selfe alone?
In thee to seeke for death was cruelty,
VVhen all the world esteemes thy head so high,
And on thy life so many liues of ours
Depend; did none of vs deserue t'haue power

Not to surviue thee? sleepe did vs detaine,
While thou wert tost vpon the watry maine.
Was this the cause thou went'st to Italy?
(Alas it shames vs) it was cruelty
To venture any man on such a sea;
For the last act of things such hazards be.
VVhy doest thou tire the gods so much to goe,
And venture the worlds greatest Captaine so;
From fortune's worke, and favour thus t'haue sent
Thee safe a shore to vs, be confident
Of the watres issue. This vse doest thou make
Of the gods favour to escape a wracke,
Rather then gaine the worlds sole soveraignety?
Thus while they talke, night past, the Sunne they see,
And a cleare day; his waues the tired maine
(By the windes leaue) compos'd, and smooth'd againe.
The Captaines also on th'Italian side
VVhen the tir'd Ocean free from waues they spy'd
By the pure Northwinds rising; thence convay'd
Their ships, which their skill'd Marriners had stay'd
So long for feare while winds auspicious fail'd.
Like a land army their joyn'd navy sail'd
On the broad Sea; but the chang'd windes by night
Fill'd not their sailes, but broke the order quite.
So Cranes in VVinter Strymon's cold forsake
To drinke warme Nile, and in their first flight make
(As chance directs) of letters various formes;
VVhen their spread wings are by the violent stormes
Of strong South-windes assailed, by and by
In a consuled globe all mingled fly:
The letter's lost in their distanked wings.
But the next morne when rising Titan brings
A stronger winde to driue the navie ore,
They passe the vaine attempted Lissus shore,
And to Nymphæum come: Southwinds that blow,
The haven on them (the Northwindes fled) bestow.

VVhen

VVhen *Cæsars* legions all collected were,
And *Pompey* saw the war was drawne to neere
To his owne campe he thinkes best to provide
For his wiues safety, and in Lesbos hide
Thee, faire *Cornelia*, from the noise of warre.
Alas in just and noble minds how farre
Prevailes true loue? true loue alone had power
To make great *Pompey* feare wars doubtfull houre;
His wife alone he wisht free from that stroke,
That all the world, and Romes whole fortune shooke,
But now a ready mind wants words in him:
He yeilds to sweete delayes; from fare stealestime.
But when th'approching morne had banisht rest,
And faire *Cornelia* his carrow ouided breast
Clasping, from her averted husband seekes
A loving disse, wondring to seele his cheekes
Moistened with teares; the hidden cause she feares,
And dares not find great *Pompey* shedding teares.
He then thus mourning spake: oh dearest wife,
Dearer to me then life, not now, when life
I loath, but in our best prosperity,
That sad day's come which too too much haue we,
Yet not enough differr'd *Cæsar's* addrest
For fight; thou must not stay; Lesbos the best,
And safest place will be for thee to hide;
Doe not entreat me sweete; I haue deny'd
It to my selfe; nor absent long shall we
Remaine, for swift will this wars tryall be,
Great things fall speedily. To heare, not see
Thy *Pompey's* danger is enough for thee
Thy loue deceiues me, if thou couldst endure
To see this fight; for me to sleepe secure
VVith thee (this war begun) and from thine armes
To rise, were shame, when the wars loud alarmes
Shake all the world, and that thy *Pompey* came
Sad with no losse to such a war were shame.

Nor shall thy husbands fortune all together
Oppresse thee, farre remoov'd safer then either
People or king. And should the gods contriue
My death, let *Pompeys* better part survive,
And a place be, whither I may desire,
If fate and *Cæsar* vanquish, to retire.
Her weakenesse could not such great griefe containe,
Her fences fled, she did amaz'd remaine. (frame,
At length when sad complaints these words could
My Lord, quoth she, I haue no cause to blame
Our wedlocks fortune, or the gods aboue:
No death, no funerall divides our loue:
We part the common, and plebeian way,
For feare of war *Cornelia* must not stay.
Let's be divorc'd to gratifye the foe,
Since he's at hand. *Pompey* esteem'st thou so
My faith, or think'st thou any thing can be
Safer to me then thee? Depend not we
Vpon one chance? canst cruell thou command
Thy absent wife this ruines shocke to stand?
Or think'st thou it a happy state for me
(While thy chance yet does doubtfull stand) to dye
For feare of future ill? I will attend
Thy death; but till sad fame the newes can send
So farre, I shall be forced to survive.
Besides thou wilt accustome me to grieue,
And beare so great a sorrow, as I feare
(Pardon that I confesse) I cannot beare.
And if the good gods heare my prayers now,
I last of all the happy newes shall know.
I on the rocks, when thou art conquerer,
Shall carefull sit, and even that ship shall feare,
That brings the happy newes: nor will my feare
Haue end so soone as I thy conquest heare,
So farre remoov'd from thee that *Cæsar* may
(Though flying) seize *Cornelia* as a pray.

My banishment will Lesbos shore renowne,
And make the towne of Mitylene knowne,
Where *Pompey's* wife abides, My last request
Is this, if thou be conquer'd, and nought rest
To saue thy life but flight, to any bay
Rather then that turne thy vnhappy way.
Vpon my shore thou wilt be surely sought
This said, from bed she leapt with griefe distraught,
Her woes with no delayes to enterlace;
Nor could she ten her Lord's sad breast embrace,
Nor hang about his necke; the last vnite's gone
Of so long loue: the griefes they hasten on.
And at the parting neither had the power
To say farewell. Never so sad an hower
In all their life had they. Succeeding woes
Their mindes by custome hardened could compose.
She fainting falls, and in her seruants hands
Lifted is borne to sea, but on the sands
She falls, as if that shore she faine would keepe,
At last perforce she's carry'd to the ship
From her deare country's shore not so distrest
Fled she, when *Cæsar* Italy possest.
With *Pompey* then she went: now all alone
Wanting that guide, she from her Lord is gone.
Sleepeleisse she spent in her now widow'd bed
Cold, and alone, the night that followed.
That side that naked vs'd not to be left,
Is of a husbands company bereft.
Oft would she, when her sleepy armes she spread,
With hands deceiv'd embrace the empty bed,
Seeking her Lord, her flight she would forget;
For, though loues flame fed on her marrow, yet
Ore all the bed she would not tumbling spread,
Fearing to miss her Lord, that part of bed
She kept; but fate did not so well ordaine,
The howr's at hand that brings her Lord againe.

FINIS, Liber quintus.

Annotations

Annotations on the fift Booke.

(a) Pompey's *losses, as we saw before in the 2. 3. and 4. Bookes were these, all his garrisons beaten out of Italy, and himselfe driven from thence; Massilia sackt: all Spaine lost, together with his army under the conduct of* Afranius *and* Petreius. Cæsars *losses a cohort of Opitergians, which killed themselues on the Illyrian sea with their captaine* Vulteius, *and* Curio *killed by king* Iuba.

(b) *Phocis was then made free as well as Massilia her colony, which* Cæsar *besiedg'd.*

(c) Dejotarus *king of Galatia brought to the army of* Pompey *fixe hundred horsemen.*

(d) Cotys *king of Thracia sent to the Army fiue hundred horsemen under the conduct of his sonne* Sadalis.

(e) Ruasipolis *brought from Macedonia two hundred horsemen.*

(f) Ptolemey *defrauded his sister* Cleopatra *of her share in the kingdome, and in killing* Pompey, *saved* Cæsar *the doing of that impious act.*

(g) Appius *the Governour of Achaia desirous to know the event of the civill war, compelled the chiefe Priest of Delphos to descend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time beene vsed.*

(h) *In the midst of the hill there was a deepe hole into the earth, out of which came a cold spirit, as it were a winde, and filled the Prophetesses with a fury, so that they instandly prophesied of things to come.*

(i) Appius *thinking this oracle had warned him onely to abstaine from this war, retired himselfe into that countrey which lyeth betweene Rhamnus, and Carystes called Cala Eubea, where before the battle of Pharsalia he dyed of a disease, and was there buryed, and so possest quietly the place which the Oracle had promised him.*

(k) Cæsar

(k) Cæsar was now returned to Placentia from Spaine, Where hee had conquered Afranius and Petrejus two of Pompey's Lieutenants, and was going from thence into Epire and Macedonia against Pompey; in the meane time this mutiny happened

(l) Cæsar cashiered with ignominy all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much adoe after many prayers received them againe, but not without taking punishment of the chiefe muteniers.

(m) Cæsar made himselfe Dictator at Rome without any lawfull election, that is, neither named by the Senate nor Consul; but eleven dayes after he left his Dictatorshippe, having made himselfe and Publius Servilius Consuls.

(n) Then leganne all those names of flattery, which they afterward vsed to their Emperours, as Diuus, Ever Augustus, Father of his countrey, Founder of peace, Lord, and the like.

(o) After all governement was in the hands of Cæsar alone, all the ancient rites in creating of Magistrates were quite taken away, in imaginary face of election was in the field of Mars, the tribes were cited, but were not admitted distinctly, and in the true forme to giue their suffrages, the other orders were but vaine; for the Emperour commended him to the Centuries whom he would haue Consul; or else designed him, and chose him himselfe; their Augury also was abused and the Augurs interpreted every thing as they were compelled.

(p) Vnder the Emperours, Consuls were oft chosen for halfe an yeare for 1. 1. or 3. moneths.

(q) Pompey was then is Candavia, but when he heard that Cæsar was come, and was possest of Oricum, and Apollonia; hee hasted to Dyrrachium. Cæsar pitched his tents at one side of the river Apsus, and Pompey at the other.

(r) Cæsar

(r) Cæſar having landed his men the ſame night ſen
backe the ſhips to Brundeſium for Antonius to tranſpor
the reſt of his legions, and his horſemen, whoſe ſlow com
ming made Cæſar deſer the fight.

(s) This Marcus Antonius after the death of Iulius
Cæſar had warre with Augustus, by whom he was van
quiſhed in a ſea fight neere Leucas

(t) When part of the army for want of ſhips ſtay'd a
Brundusium, vnder Antonius, Gabinius and Calenus
Cæſar impatient of delay reſol'ued to go himſelfe an
meſſenger to call them in a ſtormy night, and a little veſ
ſell, ſome ſay a boate that would beare twelue oares, hi
vnknowne to all his army he paſt in a diſguiſed habit
through all the courts of guard, and went to Sea.

LVCANS.

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The Sixt Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar enclosing Pompey *with a fence,*
And trenches of a vast circumference
Endures a famine, Pompey *pestilence,*
Who breaking through escapes a conquerer thence.
Braue Scæva's *valour, and admired fight.*
Into Thessalia Cæsar *takes his flight;*
Great Pompey *followes: the description,*
And Poets tales, That Thessaly renowne.
To the dire witch Erictho Sextus *goes*
This fatall warres sad issue to disclose:
She quickens a dead carcasse, which relates
To Sextus *eare, his, and his fathers fates,*
And craving then deaths freedome to obtaine
Is by a magicke spell dissolv'd againe.

WHen on neere (*a*) hils both Generalls fierce (*b*) of sight
Had pitch'd their tents, and drawne their troopes in sight
And the gods saw their match: *Cæsar* in Greece
Scornes to take towes, or owne the destinyes.

For

For any conquest, but his sonne in law's.
The worlds sad howre, that to a ryall dowre
This wars maine chance, he wishes for alone,
That cast of fortune, that must ruine one.
Thrice on the hills his battell he array'd,
And all his threatning Eagles thrice display'd,
Shewing that he would never wanting be
T'orethrow the Roman state. But when he see
No provocations could his sonne in law
(Who close entrenched lay) to battell draw,
From thence (e) he march'd by woody passages,
And close, to take Dyrrachiums fortresses.
Thither a neerer way great *Pompey* takes
Along the shore and on high Petra makes
His campe, to guard from thence Dyrrachium towne
Safe (without men) by her owne strength alone.
No human labour, no old structure made
Her fence, which would (though rere so lofty) fade
By force of war, or eating time oretaken.
A strength, that by no engine can be shaken,
Her scite, and nature give, the sea profound,
And steepe waue breaking rockes endate it round;
But for one little hill an Iland 'twere:
Ship-threatning rockes sustaine the walls, and there
Th' Ionian sea rais'd by the Southwindes blasts
Her temples shakes, and frothy foamings casts
On houses topps. War-thirsty *Cæsar* then
Conceiv'd (d) a cruell hope, spreading his men,
Round on the hills from every side t'enclose
With joyned trenches his unwary foes:
And all the ground surveying with his eye
Is not content alone to fortefie
His workes with brittle earth, but weighty stone
From quarryes digs, vast rockes, houses tome downe,
And Greekish walls brought thither make a fence,
Able the rams assaulting violence,

And

And all wars furious engines to withstand;
Hills levell'd, valleyes rais'd make even land
In *Cæsars* workes, with trenches wide enclos'd
And towred castels on the hills dispos'd.
With a vast circuite he takes in the ground,
About the pastures, woods, and shelters round
As 'twere for deere, spreading a wide-stretch'd toile.
Pompey no roome, nor pasture wants; for while
He thus enclos'd by *Cæsars* trenches is,
He remooues campes; (so many rivers rise,
And their whole course within this circuite run)
And *Cæsar*, tir'd going to looke vpon
His workes, makes often stayes. Let ancient tales
To the gods worke adscribe the Trojan walls;
Let flying Parthians still admire alone
The brittle earth-built walls of Babylon.
As far as Tigris, and Orontes run,
As the Assyrian Kings dominion
Stretch'd in the East, a suddaine worke of war
Encloses heere. Lost those great labours are,
So many hands would to Abydos put
Hesters fill vp the Hellespont: and cut
Corinth from Pelops land: and from the seas
Take long Malea for the sailors ease:
Or mende some part (though nature should deny)
Of the worlds structure. Here wars quarters lye:
Here feedes that blood that in all lands must flow,
The Libyan, and the sea an ouer throw.
Wars civill fury boiles, kept slightly in.
The worke first structure *Pompey* had not seene.
As who in middest of Sicily safe dwell,
When rough Pelorous barkes, an never tell:
As Northren Brittaines cannot heare the rore
Of flowing seas against the Kentish shore.
But when himself he quiet so far he knew
By a vast trench, he from safe Petra drew

His troopes: and ore the hills dispos'd them so,
To keepe the rankes of his beseidging foe
More thin and tooke of the enclosed ground
As much in length, as in true distance found
Twixt lofty Rome, and th' Aricinian wood,
VVhere Scythian Dian's ador'd image stood:
As far as Tyber's streame from Romes walls ends
By straight account, not as the river bends.
No trumpets sound: piles vncommanded flye:
Mischeifes oft done as they their javelins try.
Both cheifes are kept from fight by greater care:
Pompey because his pasture feilds are bare;
The ground he had, by horse oretrampled was,
VVhose horny hoofes trode downe the springing grasse.
The war-like steed weary'd in those bar'd feilds,
VVhen the full racke provider far brought yeilds,
Tasting his new-brought food falls downe and dyes
Treading the ring, fail'd by his trembling thighs.
Their bodyes wast by dire consumption;
The vnstirr'd aire drawes moist contagion
Into a pestilentiall cloud, such breath
Nasi exhales from her darke caues beneath;
Such poison'd aire, where bury'd *Typhon* lyes,
The ground sends forth; apace the army dyes.
The water from the aire infection taking
VVith costiuenesse torments the bowells aking:
Dry's their discolour'd skin: their blood-swolne eyes
Doe breake: the fiery plague with botches flyes
All ore the face: their heavy heads fall downe.
Now more and more suddaine their death was growne,
Twixt life and death the sickenesse has no roome;
But death does with the first faint symptomes come.
By carcasses, which all vnburyed lye.
Among the living growes mortality.
Twas all the souldiers buriall to be cast
Out of the tents. This plague was staid at last

By blasts of strong aire-stirring Northren winde,
Ships fraught with Corne, the shore, and sea behinde.
But *Cæsar* free vpon the spacious hills,
No pestilence from aire or water feeles:
But (as if straight beseig'd) a famine strong
Is forc'd to suffer: corne as yet not sprong
To the full height. his wretched men he sees
Fall to beasts food, eate grasse, and rob the trees
Of leaues, and tender twigs: and venturing more
Death-threatning herbes from rootes vnknowne they
What ever they could bite, soften with heat, (tore.
Or through their wounded palats downe could get,
And things, that human tables nere did know,
Content to eate, besidg'd (e) their full fed foe.
When through the trenches *Pompey* pleas'd to make
His way, and freedome of all lands to take:
He seekes not th' obscure time of dusky night,
Scorning to steale a passage free from fight:
But rather force the trenches, and breake downe
The forts, and passe, where ruine leades him on,
Through swords and slaughter to enforce his way.
The part of the neere trench most fitly lay
Minutius castle call'd; trees thickly set
Making a groue obscure oreshadow'd it.
Hither his Cohorts by no dust betray'd
He led, and suddenly the walls assay'd.
So many Roman Eagles glister round
The field at once, so many trumpets sound,
That now to swords the victory nought owes:
Feare had discomfited th' astonisht foes.
Yet (wherein valour only could be show'd)
That ground, where first they stood, they dying strow'd
But the *Pompeyans* now want foes to slay:
Whole showers of Piles in vaine are th owne away.
Then fire rowi'd vp in pitchy stuffe they throw
Vpon the workes: the shaken turrets bow,

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Whole showers of Piles in vaine are throwne away.
Then fire rowl'd vp in pitchy stuffe they throw
Vpon the workes: the shaken turrets bow,

Threatning a fall, the battred bul-warke groanes
Beat by the rammes impetuous fury downe,
And ore the trenches *Pompeys* Eagles fly
To vindicate the Romane liberty.
That place, which not a thousand companyes,
Nor all the strength of *Cæsar* could surprise,
One mans alone guards from the Conquerers,
Deuring *Pompey's* conquest, who left he weares
A sword, and liues His name was *Scæva*, once
A common souldier of those legions,
That serv'd in Gallia: then Centurion,
By blood promoted, to all mischief prone,
And one that knew not in a civill war
How great a crime the souldiers valours are.
He when he saw his fellowes leaving fight,
And seeking out safe places for their flight,
Whither (quoth he) base slaues, and beasts, does feare
(Vnknowne to all that armes for *Cæsar* beare)
Drive you? can you retire without one wound?
Or are you not asham'd not to be found
Among the heare of men? though faith were gone,
Anger (one thinkes) should make you fight alone.
We are the men of all, through whom the foe
Has chose to breake; let this day bloody goe
On *Pompey's* side. I should farre happyer dy
In *Cæsars* sight but since the fates deny
Him for a witnesse, *Pompey* shall commend
My death; your breasts and throates vndaunted bend
Against their steele, and turne their weapons backe.
The dust far off is scene, his ruines cracke
Has by this time enter'd our generalls eares.
We conquer, fellowes, *Cæsar* straight appeares
To challenge (though we dye) this fort, his voice
More then th' alarums first inciting noise
Their fury stirr'd: then wondring at the man,
And eager to behold the souldiers ran

To

To see if valour disadvantag'd so,
Surpris'd by place and number cou'd bestow
Ought more then death. He making good alone
The falling worke, first throwes dead bodyes downe,
From the full tower to overwhelme the foes
The posts, the wals, slaughter it selfe bestowes
Weapons on him, threatning himselfe to fall
Downe on their heads, and thrusts off from the wall
The breasts of scaling foes with poles, and stakes,
And with his sword cuts off his hand that takes
Hold on the bulwarkes top; and with vast stones
Pashes their heads in peices, breakes their bones,
And dashes out their weakely-fenced braines.
Downe on anothers haire, and face he raines
Pitch fir'd; the fire whizzes in burning eyes.
But when the pil'd vp carcasses gan rise
To æquall the walls height, as nimbly then
Into the midst of *Pompey's* armed men
Scæva leapes downe from thence, as Libbards fierce
Breake thorough the besetting huntsmens speares.
Then *Scæva* wedg'd in round, and by th' whole war
Enclos'd, yet where he striks is Conquerer.
His swords point dull with blood congealed growes,
And blunt; nor does it peirce, but bruise his foes.
His sword has lost the vse, and without wound
It breakes mens limmes. The foes encircling round
At him direct their weapons all, and all
Their hands aime right, and javelins rightly fall:
There fortune a strange match beholds, one man
'Gainst a whole war. His strong sheild sounded than
VVith often strokes; his broken helmet beat
Downe to his Temples wrings with paine and heat,
And nothing else protects his vitall parts
But th' outside of his flesh stucke full of darts
VVhy with light darts, and arrowes doe you strive
(Vaine fooles) such wounds, as can not kill, to give?

Let the Phalaricke strong her wilde fire throw,
Or massy walls of stone gainst such a foe:
Let battring Rammes, and wars vast engines all
Remoove him thence; he stands for *Cæsar's* wall
'Gainst *Pompey's* course. His breast no armes now hide,
Scorning to vse a sheild, lest his left side
Should want a wound, and he be forc'd to liue
By his owne fault, what wounds the war can giue,
He takes alone; and bearing a thicke wood
Of darts vpon his breast, now wearyed stood
Choosing what foe to fall on; to at sea
One whales, and monstrous beasts of Libya.
So a Getulian Elephant clos'd in
By hunters round, all shafts from his thicke skin
Beates backe, and breakes: or mooving it shakes off
The sticking darts (his bowells safe enough)
And through those wounds no blood he looses; so
So many shafts, and darts cannot bestow
One death. At last a Cretan bow-let flye
A sure Gortyan shaft in the left eye
Of *Scæus* stucke the shaft; he voide of feares,
The ligaments, and spicke sinewes teares,
That th' arrowes forked iron head did stay,
And kick'd the shaft with his owne eye away.
So if a Libyan looped javelin peirce
The side of a Pannonian beare, more fierce
Growne by her wound, she wheeles her selfe about,
Eager to catch the dart, and pull it out,
Which still turnes with her, *Scæus'* lookes now bore,
No fiercenesse, all his face deform'd with gore.
A shout that reach'd the sky, the Conquerers raise;
So little blood (though drawne from *Cæsars* face)
Could not haue joy'd them more. But *Scæus* now
In his great heart suppressing this deepe woe,
With a wilde looke, that did no valour show,
Hold Countrey-men (quoth he) forbeare me now;

Wounds

VVounds further not my death,nor now needs I
Moe weapons in,but these pul'd out,to dye.
Into the campe of *Pompey* carry me:
Doo't for your generalls sake,let *Scæua* be
Rather th' example now of *Cæsar* left,
Then of a noble death *Ambo* be left
These fained words of his vnhappily:
And did not the swords point against him see:
But as to seize him,and his armes he venures,
His throate the lightning sword of *Scæua* enters.
His valour then by this one death renew'd
VVax'd hot; who ere dares thinke *Scæua* subdu'd,
Thus let him rue (quoth he,) if from thus steele
Pompey tecke peace,let him to *Cæsar* kneele.
Thought you me like your selues,fearefull,and base?
You loue not *Pompey*,and the Senates cause,
As I loue death. VVith that the dust rais'd high
Gaue them all notice *Cæsars* troopes were nigh,
And from wars shame did the Pompeyans free,
Lest a whole troope should haue bin thought to flee
From *Scæua* only. VVhen the fight was done
He fell,and dy'd: for fight (when blood was gone)
Lent strength. His friends taking him,as he falls,
Vpon their shoulders to his funeralls
Are proud to beare him,and that breast adore,
As if some sacred deity it bore,
Or valours glorious image there did liue.
Then all from his transfixt members striue
To plucke the Piles: and therewithall they dreft
The pods themselues: on Mars his naked breast,
Scæua,they put thy armes. How great endeede
Had bin thine honour,if those men,that fled;
Had bin the warlike Celtiberians.
Germans long arm'd,or shore Cantabrians.
No triumphs now; no spoiles of this fac war
Can decke the temple of the thunderer.

VVith how great valour, wretch, hast thou procur'd
A lord? nor did great *Pompey* lye immur'd
And quiet from attempting fight againe
At this repulse, no more then th' Ocean
Is tir'd, when lifted by strong Easterne blast
'Gainst the repelling rockes, and eates at last
The rockes hard side, making, though late, a way
Assaulting then (*f*) the fort that neerest lay
To tu' sea, he takes it by a double war,
And spreads his men over the fields afar,
Pleas'd with this liberty of changing ground.
So when full Padus swells aboue the bound
Of his safe bankes, and the neere fields oreflowes:
If any land, not able to oppose
That hill of water, yeild: that it ore-runs,
Opening t'it selfe vnknowne dominions
Some owners must of force their lands foregoe,
Some gaine new lands, as Padus will bestow.
Cæsar, at first not knowing it, by light
From a towres top had notice from the fight:
The dust now la'id, he sees his walls beat downe;
But when he found it past, and the foe gone,
This rest his fury stirr'd, enraged deepe
That *Pompey* safe on *Cæsar's* losse should sleepe.
Resolving (though to his owne losse) to goe
On, and disturbe the quiet of his foe.
First he assaults *Torquatus*, who descryes
As soone his comming, as the sayler spyes
Th' approach of a Circæan storme, and takes
Down all his sailes, when once the maine mast shakes.
His men within the inner wall doth bring,
To stand more firmely in a narrow ring.
Ore the (*g*) first trenches workes *Cæsar* was gone,
VVhen *Pompey* from the hills aboue sent downe
All his whole troopes vpon th' enclosed foe,
Th' inhabitants neere Ætna feare not so

Ence'a-

Enceladus, when the fierce Southwind blowes,
And Ætna from her fiery cavernes throwes
Her scalding entrailes forth: as *Cæsar's* men,
By the rais'd dust orecome ere they begin
To fight; and in the cloud of this blind feare
Flying they meete their foes; terrour does beare
Them to their fate. Then might haue beene let out
The civill wars whole blood, and peace beene brought.
Pompey himselfe their furious swords restrain'd.
Oh happy Rome, still free hadst thou remain'd
With all thy lawes, and power, if there for thee
Sylla had conquer'd; tis, and still shall be
Cæsar, our griefe, thy worst of wicked deeds
(To fight with a good sonne in law) succeedes.
Oh lucklesse fates, for *Munda's* bloody day
Spaine had not wept, Afflicke for *Vtica*,
Nor had Nile borne, her streame discolouring,
A carcasse (*h*) nobler then th' Ægyptian King;
Nor *Iuba* (*i*) nak'd on Libyan sands had dy'd,
Nor had the blood of *Scipio* pacify'd
Carthage dire ghosts: nor mens society
Had lost good *Cato*. That day, Rome to thee
Had beene the last of ills, *Pharsalias* day
In midst of fate had vanished away.
Cæsar this ill-possessed place forsakes,
And with his mangled (*k*) troopes t'Æmathia makes.
Pompey pursues his flying father in law.
Whom from that purpose his friends striue to draw,
Perswading him to turne to Italy
Now free from enemies. Never, quoth he,
VVill I like *Cæsar* to my countrey come,
Nor never more vnsesse with peace, shall Rome
See my returne. In Italy I could
Haue stay'd at the beginning, if I would
Before Romes temples this sad war haue brought,
And in the midst o'th market place haue fought.

To draw the war from home, to th'torrid zone,
Or Scythians farthest cold I would be gone.
Shall I a conquerer now rob Rome of rest,
VVho fled, lest she should be with war oppresst?
Let *Cæsar* thinke Rome his, rather then she
Should suffer from this war. Then Easterly
He turnes his course, paths devious marching over,
VVhere regions vast Candavia does discover,
And to Thessalia comes, which fate for this
Sad war ordaind. Thessalia bounded is
By the Hill Ossa on the Northeast side;
Pelion, when Summer's in her height of pride,
His shade opposes 'gainst *Sols* rising rayes;
The woody Othrys Southward keepes away
The scorching Lions heate, Pindus his hight
Keepes off the VVesterne windes, and hastens night
By hiding the Suns set; those men neere feele
(That in the bottome of Olimpus dwell)
The Northwindes rage, nor all night long can see
The shining of the Beare. The fields, that lye
A vale betwixt those hills, were heretofore
A standing poole with water cover'd ore.
The fields kept in the rivers; Tempe then
Had no vent to the sea: to fill the fen
VVas all the rivers course. But when of yore
Alcides Ossa from Olimpus tore,
And Peneus suddainely the sea did fill:
Sea-borne *Achilles* kingdome (that had still
Beene better vnder water) first was showne;
And *Phylace*, that landed first vpon
The Trojan shore her ship; and *Dorion*
For the nine Muses anger woe-begone;
Pteleos, and *Trachis*, *Methaa* pecud
Of great *Alcides* shafts on her bestow'd,
Base hire for *Oeta's* fire; and where men now
Over the once renowned Argos plow:

Larissa

Larissa potent once: and where old tales
Describe the Echionian Theban walls;
Thither *Aganue* banisht, there the head,
And necke of her dead *Pentheus* buryed,
Griev'd she had borne no moe limbes from her son.
The fens thus becke in many rivers run.
On the VVest side into th'Ionian sea
Cleare, but small, Æas runs: as small as he
Runs the Egyptian Isis fathers flood:
And *Achelous*, whose thicke streame with mud
Soiles the Echinades: Euenus ore
Meleagers Calydon stain'd with the gore
Of Nessus runs: Sperchios swiftly slides
From Maliacke sea, whose channell glides
Purely along Amphrysus pasture fields,
Where *Phœbus* serv'd: Anauros, that neere yeilds
Nor fog, nor wind, nor exhalation:
And what ere river by it self not knowne
To th'sea, his waues on Peneus bestowes:
Apidanus in a swift torrent flowes:
Enipeus never swift vnlesse combin'd:
Atlas: and Phœnix with Asopus join'd:
Alone his streame pure Titaresius keepes,
Though in a different named flood he creepes:
And vsing Peneus as his ground, he flowes
Above: from Styx (they say) this river rose:
Who (mindfull of his spring) scornes with base floods
To mixe, but keepes the reverence of the gods.
VVhen first, these rivers gone, the fields appear'd,
In furrowes the Bœbician plowshares reard:
Th'Æolian husbandmen then breake the ground,
The Leleges, and Dolopes then wound
Her fertile breast; the skill'd Magnetians
Shoresemanship: the sea fam'd Minyans.
A Pelethronian dens'tion there
Fruitfull cloud did th'halfe-wilde Centaures beare:

Thee,

Thee, *Monichus*, that couldst on *Pholoe*
Breake hardest rockes: and furious *Rhœcus*, thee,
That vp by th'rootes could strong wilde ashes teare
On Octa's mount, which Boreas blasts would beare;
Pholus, that didst *Alcides* entertaine:
Ravishing *Nessus* on the river slaine
By venom'd shafts: and thee, old *Chiron*, made
A constellation now, who seem'st t'invade
The Scorpion with thy Thessalian bow:
Feirce wars first seedes did from this country grow;
Heere the first horse for war sprang from a rocke,
Which mighty Neptune with his trident strooke;
To chew on the steele bit he not disdain'd,
And tam'd by his Thessalian rider rain'd.
From hence the first of ships the Ocean plow'd,
And seas hid pathes to earth-bred mortalls show'd.
Ixions first of all Thessalia's King
To forme by hammer did hot mettalls bring;
Made silver liquid, stamp'd his coine impresse
In gold, and melted brasse in furnaces.
Hence did th'account of money first arise,
The fatall cause of war and tragedies.
Heere was that hideous serpent *Python* bred,
Whose skin the Delphian *Tripos* covered;
Whence to those games Thessalian bayes are brought.
Aloeus wicked brood 'gainst heaven here fought;
When *Ossa* on high Pelions top was set,
And the Celestiall orbes swift motion let.
When both the generalls in this Land (by fate
Destin'd) encamp'd: the wars ensuing state
Fills all presaging mindes, all saw at hand
That hower, on which this wars last cast should stand
Cowards now trembled that wars fate so neare
Was drawne, and fear'd the worst; both hope and feare
To this yet-doubtfull tryall brought the stout.
But one (alas) among the fearefull rout

Was

Was *Sextus*, *Pompey's* most vnworthy son;
Who afterwards a banisht man vpon
Sicilian seas, turn'd Pirate, and there stain'd.
The fam'd sea-triumphs his great father gain'd
He brooking no delay, but weake to beare
A doubtfull state, endeauoures, vrg'd by feare,
To find fates future course. Nor does he craue
From Delphian *Phœbus*, from the Pythian caue,
Or that fam'd Oake fruitfull in akehornes, where
Iones mouth giues answere, this event to heare.
Nor seekes advice from them, to whom are knowne
Birds flights, beasts entrailes, lightnings motion,
Nor the Chaldæan skill'd Astrologer,
Nor any secret wayes, that lawfull were:
But magicke damn'd by all the gods aboue,
And her detested secrets seekes to proue,
Arde from the ghosts, and feinds below to craue,
Thinking (ah wretch) the gods small knowledge haue.
The place it selfe this vaine dire madnesse helpt,
Nere to the campe th' Æmonian witches dwelt,
Whom no invented monsters can excell;
Their art's what ere's incredible to tell.
Besides Thessalians fields, and rockes doe beare
Strange killing hearbes, and plants, and stones that heare
The charming Witches murmurs: there arise
Plants, that haue power to force the deityes.
Medea there a stranger in those fields
Gather'd worse herbes then any Colchos yeilds.
Those wretches impious charmes tuine the gods eares,
Though deafe to many nations zealous prayers:
Their voice alone beares through the inmost skyes
Commands to the vnwilling deityes,
Which not their care of heavens high motions
Can turne away; when those dire murmurs once
Enter the sky, though the Ægyptians wise,
And Babylonians their deepe misteryes

Should

Should vtter all, th'Æmonian witch still beares
From all their altars the gods forced eares.
These witches spells loues soft desires haue sent
Into the hardest hearts 'gainst fates intent;
Seuere old men haue burn'd in impious loue, (mou,
VVhich tempered drinkes, and philtrums could not
Nor that, to which the fole his damos loue owes,
The swelling flesh that on his forehead growes.
Mindes by no poyson hurt, haue perished
By spells; those, whom no loue of marriage bed,
Nor tempting beauty es power could ere inflame,
By Magicke knot-ty'd thread together came;
The course of things has stay'd, to keepe out day
Night has stood still: the sky would not obey
The law of Nature: the dull world at their
Dire voice has beene benumn'd: great *Iupiter*
Vrging their course himselfe, admir'd to see
The poles not moov'd by their swift axeitree.
Showres they haue made; clouded the clearest sky,
And heaven has thunder'd, *Ioue* not knowing why.
By the same voyce, (with haire loose hanging) they
Moist swelling clouds and stormes haue chas'd away.
The sea without one puffe of wind has swell'd;
Againe in spite of Auster has beene still'd:
Ships sailes haue quite against the windes been sway'd
Steepe waters torrents in their fall haue stay'd:
And rivers haue run backe. Nile not ore-flowne
In Summer time: Mæander straight has run.
Arar has hasten'd, Rhodanus growne slow:
High hills sunke cowne haue æquall'd vales below.
About his head the cloudes Olympus saw:
In midst of VVinter Scythian snowes did thaw
VVithout the Sunne: the tide-rais'd Ocean
Æmonian spells beat from the shore againe.
The ponderous earth out of her center tost
Her middle place in the worlds orbe has lost;

So great a weight strooke by that voyce was stirr'd,
And on both sides the face of heaven is pear'd.
All deadly creatures, and for mischeife borne
Both feare, and serue by death the witches turne;
The Tigers fierce, and Lyons nobly bold
Fawne vpon them: cold snakes themselues vnfold,
And in the frosty fields lye all vntwin'd:
Dissested vipers by their power are joyn'd.
Their poison'd breathings poison'd serpents kill.
Why are the gods thus troubled to fulfill,
And fearefull their enchantments to contemne?
What bargaine has thus ty'd the gods to them?
Doe they obey vpon necessity,
Or pleasure? or some vnknowne piety
Deserues it? or some secret threats prevaile?
Or haue they jurisdiction over all
The gods? or does one certaine deity feare
Their most impetious charmes, who, what so ere
Himselfe is forc'd too, can the world compell?
By them the starres oft from the pole downe fell;
And by their voices poyson Phabe turn'd,
Growne pale with darke, and earthly fires has burn'd,
No lesse then if debarr'd her brothers shine
By enterposall of the earth betweene.
Her Orbe, and his: these labours vndergone
Has she, depresst by incantation,
Vntill more nigh she foam'd her gelly on
Their herbes. These spells of this dire nation,
And damned rites dreadful Erictho scornes
As too too good, and this foule art adornes
With newer rites; in townes her dismall head,
Or houses rooses is never coveted
Forsaken graues and tombes (the ghosts expell'd)
She haunts; by fiends in estimation held.
To heare hells silent counsells, and to know
The Stygian cells, and misteryes below.

Of

Of *Dis*, her breathing heere no hindrance was.
A yellow leaneneſſe ſpreads her lothed face;
Her dreadfull looxes, knowne to no lightſome aire,
With heavy hell-like paleneſſe clogged are.
Laden ſhe is with long vnkemmed haires.
But when darke ſtormes, or clouds obſcure the ſtarres,
From naked graues then forth *Erictho* ſtalkes
To catch the nights quicke ſulphur; as ſhe walkes
The corne burnes vp, and blaſts where ere ſhe tread;
And by her breath cleare aires are poiſoned.
She prayes not to the gods, nor humbly cryes
For helpe, nor knowes ſhe pleaſing ſacrifice;
But funerall flames to th' altars ſhe preferres,
Frankincenſe ſnatch'd from burning ſepulchres.
The gods at her firſt voice grant any harme
She askes, and dare not heare her ſecond charme.
Liue ſcules, that rule their limbs, ſhe does entombe:
Death (though vnwilling) ſeizes thoſe, to whom
The fates owe yeeres; with a croſſe pompe men dead
Returne from graue, coarſes from tombes haue fled;
Young mens hot aſhes, and burnt bones ſhe ſnatches
Out of the midſt of funerall Pires, and catches
The kindling brand in their ſad parents hand;
The funerall beds blacke ſmoaking fragments, and
Their aſhy garments, and fleſh-ſmelling coales.
But when ſhe findes a coarſe entombed whole,
Whoſe moiſture is drawne out, and marrow growne
Hard by corruption, greedy havocke on
Each limbe ſhe makes; and from their orbes doth teare
His congeal'd eyes, and ſtickes her knucles there.
She gnawes his nailes now pale, ore growne, and long:
Bites halters killing knotts where dead men hung:
Teares from the gibbetts ſtrangled bodies downe,
And from the gallowes licks corruption. (wet,
Shee gathers dead mens limmes, which ſhowres haue
And marrow harden'd in *Sols* ſcorching beate.
She keepes the nailes that pierc'd crucifi'd hands,

And

And gathers poysonous filth, and slime that stands
On the cold joynts, and biting with her fanges
The harden'd sinewes, vp from ground she hangs.
And where so ere a naked carcasse ly,
Before the beasts, and ravenous fowles sits she;
But teares, or cuts no limbe; till it be bit
By Wolves; from whose dry jawes she snatches it.
Nor spares she murdering, if life blood she need,
That from a throat new open'd must proceede,
She murders, when her sacrifices dire
Life blood, and panting entrailes doe require:
And births abortiue by vnnaturall wayes
From wounded wombes she takes, and burning layes
Them on her wicked altars; when she lacks
Store cruell ghosts, such ghosts forthwith she makes.
All deaths of men serue for her action.
From young mens chinns she puls the growing downe,
And dying striplings haire she cuts away.
Erictho oft when ore the course she lay
Of her dead kinsman, and did seeme to kisse,
Off from his maimed head would bite a peece;
And opening his pale lips, gelled, and clung
In his dry throat she bites his cold stiffe tongue:
And whispering murmurs dire by him she sends
Her banefull secrets to the Stygian feinds.
By generall fame when *Sextus* notice had
Of her, in depth of night, when *Titan* made
At the Antipodes their noone of day,
Ouer the desart fields he takes his way:
The seruants waiting on his folly then,
Seeching through broken tombes, and graues of men,
Spy'd on a rocke at last, where Æmus bends,
And the Thessalian lofty hills extends,
Erictho sitting; she was trying there
Spells, which nere witch, nor mayde god did heare,
And for new purposes was framing charmes,
For fearing lest the civill warres alarmes

Should

Should to some other land be carryed thence,
And Thessaly should want that blood's expence:
Philippi teilds with incantations stain'd,
And sprinckled with dire iuice she did command
Not to transferre the war, meaning t'enioy
So many deaths, and the worlds blood t'employ:
The carcasses of slaughter'd Kings to maime,
And turne the Roman ashes was her aime:
To search for princes bones, and each great ghost.
But what best pleas'd her, and she study'd most,
Was what from *Pompey's* coarse to take away,
Or vpon which of *Cæsars* limmes to prey.
Whom first thus *Pompey's* fearefull sonne bespake;
Wiest of all Thessalians, that canst make
Foreknowne all things to come, and turne away
The course of destiny, to me (I pray)
The certaine end of this wars chance relate.
I am no meane part of the Roman fate,
Great *Pompey's* sonne, now either lord of all,
Or wofull heir of his great funerall.
My minde, though wounded now with doubtfull feare,
Is well resolv'd any knowne woe to beare.
Oh take from chance this power, it may not fall
Vnseene, and suddaine on me; the gods call;
Or spare the gods, and force the truth out from
The ghosts below, open Elysium,
Call forth grim death himselfe, bid him relate
Which of the two is given to him by fate,
Tis no meane taske, but labour worthy thee
To search what end of this great war shall be.
The impious Witch proud of a fame to spread
Repli'es, young man, wouldst thou haue altered
Some meaner fate, it had beene easily done
I could haue forc'd to any action
Th' vnwilling gods. I can preserue the breath
Of him, whom all the starres haue doom'd to death:

And

And, though the planets all conſpire to make
Him old, the midſt of his lifes courſe can breake.
But fates, and th' order of great cauſes all
Worke downeward from the worlds enginall;
When all mankinde depend on one ſucceſſe,
If there you would, change ought, our arts confeſſe
Fortune has greater power: but if content
You be alone to know this wars event,
Many, and eaſie wayes for vs there be
To finde out truth; the earth, the ſea, the ſky,
The dead, the Rodopeian rockes, and fields
Shall ſpeake to vs. But ſince late ſlaughter yeilds
Such choiſe of carcaſſes in Theſſaly,
To raiſe vp one of thoſe will eaſyeſt be:
That a warme new-ſlaine carcaſſe with a cleare
Intelligible voice may greete your eare.
Leaſt (by the Sunne the organs parch'd, and ſpill'd)
The diſmall ghoſt vncertaine hizzings yeild.
Then double darkeneſſe ore nights face ſhe ſpred,
And wrapping in a foggy cloud her head,
She ſearches where th' vnburyed bodyes lye;
Away the wolues, and hungry vultures flye
Looſening their tallands, when *Erictho* comes
To chooſe her prophet, griping with her thummes
Their now cold marrows, ſeeking where a tongue,
And lungs, with fillets whole, vnwounded hung.
The fates of thoſe ſlaine men ſtand doubtfull all
Which of their ghoſts ſhe from the dead would call.
Had ſhe deſir'd to raiſe th' whole army ſlaine,
And to reuiue them for the war againe,
Hell had obey'd: from Styx, by her ſtrange might
The people all had beene drawne backe to fight.
When ſhe a carcas fitting had eſpy'd,
An hooke ſhe faſten'd in his throate, and ty'd
To it a fatall rope, by which the hag
Ore rockes and ſtones the wretched carcaſſe drag.

Not hiding his intent, 'twas not the loue
Of civill war, but *Pompey*, first did mooue
Our armes, (execuse vs *Cato*) we adhær'd
By favour, now he, whom the world preferr'd
Before her peace, is dead, our cause is gone;
Now lets returne to our left mansion,
Our houshold gods, and children deare to see.
For what can civill wars conclusion be,
If not Pharsaliaes field not *Pompeys* death?
Our time of life is spent; now let vs breath
Our last in peace: let our old age provide
Our funerall pyles, which civill war deny'd
Two greatest Captaines. For no barbarous,
Or cruell yoke will fortune lay on vs
No Scythian, nor Armenian tyranny.
The subjects of Romes gowned state are we.
He that was second, *Pompey* being aliue,
Is first with vs: the highest place we giue
His sacred name. He whom wars fortunes make,
Shall be our lord, no generall wee'll take.
Vnto the war we followed thee alone;
We'll follow fate, *Pompey*, now thou art gone.
Nor haue we cause to hope for good successe,
Since *Cæsars* fortune now doth all possesse.
Th' Æmathian strength is by his victory
Dispers'd, we loose his mercy; only he
Has power, and will to spare the conquered.
Our civill war's a crime now *Pompey's* dead,
'Twas duty while he liv'd, If *Cato*, thou
Wilt serue thy countrey still, lets follow now
Those Eagles, which the Roman Consuls keepes.
Thus having spoke aboord the ship he leapes
With all his company. Romes fate had gone,
The people bent to slavery vpon
The shore exclaime. But from a sacred breast
Cato to them at last these words exprest.

Fought you strong men, with *Cæsars* armyes hopes
(No more true Romans, but Pompeyan troopes)
To gaine a Lord? since for no Lord you fight,
But liue to doe your seruice, not tyrants right,
Since your spent bloods can no mans rule procure,
But your owne safety, you'll not now endure
The warres; to liue in bondage you desire
And for your slauish neckes a yoake require.
Your danger's worthy now, the cause is good:
Pompey perhaps might haue abus'd your blood.
And will you now, when liberty's so nigh,
To aide of Rome your swords, and throates deny?
Of three Lords fortune now has left but one.
Ægypts base King, and Parthian bowes haue done
More for the iawes then you, (oh shame) goe ye
Base men, and scorne the gift of *Ptolomey*;
Who will beleeue your hands could guilty be
Of any blood? he'll rather thinke that ye
Were the first men, that from Pharsalia fled.
Goe then securely: you haue merited
Pardon in *Cæsars* iudgement, not subdew'd
By feidge, or open force. Oh seruants lewd,
When your first master's dead, his heir you'll serue.
Why would you not more then your liues deserue,
And pardons rauish with you for a prey
Metellus daughter, *Pompey's* wife away,
And his two sonnes: the gift of Ægypt's King
Surpasse, or could you to the tirant bring
My head no small reward 'twould render ye;
Then to good purpose haue you follow'd me.
On then, and in our bloods your merit make;
'Tis slothfull treason a bare flight to take.
This speech of *Cato* straight recalls from seas
Their flying ships; as when a swarme of Bees
Their hony combes, and barren waxe forsake;
Nor hang in clusters now, but singly take

Their

Their flighe ith aire, and taſt not flourihtull growne)
The bitter Thyme: at ſound of braſſe alone
Amaz'd they leaue their flight: againe approaue
Their flowery taſkes againe their hony loue.
Glad is the Shepheard on ſweete Hybleas hill
To keepe the riches of his cottage ſtill.
So *Catoes* ſpeech on their affections wrought,
And them to patience of a war had brought
And now their reſtleſſe mindes with toile t'haue,
And teach them warlike labours to endure,
With weary marches firſt their ſtrength he tryes
Along the ſands; their ſecond labour is
To ſcale Cyrenes lofty walls: on whom
Cato no vengeance tooke, when overcome,
(Though they againſt him ſhut their gates) to him
Reuenge ſufficient did their conqueſt ſeeme.
He thence to Libyan (*e*) *Iubaes* kingdome goes;
But there the Syrts did nature interpoſe
Which *Catoes* dauntleſſe virtue hopes to paſſe,
Theſe Syrts, when all the worlds firſt ſtructure was,
Nature as doubtfull left twixt ſea and land;
(For neither ſinke they quite the ſeas to ſtand,
Nor yet like land with ſhores repell the maine,
But doubtfull, and vnpaſſable remaine,
A ſhelfe-ſpoil'd ſea, a water cover'd land,
Where ſounding waues let in by ſands command.
This part of nature, Natures ſelfe diſclam'd
As a vaine worke, and to no purpoſe fram'd)
Or once the deepe-drown'd Syrts were ſeas entire;
But burning *Titan* thence to ſeede his fire
Drew vp thoſe waues ſo neere the torrid zone;
And now the water holds contention
With *Phebus* drought: which by continuance ſpent,
The Syrts will grow a ſolid continent.
For now their tops but ſhallow waters hide,
The fading ſea decayes at every ſide.

When first the fleete began to launch from shore,
In his owne kingdome did blacke Auster rore:
Whose blasts the sea from ship invasion keepe,
And from the Syrts far rowle the wavy deepe,
Or flatt the sea with throwne in heapes of sand.
Now the resistlesse windes the seas command,
Whose blasts of all spred sailes, that fasten'd were
To the maine-mast quite robb'd the marriner,
In vaine the shrowdes to winde so violent
Deny their sailes; beyond the ships extent,
Beyond the prow the swelled linnen's blowne.
But where a man more provident was knowne,
That did his linnen to the saileyard ty,
He quite despoil'd of tackling presently
Was overcome. That fleete had far more ease.
Which on the deepe was tost with certaine seas.
But all those ships, which had cut downe their masts
T'avoide the fury of strong Austers blasts,
(As then the winde against the tide did striue)
Against the winde the conquering tide did driue.
Some ships the sea forsakes, whom straight the sands
Vnseene surprise, whose state now doubtfull stands:
Part of the ship vpon firme ground doth rest;
Part swimmes in water. Now the sea's opprest
With flatts. The sands assault the Ocean,
And though strong Auster driue the waues amaine,
They cannot master these high hills of sand.
On th'Oceans backe far from all countreys stand
Heapes of dry dust not by the Ocean drown'd
The wretched sailers, though their ships on ground,
No shores can see. Part of the fleete this shallow
Detaines, the greater part their rudders follow,
And safe by flight, by skillfull pylots aide
Are to Tritoniaes standing poole conuay'd.
This poole (they say) that god esteemeth deare,
Whose shrill shell trumpet seas, and shores doe heare.

This

This *Pallas* loues, borne of the brame of *Ioue*,
Who first on Libya trade. (The heart doth proue
This land next heauen) she standing by the side,
Her face within the quiet water spy'd,
And gaue her selfe from the lov'd poole a name
Tritonia. Heere doth the silent streame
Of darke oblivious *Lethe* gently fall,
That from hells *Lethe* takes originall.
The waking dragons charge is neare to these,
The once robb'd orchard of th' Hesperides.
To rob old times of credit, the desire
Is spite, or truth from Poets to require,
A golden wood there was, whose yellow trees
Laden with wealthy fruit, stood bow'd: of these
A dragon guardian was, which never slept,
And the bright wood a troope of Virgins kept.
Father Alcides comming, did surprise
The wealth, and burden of those laden trees,
And leaving light their robbed boughs, did bring
Those glittering apples to th' Argolian King.
Part of the fleece got off from hence againe,
And from the Syrtes driven, did remaine
Vnder great *Pompey's* eldest sonnes command
On this side Garamantis in rich land.
But *Catoes* vertue brooking no delay
Through vnknowne regions lead his troopes away,
T'encompasse round the Syrts by land, for now
The stormy seas vnnavigable grow
In winter time: but stormes desired are
To coole the temper of the sweltring aire.
They feare no cold in Libya's scorched clime,
Nor too much heat, because in winter time.
Entring these barren sands thus *Cato* spake;
You that haue follow'd me, souldiers, and make
Freedome your only safety, settle now
Your minds with constancy to vndergoe

Vertues great worke. We march ore barren fields,
Ore Sun-burnt regions, where no fountaine yeilds
Water enough, where *Titans* heate abounds,
And killing serpents smeare the parched grounds.
Hard wayes, but whom their falling countrey's cause
Through paths vnknowne, and midd'st of Libya draws
Who make no vowes for their returning home,
But thinke of going only, let them come.
I would deceiue no souldier, nor keepe close
My feares to draw them on. Let only those
My followers be, whom dangers doe inuite,
Who thinke it braue, and Roman, in my sight
T'endure the worst of ills. He that would haue
A surety for his safety, and faine saue
His loued life, let him be gone from me,
And finde an easier way to slavery
Vpon the sands whilest I first footing set,
Let me first suffer th'aires annoying heat:
Let serpents poyson'd teeth first seize on me,
And in my fate doe you your dangers try.
Let him that sees me drinking, water craue,
And plaine of heat, when I a shelter haue.
Or when I ride before the foote, straight grow
Weary, if any by endurance know
Whether I goe souldier, or generall
The sands, heat, thirst, and poysonous serpents, all
Are sweete to vertue: hard things patience loues,
And sweetest still, when dearest, goodnesse proues.
These Libyan dangers only justify
The slight of men, thus their hot spirits he
With labours loue, and virtue striv'd to fire;
Marching ore deserts never to retire
Secure he goes to Libya, gracing there
VVith his great name a little sepulcher.
If th'old account we follow, Libya is
The world's third part: following the windes, & sky

A p

A part of Europe. For not distant more
Then Scythian Tanais is Nilus shore
From VVesterne Gades, where Europe Affricke flyes,
And makes the Ocean roome: but greater is
Asia then both. For as they both send forth
Libya from South, and Europe from the North
The VVesterne winde: the Easterne winde alone
From Asia blowes. That part that's fertile knowne
Of Libya, VVestward lyes, but moisture lackes:
The North-winde dry with vs, there stormy, rakes
Ha flighe but seldome thither. The rich soile
So wealthy growing minerals doe spoile:
The earth corrupts into no brasse, nor gold,
But keepes her naturall, and perfect mould.
The Mauritanian men are rich alone
In Citron wood, of which no vse was knowne
To them of old, contented with the shade.
Our axes first did that strange wood invade:
From far we fetch our tables, as our meate.
But in those parts about the Syrts, whose heat
Is violent, and scorching Sol too nere,
No corne can grow, no vines can prosper there.
Nor trees deepe rooting take; the sandy ground
VVants vitall temper, and no care is found
Of Ioue in that at all the barren land
Through every season doth vnchanged stand
By natures negligence. Yet this dull earth
Vnto a few small herbes affords a birth,
VVhich are the hardy Nasamonians fare.
Neere the sea coast they bleakely seated are.
VVhom barbarous Syrts with the worlds losse maintaine
For spoile they still vpon the sand remaine.
And though no merchant trade with them, yet gold
They haue, and still by shipwracke traffique hold
VVith all the world. This way did vertue beare
Cato along, the Souldiers could not feare

A storme by land, or thinke of blustring winde,
But there (alas) the Ocean's dangers finde.
For more on land then sea the Southwindes rore.
About the Syrts, and hurt the land much more.
No rockes, nor mountaines stand opposed there
To breake his force, and turne him into aire?
No well-growne oakes, no wood opposed stands;
The ground lyes open all, free are the sands
To Æols rage, which violently strong
Hurryes through th'aire a sandy cloud along.
Their greatest part of land the windes doe beare
Into the aire, which hangs not fixed there.
His house, and land the Nasamonian sees
Fly in the winde, their little cottages
Blowne ore their heads into the aire as high
As from a fire the smoake, and sparkles fly.
The mounted dust like smoake obscures the sky.
And then more strong then vsuall did the blast
Assault our men; no souldier could stand fast;
No, nor the ground, on which they stood, could stay.
'Twould shake the earth, and beare that land away
If Libya hollow were, or harder mould
The Southerne windes in cavernes to ensold;
But once compos'd of loose, and fleeting sands
Resisting not, it hides; the lowest stands
Because the highest yeilds, helmets of men,
Their shields, and piles the winde with fury then
Bereft them of, and through the VVelkin tost.
That in some forreine far-removed coast
Perchance by men was deem'd a prodigy,
And nations fear'd armes falling from the sky,
Thinking those weapons reft from men, did fall
Downe from the gods. So once I thinke that all
Our sacred shields to holy Numa were,
VVhich now our choise Patritian shoulders beare.

The

The Southerne winde, or Northerne robb'd of yore
Some forraine people, that those bucklers wore.
The land thus plagu'd with winde, the Souldiers all
Downe to the ground, their charmes fal'n girded, fall,
Hold fall the earth, yet sure they scarcely lay
By weight, nor strength from being blowne away
Mountaines of dust the South indes furious hand
Rowles ore their heads, drowned in heapes of sand
The Souldiers scarse can stir. Some though vpright
With rising earth are ore whelmed quite;
And, though the earth remooue, want motion.
Vast stones of ruin'd walls from far are blowne,
And (strange to tell) in some far region fall,
They ruines see, that see no house at all.
No paths, nor difference now of wayes are knowne:
Their course is guided by the star alone
Like nauigators, now all stars to vs
In that Horizon are conspicuous,
For to earths face (there bowed) many be
Obscur'd from sight. But when the aire was free
From the winds rage, dislode'd againe by heat,
And scorching day their bodie flow'd with sweat,
Their mouths with thirst were pinch'd a little shame.
They spy'd which from a muddy fountaine came;
From whence with much adoe a Souldier got
His helmet full of water, and straight he brought
The same to *Cato*, their dry throates were all
With dust besmeared, and the generall
Himselfe was envy'd for that little draught.
But Souldier, answered he, in thy poore thought
Seem'd I alone so worthlesse? none but I
Tender, and weake in all this company:
This punishment thou more deserv'st then I
To drinke eny selfe while all the army's dry.
Then fir'd with wrath he stroke the helmet downe,
The water spilt, suffic'd them every one.

And

And now to Libraes only temple plac'd
In *Garamantis* rude they came at laſt.
Iupiter Ammon is adored there.
Not arm'd with thunder like our *Iupiter*,
But crooked hornes. To whom the Libyans build
No ſumptuous Fane, no orient iewells fill'd
The houſe with luſtre. Though the Indians,
The Æthiopians, and rich Arabians
Iupiter Ammon's name deare all adore,
And no god elſe, yet ſtill that god is poore.
No wealth corrupts his Fane, a god of th'old
Puritaneſſe, his temple guards from Roman gold.
That place of all the countrey onely greene
Shewes a gods preſence. All that lyes betweene
Leptis, and Berenicis is dry ſand,
And barren duſt; no part of all the land,
But *Ammons* ſeat beares trees. The cauſe of it
A neighbouring fountaine is, whoſe waters knit
The moiſtened earth, and make fertility.
But when the Sun at noone is mounted high,
Thoſe trees no ſhadow can diffuſe at all:
Their boughs ſcarſe hide their trunkes. No ſhade or (ſmall
The Sunbeames make, ſince perpendicular.
It is perceiv'd this is the region where
The ſummer Tropicke hits the Zodiacke.
The ſignes obliquely riſe not, but direct.
Nor more direct the Bull then Scorpio,
Moiſt Capricornus then hot Cancer goes
Nor Gemeni then Sagitarius,
Nor Leo then oppos'd Aquarius:
Virgo then Piſces, Libraes motion
Then Aries. But whom the torrid zone
Divides from vs, thoſe people ever ſee
The ſhadowes Southward, which here Northward be,
You ſlowly ſeeing Cynoſure, ſuppoſe
Her vndrench'd carre into the Ocean goes.

And

And that no Northerne signe from seas is free.
You stand far distant from each axeltree;
Your signes in midst of heaven converted be.
The Fasterne people standing at the doore,
The oracles of horned *Iove* t'implore,
Giue place to *Cato*; whom his souldiers ply
That of that Libyan far-fam'd deity,
His future fates event he would be taught.
Him *Labienus* most of all beseought:
Chance, and the fortune of our way (quoth he)
Lend vs the mouth of that great deity,
And his sure counsells: we may now implore
His powerfull guidance through this warr, and ere
The dangerous Syrtes. For to whom should I
Beleeue the gods would trulyer certify
Their secret wills, then *Catoes* holy breast,
Whose life to heavenly lawes was still addrest,
And follow'd god? behold we now haue heere
A freedome given to talke with *Iupiter*.
Cato, enquires of wicked *Cæsars* fate,
And know what shall be Romes ensuing state,
Whether this civill warr be made in vaine,
Or shall our lawes, and liberties maintaine,
Let *Ammon's* sacred voice thy breast inspire.
Thou lover of strict vertue, now desire
To know what vertue is, seeke from above
Approovement of the trueth: He full of *Iove*,
Whom in his secret breast he carried ever,
These temple worthy speeches did deliver;
What, *Labienus*, should I seeke to know?
If I had rather dye in armes, then bow
Vnto a Lord? if life be nought at all?
No difference betwixt long life, and small?
If any force can hurt men vertuous?
If fortune loose, when vertue doth oppose,

Her

Her threats if good desires be hapinesse,
And vertue grow not greater by successe?
Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
Of *Ammon* teach. The gods are with vs still;
And, though their oracles should silent be,
Nought can we doe without the gods decree;
Nor needes he voices; what was fit to know
The great Creator at our birthe did show.
Nor did he choose these barren sands to shew
(Hiding it heere) his trueth but to a few.
Is there a feate of god, saue earth, and sea,
Aire, heaven, and vertue? why for god should we
Seeke further? what ere moues, what ere is seene
Is *Ioue*. For oracles let dubtfull men
Fearefull of future chances troubled be:
Sure death, not oracles ascertaine mee.
The coward, and the valiant man must fall.
This is enough for *Ioue* to speake to all,
Then marching thence the temples faith he saues,
And to the people vntry'd *Ammon* leaues.
Himselfe afoot before his weary'd bands
Marches with pyle in hand, and not commands,
But shewes them how to labour: never sits
In coach, or chariot: sleepes the least a nights:
Last tasts the water. When a fountaine's found,
He stayes a while till all the soulidiers round,
And every cullion drinke. If fame be due
To truest goodnesse, if you simply view
Vertue without successe, what ere we call
In greatest Romans great, was fortune all.
Who could deserue to prosperous war such fame?
Or by the nations blood so great a name?
Rather hast I this vertuous triumph win
In Libyes desert Gods then thrice be seene
In *Pompey's* laurell'd chariot, or to lead
Iugurtha captiue. Here behold indeed

Rome

Rome, thy true father, by whose sacred name
(Worthy thy Temples) it shall never shame
People to sweare; whom, if thou ere art free,
Thou wilt hereafter make a deity.
Now to a torrid clime they came, more hot
Then which the gods for men created not.
Few waters heere are seene; but in the sands
One largely-flowing fountaine only stands,
But full of Serpents, as it could containe.
There on the bankes hot killing Aspes remaine,
And Dipsises in midst of water dry.
VVhen *Cato* saw his men for thirst would dy
Fearing those waters; thus he spake to them.
Feare not to drinke, souldiers, this wholesome streame,
It not affrighted with vaine shewes of death,
The snakes bite deadly, fatall are their teeth,
VVhen their dire venome mixes with our blood,
The water's safe. Then of the doubtfull flood
He drinkes himselfe, there only the first draught
Of all the Libyan waters *Cato* sought.
VVhy Libyaes arte should be infected so
VVith mortall plagues, what hurtfull secrets grow
Mixt with the naiuns soile by natures hand,
Our care nor labour cannot vnderstand:
But that the world, in the true cause deceiv'd,
In stead of that a common tale receiv'd,
In Libyaes farthest part, whose scorched ground
The Ocean warm'd by setting Sol doth bound,
Medusas country lay, whose barren fields
No tiers due cloath, whose soile no herbage yeilds:
Chang'd by her looke all stones, and rockes they grow.
Heere hurtfull nature first those plagues did show;
First from *Medusas* iawes those serpents growne
Hissed with forked tongues, and hanging downe
Like womans haire, vpon her backe, gaue strokes
Vnto her pleased necke. In stead of lockes

Vpon

Vpon her horrid front did serpents hisse;
Her combe comb'd poyson downe, no part but this
Safe to be seene about Medusa was.
For who ere seiz'd the monsters mouth, and face?
Whom, that had view'd her with an eye direct?
Did she ere suffer sence of death t'affect?
She hasten'd doubting fate, preventing dread;
Their bodyes dy'd before their soules were fled?
Enclosed soules with bodyes turn'd to stone.
The furyes haires could madnesse worke alone;
Cerberus hissing *Orpheus* musicke still'd;
Alcides saw that *Hydra*, which he kill'd;
But this strange monster even her father, who
Is the seas second god, her mother too
Ceto, and *Gorgon* sisters feared, she
Could strike a numnesse through the sea, and sky.
And harden all the world into a stone.
Birds in their flight haue fall'n conjealed downe.
Running wilde beasts to rockes conuerted were;
And all the neighbouring Æthiopians there
To marble statues, not a creature brookes
The sight of her; t'avoide the *Gorgons* lookes
Her snakes themselues backeward themselues invert.
She neere *Alcides* pillars could conuert
Titanian *Atlas* to an hill, and those
Giants with serpents feete, that durst oppose
The gods themselues, those wars in Phlegra field
Her face could end, but shew'd in *Pallas* sheild.
Thither the sonne of showre rap'd *Danae*
Borne on th' Arcadian wings of *Mercury*
Inventer of the harpe, and wrestling game,
Flying through th' aire, with borrow'd Harpe came,
Harpe, whom monsters blood before did staine,
When he, that kept *Ioves* loued cow, was slaine.
Aide to her winged brother *Pallas* gaue,
Conditioning the *Gorgons* head to haue.

She

He bids him fly to Libyaes Easterne bound
His face averted, or the *Gorgons* ground.
His left hand a shield of shining brasse,
Wherein to see the stone transforming face
Of sterne *Medusa*, *Pallas* had him keepe;
Then lay'd *Medusa* in an endlesse sleepe,
But yet not all, part of her snaky haire
Defends her head: some snakes still waking are:
Some ore her face, and sleeping eyelids glide.
Minerva doth th'averted *Perseus* guide,
And with a trembling hand directs the stroake
Of his Cyllenian Harpe, which quite broke
Her large snake-cover'd necke. How strange a looke
Had *Gorgons* head cut off by *Perseus* stroke,
And towring blade? what poyson did arise
Of her blacke mouth? what death shot from her eyes?
Which not *Minerva* durst to looke vpon;
And *Perseus*, sure, had bin congeal'd to stone,
Had not *Minerva* hid that dismall face
With those snake-haires. Now *Perseus* flyes apace
To heaven with *Gorgons* head; but in his mind
Considering how the neareſt way to find,
Ouer the midſt of Europe meanes to fly;
But *Pallas* straight forbids that injury
To Europes fruitfull fields, and bids him spare
The people there, for who can in the ayre
Refraine to gaze, when such a bird he spyes.
Perseus converts his course, and Westward flyes
The desert Libya, whose vnfruitfull seat
Vntill'd lyes ope to nought but *Phabus* heat;
Who runs his burning course straight ore their heads.
So land then this a larger shadow spreads
Gainſt heaven, nor mone the moones ecclipse doth cause
When straying not in latitude, she drawes
Neither to North nor South, but still is found
In signes direct. Yet this vnfruitfull ground

Barren

Barren in all that's good, a seed could yeild
From venome, which *Medusaes* head distill'd.
From those dire drops mixt with the putrid earth
Sols aiding heat did giue new monsters birth
First from that dust so mixt with poyson bred
Rose the sleep-causing Aspe with swelling head,
Made of the thickest drop of Gorgons gore,
Which in no serpent is compacted more.
She wanting heat seeker not a colder clime,
Content to liue in her owne Libyaes slime.
But oh how shameless is our thirst of gaine?
Those Libyan deaths are carryed ore the maine,
And Aspes at Rome are sold as marchandise,
In scaly folds the great *Hamorrhus* lyes,
Whose bite from all parts drawes the flowing blood.
Chersidros then, that both in land, and flood
Of doubtfull *Syrtes* hues, *Chelydri* too,
That make a reeking slime where ere they goe.
The Cenchris creeping in a tract direct,
Whose speckled belly with moe spots is dect,
Then are the various Theban marble takes.
Sand-colour'd Ammodytes, the horned snakes,
That creepe in winding tracks; the Scytale;
No snake in winter casts her skin but she;
The double-head; Dipsas, that thirsty makes;
The water-spoyling Newte, the dart like snakes.
The Pareas, whose way his tale doth guide;
The Prester too, whose sting distendeth wide
The wounded's foamy mouth; the Seps, whose bite
Consumes the bones, dissolues the body quite.
The Basiliske, whose hisse all snakes doth scarre,
(Hurtfull before the venome touch) who far
All vulgar serpents from his sight commands,
Reigning alone vpon the empty'd sands.
You dragons too, glistring in golden pride,
Who hurtlesse wander through all lands beside,

Hot

Not Affrik mortall makes, aloft you fly
Through the ayre on wings, and follow speedily
The hearts; your strokes the mightyest buls destroy,
Great Elephants not escape you: all you kill,
Nor needs you poysons helpe to worke your will.
This thirsty way among these venom'd snakes
Cato amidst his hardy Souldiers takes:
Where many losses of his men he found,
And deaths vnusuall from a little wound.
A nodden Diplas turning backe his head
Did bite young *Aulus* Ensigne bearer, bred
Of *Tyrrhene* race: no griefe, nor paine ensew'd:
His wound no pity found, no danger shew'd,
But in (alas) did fiery venome deepe
Into his marrow, and scorch'd entrailes creepe.
Which quite drunke vp all moisture, that should flow
Into his vitall parts: his palate now
And tongue is scorch'd, and dry; no sweate could goe
To his tir'd joynts, from's eyes no teares could flow.
His place, nor his sad generalls command
Could stay this thirsty man; out of his hand
He throwes his Eagle; water runs to haue,
Which the dry venome in his heart did cause.
Though he in midst of Tanais did ly,
Padus, or Rodanus, he would be dry,
Or drinke the streames, where ever Nilus flowes.
The soyle adds to his drought, the worme doth loose
Her venoms fame, help'd by so hot a land.
He digs, and seekes each veine in all the sand.
Now to the Syrts he goes, and in his mouth
Salt water takes, which could not quench his drought,
Although it pleas'd. He did not know what kinde
Of death he dy'd, nor his disease could finde,
But thinkes it thirst; and now full faine he would
Lip open all his veines, and drinke his blood.

Cato commands them (louth his men should stay
To know what thirst was) straight to march away.
But a more wofull death before his eye
Appear'd; A Seps no poore *Sabellus* thigh
Hung by the teeth, which he straight with his hands
Cast off, and with his pile nail'd to the sands;
A little snake, but none more full then she
Of horrid death, the flesh falls off, that nigh
The wound did grow, the bones are bared round,
Without the body naked shewes the wound.
His shankes fall off, matter each members fills,
His knees are bar'd, his groine blacke filth distills,
And every muscle of his thighes dissolues:
The skin, that all his naturall parts involues,
Breaking lets fall his bowels, nor doth all,
That should remaine of a dead body, fall.
The cruell venome, eating all the parts,
All to a little poisonous filth converts.
The poison breakes his nerues, his ribs doth part,
Opens his hollow breast, there shewes his heart,
His vitalls all, yea all that man composes,
And his whole nature this foule death discloses;
His head, necke, shoulders, and strong armes doe flow
In venomous filth, not sooner melts the snow
By hot Southwindes, nor waxe against the Sunne.
This is but small I speake; burnt bodyes run
Melted by fire in filth, but what fire ere
Dissolu'd the bones? no bones of his appeare.
Following their putrid iuice, they leaue no signe
Of this swift death, the palme is only thine
Of all the Libyan snakes; the soule take they,
But thou alone the carcasse tak'st away.
But lo a death quite contrary to it;
Marsian Nasidius an hot Prester bit.
Whole face, and cheekes a suddaine fire did rost;
His flesh, and skin was stretch'd, his shape was lost.

His

His swelling body is distended far
Past humane growth, and vndistinguished are
His limmes; all parts the poison doth confound,
And he lyes hid, in his owne body drown'd:
Nor can his armour keepe his swolne growth in.
Not more doth boyling water rise within
A brazen caldron, nor are sailes more swell'd
By Westerne windes. No limme he now can weild.
A globe deform'd he is, an heape confus'd.
Which ravening beasts did feare, which birds refus'd:
To which his friends durst doe no obsequy,
Nor touch, but from the growing carcasse fly.
But yet these snakes present more horrid sights,
A fierce *Hamorrhus* noble *Tullus* bites,
A braue young man, that studyed *Cæsars* worth.
And as in pouncing of a picture, forth
Through every hole the pressed saffron gees,
So from his every part red poison flowes
For blood; his teares were blood: from every pore,
Where nature vented moisture heretofore,
His mouth, his nose, flowes blood: his sweate is red:
His running veines all parts be blood-yed.
And his whole body's but one wound become.
An Aspes sharpe bite did *Lucans* heart benum,
No paine he felt, surpris'd with sudaine sleepe
He dy'd, descending to the Stygian deepe.
Not halfe so suddaine doe those poysons kill,
Which dire Sabæan sorcerers distill
From off the falsely seeming Sabine tree.
On an old stumpe a dart-like snake vidly,
Which, as from thence her selfe she nimbly threw,
Through *Paulus* head, and wounded temples flew.
Twas not the poison wrought his fate, the blow
It selfe brought death. To her compared slow
Fly stones from slings, and not so swift as she
From Parthian bowes doe winged arrowes flee.

What help'd it wretched *Murrus* that he did
Kill a fierce Basiliske? the poyson slid
Along his speare, and fastned on his hand,
Which he cut off, and then did safely stand
With that hands losse, viewing securely there
The sad example of his death so neare.
Who would haue thought the knotty Scorpion had
Such power in killing, or a sting so bad?
Her straight stroke won, when she *Orion* slew,
A trophee, which the constellations shew.
Who, small Solpuga, from thy hole would flee?
Yet the three sisters giue their power to thee.
So that no rest they found by night, nor day;
They fear'd the ground it selfe, on which they lay.
For neither hopes of leaues, nor reedes they found
To make them beds but on the naked ground
Expos'd their bodyes, whose warme vapours steame
By night attracted the cold snakes to them
Whose harmelesse jawes, whilest nights astringeurs cold
The poyson freez'd, vnhurt their bosomes hold.
Nor by the guidance of the stars their way
Can they discerne, but oft complayning say
Restore, oh gods, to vs those wars againe,
From which we fled: restore Pharsalia's plaine.
Why should we dy, whose liues deuoted were,
And sa orne to war, the death of cowards here?
The Dipsases on *Cæsars* party are,
And horned snakes helpe end our ciuill war.
Oh let vs goe, where the hot zone doth ly.
I would ease our grieued hearts, that to the sky
We might ascribe our deaths. In nought doe we
Accuse thee, Affrica, or nature thee.
For thou this monster bearing country tane
From mens plantation, didst for snakes ordaine.
This land all barren, where no corne could thriue,
Thou mad'st, that men might from these serpents liue.

But

But we are come into their dwellings here.
Take punishment on vs, thou god, who ere
Hating our journey, didst the world divide,
Placing the doubtfull Syrtes on one side,
The torrid zone on tother, deaths sad seate
Plac'd in the midst. To thy most hid retreat
Our civill war dares goe; to the worlds end
Our wayes, through natures secrets prying, tend.
Worse things, perchance, must be endur'd then this.
The pole declines, the setting Sunne doth hisse
Drench'd in the sea. No land doth further ly
This way; then *Iubaes* woefull monarchy
Knowne but by fame, we shall perchance againe
Wish for this serpents land; th' aire doth containe
Some comfort yet: some things are living here.
Alas, we wish not for our countrey deare,
Europe, nor Asia, different Sunnes which see:
Vnder what pole, oh Affricke, left we thee?
'Twas winter at Cyrene when we ly:
Is the yeares course chang'd in so small a way?
The South is at our backes: to th' adverse pole
Our journey tends; about the world we towle.
We are, perchance, Antipodes to Rome.
Let this our comfort be, Let *Cæsar* come,
Oh let our foes pursue where we have fled.
Thus they in sad complaints vnburdened
Their loaded patience. *Catoes* vertue keepes
Them proose 'gainst any labour, who still sleepes
Vpon the naked sands, and every howre,
Present at every fate, tempts fortunes power.
Comes at all calls; his presence doth bestow
Farre more then health, a strength to vndergoe
Even death it selfe. Whileſt *Cato's* standing by
They are asham'd impatiently to dy.
What power ore him had any misery?
Whose presence griefe in others breasts subdew'd,

And what ſmall power can be in ſorrow ſhew'd.
Some eaſe at laſt did tired fortune giue
To their long ſuffrings, there a natiue
Marinarian (*d*) Pſylls, from ſerpents biting free.
They arm'd with powerfull incantations be.
Their blood's ſecure, and, though they did not charme,
By touch of poiſon cannot ſuffer harme.
The places nature this did juſtly giue,
That ſerpent-free they might with ſerpents liue.
Twas well, that in this poyſonous aire they breath;
For peace is made betwixt themſelues, and death.
Of their owne broodes ſuch certaine proofes haue all,
That when to ground a new-borne childe doth fall,
Fearing ſtrange *Venus* hath their beds defil'd,
By deadly Aſpes they try the doubted childe.
As th' Eagle when her Eaglets are diſclos'd,
Layes them againſt the riſing Sunne expos'd;
Thoſe that with fiedy eye can view his beames,
And boldly gaze, thoſe only ſhe eſteemes,
The other ſcornes: the Pſylls ſo count it there
Their nations pledge, if infants doe not feare
The ſerpents touch, or freely play with ſnakes.
They not content with their owne ſafety, take
For ſtrangers care; and following th' army then
Againſt thoſe ſerpents aided *Catoes* men
For when the campe was pitch'd, thoſe ſands, that lay
Within the compaſſe of the trenches, they
Did purge with ſnake-expelling charmes throughout,
And medicinable fires made round about.
Their Wallwort crackes and fennell gumme doth fry,
Thin Tamariske, Theſſalian *Centory*,
Strong *Panace*, Arabian Pepperwort,
Sicilian *Thapſos* burn'd with Sulphurwort.
Larch trees, and Southernewood, which ſerpents dread
And hornes of ſtags far off from Affricke bred.

So

So night was safe. If stung by day they were,
That magicke nations miracles appeare;
For 'gainst the Psyl s the taken venome striues;
Markes to the wounded place their spittle giues;
Whose force the poyson in the wound doth stay.
Then with a foaming tongue dire charmes they say
In ceaselesse murmurs. For no time to breath
The danger giues. Approaching speedy death
Admits no silence. Oft hath poyson tane
In th'inmost parts bin charm'd away againe.
But, when call'd out by their commanding tongue,
If any poyson dare to tarry long,
Then falling downe they licke the pallid wound,
And with a gentle bite squeezing it round
Sucke with their mouths the poyson out, and it
Extracted from the key-cold body spit.
And in their mouths tasting the poyson well
VVhat serpent deepest bit the Psylls can tell.
Now ore the fields encourag'd by their aide
The Roman souldiers wander'd lesse afraide.
Thus *Cato* treading sands of Libya
The Moone twice waning, and twice wexing saw.
Now more and more the sands to harden gan,
And Affricks thicken'd ground grew grebe againe.
Trees here, and there began t'extend their shade;
And cottages of reeds and sedges made.
How great an hope of better ground had they,
VVhen first they saw fierce Lions crosse their way?
Leptis was neer'st which quiet harbour lent.
Their winter free from heat, and stormes they spent.
Now *Cæsar* with Pharsaliaes slaughter cloy'd
Leaving all other cares, his thoughts employ'd
In the poursuite of *Pompey*, and was brought
(VVhen he his steps by land had vainely sought)
By fames report to sea, and passed ore
The Thracian Straights, and that loue-famed shore,

VVhere once faire *Heroes* wofull turret stood;
VVhere *Helles* tragœdy new-nam'd the flood.
No arme of sea bounds with a streame so small
Asia from Europe, though Propontis fall
Narrow into the Euxine sea, and from
Purple Chalcedon part Byzantium.
Thence goes to see renown'd Sigæan sands,
The streame of Simois, and Rhætæan lands
Fam'd for the Græcian worthyes tombe, wherely
Great ghosts so much in debt to Poetry.
Sack'd Troyes yet honour'd name he goes about,
To finde th' old wall of great *Apollo* out.
Now fruitlesse trees, old oakes with putrify'd,
And rotten rootes the Trojan houses hide,
And temples of their gods, all Troy's orespred
VVith bushes thicke, her ruines ruined.
He sees the bridall groue, *Anchises* lodg'd,
Hesiones rocke, the caue where *Paris* judg'd,
VVhere nimph *Oenone* play'd, he place so fam'd
For *Ganimedes* rape, each stone is nam'd.
A little gliding streame, which *Xanthus* was,
Vnknowne he past, and in the lofty grasse
Securely trode; a Phrygian straight forbid
Him treade on *Hectors* dust: with ruines hid
The stone retain'd no sacred memory.
Respect you not great *Hectors* tombe, quoth he!
Oh great, and sacred worke of Poesy,
That freest from fate, and giv'st eternity
To mortall wights; but, *Cæsar* envy not
Their living names, if Roman muses ought
May promise thee, while *Homer's* honoured,
By suture times shall thou, and I be read;
No age shall vs with darke oblivion staine,
But our Pharsalia ever shall remaine.
Then *Cæsar* pleas'd with sight of these so prais'd
Antiquities, a greene turfe-alter rais'd,

And

and by the frankincense-fed fire prepar'd
These orizons not vaine; you gods, that guard
Thele *Heroes* dust, and in Troyes ruines reigne:
Aeneas houshold gods, that still mainteine
In Alba, and Lavinia your shrines,
Upon whose altars fire yet Trojan shines;
Thou sacred temple clos'd Palladium,
That in the sight of man did'st never come;
The greatest heire of all *Iulus* race
Here in your former seate implores your grace,
And pious incense on your altars layes;
Prosper my course, and thankefull Rome shall raise
Troyes walls againe, your people Ile restore,
And build a Roman Troy. This said, to shore
He hasts, takes shipping, and to *Corus* lends
His full-spread sailes with haste to make amends
For these delayes, and with a prosperous winde
Leaues wealthy Asia, and faire Rhodes behinde.
The VVest winde blowing stid, the seaventh night
Discovers Ægypts shore by Pharian light.
But ere they reach the harbour, day appeares,
And dimmes the nightly fires, when *Cæsar* heares
Strange tumults on the shore, noises of men,
And doubefull murmurings, and fearing then
To trust himselfe at land, stayes in his fleete;
Whom straight *Achillas* launches forth to meete
Bringing his Kings dire gift great *Pompey's* head
With an Ægyptian mantle covered;
And thus his crime with impious words to grace.
O Lord of the world, greatest of Roman race,
And now (secure (which yet thou dost not know)
In *Pompey's* death, my King doth heere bestow
What only wanted in Pharsalia's field,
And what thy warre, and travells end will yeild:
VVe in thy absence finish'd civill war.
For *Pompey* heere desiring to repaire

Thessalia's

Theſſalia's ruines, by our ſword lyes ſlaine,
By this great pledge, *Caſar*, we ſeeke to gaine
Thy loue, and in his blood our league to make.
Heere without bloodſhed Ægypts kingdome take,
Take all Niles fertile regions, and receiue
VVhat euer thou for *Pompey's* head would'ſt giue:
Thinke him a freind worthy thine armes to haue,
To whom the fates ſuch power ore *Pompey* gaue.
Nor thinke his merit cheape, ſince brought to paſſe
VVith eaſy ſlaughter, his old freind he was,
And to his baniſh'd father did reſtore
The crowne of Ægypt. But why ſpeake I more?
Finde thou a name for this great worke of his,
Or aske the world; if villany it is,
The more thou ow'ſt to him, that from thee tooke
This act of villany. Thus having ſpoke
Straight he vncouers, and preſents the head,
VVhoſe ſcarſe-knowne lookes pale death had altered.
Caſar at firſt his gift would not refuſe,
Nor turne his eyes away, but fixtly veiwes
Till he perceiu'd 'twas true, and plainely ſaw
'Twas ſafe to be a pious father in law;
Then ſhed forc'd teares, and from a joyfull breaſt
Drew ſighs, and groanes, as thinking teares would beſt
Conceale his inward joy: ſo quite orethrowes
The tyrants merit, and doth rather chooſe
To weepe, then ow to him for *Pompey's* head.
He that on ſlaughter'd Senators could tread,
And ſee the blood-ſtain'd fields of Theſſaly
Dry-ey'd, to thee alone durſt not deny
The tribute of his eyes. Strange turne of fate,
Weep'ſt thou for him, whom thou with impious hate
Caſar, ſo long purſu'dſt? could not the loue
Of Daughter, Nephew, nor alliance moue?
Think'ſt thou among theſe people, that bewaile
Great *Pompey's* death, theſe teares can ought availe

Perchance

Perchance thou envy'st *Ptolomeys* dire fact;
And grievst that any had the power to act
This but thy selfe, that the revenge of war
Was lost, and taken from the conquerer.
What cause so ever did thy sorrow moove,
It was far distant from a pious loue.
Was this the cause that thy pursuite did draw
Out land, and sea, to saue thy sonne in law?
Twas well, sad fortune tooke the doome from thee,
And spar'd so far a Roman modestly,
Is not to suffer thee, false man, to giue
Iudgment to him, or pity him aliue,
Or to deceiue the world, and gaine beleife
Thou add'st a language to thy fained greife.
Thy bloody present from our presence beare,
For worse from *Cæsar*, then slaine *Pompey* here
Your wickednesse defemes, the only meede
Of civill warre to spare the conquered
We loose by this, and did not *Ptolomey*
His sister hate, I cou'd with ease repay
This gift of his, and for so blacke a deede
Returne his sister *Cleopatra* head.
Why wag'd he secret war, or who durst he
Thus thrust his sword into our worke? did we
In our Pharsalian victory afford
Your King this power, or licence Ægypts sword?
I brook'd not *Pompey* to beare share with me
In rule of Rome, and shall I *Ptolomey*?
All nations joyned in our war in vaine,
If any other power on earth remaine
But *Cæsar* now; if any dare serue two.
We were determin'd from your shore to goe,
But fame forbid vs, lest we should seeme move
To feare then hate dire Ægypts bloody shore.
And doe not thinke you haue deceiued me:
To vs was meant such hospitality.

And

And 'twas our fortune in Theſſaliaes war,
That frees this head. VVith greater danger far
Then could be feard, we fought. I fear'd the doome
Of baniſhment, the threats of wrathfull Rome,
And *Pompey's* force: but had I fled, I ſee
My puniſhment had come from *Ptolomey*.
VVe ſpare his age, and pardon his foule fact;
For let your King for ſuch a deed expect
No more then pardon. But doe you enterre
This VVorthy's head: not that the earth may beare,
And hide your guilt; bring fumes, and odours there
T'appeaſe his head, and gather from the ſhore
His ſcatter'd limbs, compoſe them in one tombe.
Let his deare ghoſt perceiue that *Ceſar's* come,
And heare my pious griefe. VVhilſt he preferrs
All deſperate hazards before me, and dares
Rather to truſt his life with *Ptolomey*,
The people all haue loſt a joyfull day,
The world our peace: the gods my prayers deny'd
That laying theſe victorious armes aſide
I might embrace thee, *Pompey* and requeſt
Our former life, and loue, and thinke me bleſt
After this war thy æquall ſtill to be.
Then had my faithfull loue perſwaded thee
Though conquer'd to excuſe the gods, and make
Thee Rome, to pardon me. Though thus he ſpake,
He found no partners in his griefe; the reſt
Beleſt not his, and their owne teares ſuppreſt,
And durſt (oh happy freedome) with dry eye
Though *Ceſar* wept, behold this tragedy.

FINIS.

Annotations on the ninth Booke.

(a) *Whilest the event of the civill war was yet doubtfull, and both the Generalls were possessed of their full strengths,* Cato *was fearefull of both their intents, and hated them both; as fearing that the conquerer would suppresse his countrey; but after the battell of Pharsalia was fought and* Cæsar *had conquered he was then wholly of* Pompey's *side, desiring to vphold the party vanquished.*

(b) Pompey *the great pursuing* Cæsar *into Thessalia, has left* Cato *with a great strength to guard Dyrachium who hearing the ouerthrow, and flight of* Pompey, *marched away to take shipping at Corcyra, and follow* Pompey *to ioyne his strength with him.*

(c) Cato *at Cyrene hearing that* Lucius Scipio *the father in-law of* Pompey *the great was ioyned in Affrica with* Iuba *King of Mauritania, and that* Atius Varus, *whom* Pompey *had deputed his Lieutenant in Affrica, was there also marched ouerland thither, in which march being thirty dayes vpon those desart sands, and with admirable patience, and magnanimity enduring the iourny; forsaking his horse alwayes, and marching a foot in the head of his army, to teach his souldiers, rather then command them to endure hardnesse; he arrived at last at Iuba's court; where, though the souldiers with one voice elected him Generall. he refused the charge, and chose rather to serue vnder* Scipio, *then command himselfe in chiefe.*

(d) *These Psylli are a people inhabiting those parts of Affrica fortefyed by nature with an incredible priveleage against the strength of poison, and suffering no harme by the biting of serpents. The serpents (saith* Pliny) *are afraid of them, and when others are bitten, these Psylli by sucking*

ing the wounds, and muttering some charmes doe easily cure them. They have a custome (as writers report) when their children are borne, if the father suspect his wives chastity, he exposes the infant to all kind of serpents, if begotten by a stranger, the child dyeth, but if lawfully begotten, the priveledge of his fathers blood protecteth him against the venime.

LVCANS

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The Tenth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar in Ægypt feareleſſe walkes, and ſees
Their temples, tombes, and fam'd antiquityes.
Before his feete faire Cleopatra *kneeles,*
Whom to her brother king he reconciles.
With ſumptuous feaſts this peace they celebrate,
To Cæsars eare Achoreus *doth relate*
Nyles ebbes, and flowes, and long concealed ſpring.
Within the pallace Cæsar, and the King
By ſterne Achillas *are beſieg'd by night.*
Cæsar to Pharos takes a ſecret flight;
There from his ſhip he leapes into the waves,
And his endanger'd life by ſwimming ſaves.

WHen *Cæsar* firſt, poſſeſt of *Pompey's* head,
Arrived there, and thoſe dire ſands did tread:
His fortune ſtroue with guilty Ægypts fate,
Whether that Rome that land ſhould captivate;
Or Ægypts ſword take from the world the head
Both of the Conquerer, and the conquered.

Pompey

Pompey, thy ghost prevailes, thy *Manes* free
Cæsar from death, lest Nile should after thee
Be by the Romans lov'd. He goes from thence
To Alexandria arm'd with confidence
In this dire mischiefes pledge, following along
His fasces. But, perceiving that the throng
Of people murmur'd that in Ægypt he
Bore th' Ensignes vp of Romes authority,
He findes their wavering faiths, perceiving plaine
That for his sake great *Pompey* was not slaine.
Then with a looke still hiding feare goes he
The stately temple of th'old god to see,
VVhich speakes the ancient Macedonian greatnesse.
But there delighted with no obiects sweetnesse,
Not with their gold, nor gods majesticke dresse,
Nor lofty city walls, with greedinesse
Into the burying vault goes *Cæsar* downe.
There Macedonian *Philip's* mad-brain'd son
The prosperous theise lyes buryed: whom just fate
Slew in the worlds revenge: vaults consecrate
Containe those limbs, which through the world 'twen
To cast a road: but fortune spar'd his dust, (just
And to that Kingdomes end his fate remain'd.
If ere the world her liest dome had attaind,
He for a mocke had beene reserv'd, whose birth
Brought such a dire example to the earth,
So many lands to be possest by one,
Scorning the narrow bounds of Macedon,
And Athens, which his father had subdew'd:
Through Asian lands with human slaughter strew'd,
Led by too forward fates he rushes on,
Driving his sword through every nation:
Rivers vnknowne, Euphrates he disdaines
VVith Persians blood, Ganges with Indians:
Th'earth fatall mischiefe, lightning dire, that rent
All people, and a star malevolent

To

To nations. To invade the South-east sea
He built a fleete. Not barren Libya,
Water, nor heat, nor Ammons desart sands
Could stop his course. Vpon the Westerne lands
(Following the worlds decrease) he meant to tread,
To compasse both the poles, and drinke Niles head.
But death did meete his course, that checke alone
Could nature giue this Kings ambition:
Who to his graue the worlds sole Empire bore,
With the same envy, that 'twas got before;
And wanting heires left all he did obtaine
To be divided by the sword againe.
But fear'd in Parthia; and his Babylon
He dy'd. Oh shame, that Easterne nation
Then trembled at the Macedonian speare
Farre more, then now the Roman pile they feare.
Though all the North, the West, and South be sure,
In th' East the Parthian King contemnes our powers.
That, which to *Crassus* proov'd a fatall place,
A secure province to small *Pella* was.
Now the young King come from Pelusium
Had pacify'd the peeples wrath: in whom
As hostage of his peace, in Ægypts court
Cæsar was safe, when loe from Pharos port,
Bribing the keeper to vnchaine the same,
In a small galley *Cleopatra* came
Vnknowne to *Cæsar* entering the house;
The staine of Ægypt, Romes pernicious
Fury, vnchast to Italyes disgrace,
As much as *Helena's* bewitching face
Fatall to Troy, and her owne Greekes did procure,
As much Romes broiles did *Cleopatra* moue.
Our Capitoll she with her Sistrum feare'd,
With Ægypts base effeminate rout prepar'd
To seize Romes Eagles, and a triumph get
One captiv'd *Cæsar*: when at *Pompeys* fleet

In doubtfull flood, whether the world that day
A woman, and not Roman should obey.
Her prides first spring that impious night had bin,
That with our chiefes mixt that incestuous queene.
Who would not pardon *Anthonyes* mad loue,
When *Cæsars* flinty breast desires could moue
In midst of war, when heat of fight rag'd most,
And in a court haunted by *Pompey's* ghost?
Embrew'd with blood from dire Pharsalias field
Could he vnto adultrous *Venus* yeild?
And mixe with warlike cares (oh shameleſſe head)
A baſtard iſſue, and vnlawfull bed;
Forgetting *Pompey*, to beget a brother
To thee, faire *Iulia*, on a ſtrumpet mother:
Suffring the forces of his ſcattered foes
To joyne in Affrike, baſely he beſtowes
Time in Ægyptian loue, a conquerer
Not for himſelfe, but to beſtow on her;
Whom truſting to her beauty, without teares,
Though geſture ſad, with looſe, as if rent haires,
Dreſt in a beautious, and becomming woe
Did *Cleopatra* meete, beſpeaking ſo:
If, mighty *Cæſar*, nobleneſſe there be,
Ægyptian *Lagus* royall iſſue I,
Depos'd and baniſht from my fathers ſtate,
If thy great hand reſtore my former fate,
Kneele at thy feet a queene; vnto our nation
Thou doſt appeare a gratious conſtellation.
I am not the firſt woman that hath swey'd
The Pharian ſcepter: Ægypt has obay'd
A queene; not ſexe excepted: I deſire
Thee read the will of my deceaſed Sire,
Who left me there a partner to enjoy
My brothers crowne, and marriage bed. The boy
(I know) would loue his ſiſter, were he free:
But all his power, will, and affections be

Vade

Vnder *Photinus* girdle; To obtaine
The crowne I beg not, *Cæsar* from this staine
Free thou our house: command the King to be
A King, and free from servants tyranny.
Shall slaues so proud of *Pompey's* slaughter be,
Threatning the same (which fates auert) to thee?
Cæsar, 'tis shame enough to th'earth, and thee
His death *Photinus* gift, and guilt should be.
Her suite in *Cæsars* eares had found small grace,
But beauty pleades, and that incestuous face
Prevailes; the pleasures of a wanton bed
Corrupt the iudge. The King had purchased
His peace with weighty summes of gold; which done,
With sumptuous feasts th'is glad accord they crowne.
Her riot forth in highest pompe (not yet
Transferr'd to Rome) did *Cleopatra* set.
The house excell'd those temples, which men build
In wicked'st times, the high-arch'd rooffes were fill'd
With wealth? high trusses golden tab'les bore:
Nor did carv'd marble only cover ore
The house; alone th'vnmixt *Achates* stood,
And pillars of red marble: their feet trod
On pauements of rich Onyx: pillars there
Not covered with Ægyptian Eben were;
Eben was timber there, and that rich wood
Not to adorne, but prop the Pallace stood.
The roomes with Ivory glitter'd, and each doore
Inlay'd with indian shels, embellish'd ore
With choisest Emeralds: the beds all shone
With richest gems, and yellow Iasper stone.
Coverlids rich, some purple dy'd in graine,
Whose tincture was not from one Caldron taine;
Part woue of glittering gold, part scarlet oy,
As is th' Ægyptian vse of Tapestry:
The seruiteurs stood by, and waiting pages,
Some different in complexions, some in ages;

Some of blacke Libyan hew, some golden haires,
That *Cæsar* yeilds in all his German wars
He nere had seene so bright a yellow haire:
Some stiffe curl'd lockes on Sun-burnt fore heads weare.
Besides th'vnhappy strength robb'd company
The Eunuch'd youths: nere these were standing by
Youths of a stronger age, yet those so young
Scarse any downe darkning their cheekes was sprung.
Downe sate the Princes, and the higher power
Cæsar; her hurtfull face all painted ore
Sate *Cleopatra*, not content alone
T'enjoy her brothers bed, nor Ægypts crowne:
Laden with pearles? the read seas spoyled store
On her rich haire, and weary'd necke she wore.
Her snowy breasts their whitenesse did display
Thorough the thin Sidonian tiffenay
VVrought, and extended by the curious hand
Of Ægypts workemen. Citron tables stand
On Ivory tressells, such as *Cæsars* eyes
Saw not, when he King *Iuba* did surprise.
O blinde ambitious madnesse to declare
Your wealth to him, that makes a civill war,
And tempt an armed guest. For though that he
Sought not for wealth by wars impiety,
And the worlds wracke: suppose our cheifes of old
VVere there, compos'd of that poore ages mould,
Fabritii, Curis graue, or that plaine man
That Consull from th' Etrurian plowes was tane,
VVere sitting at those tables, whom to Rome
VVith such a tryumph he would wish to come.
In golden plate they fill their feasting bords
VVith what the aire, the earth, or Nile affords,
VVhat luxury with vaine ambition had
Sought through the world, and not as hunger bad,
Beasts, foules, the gods of Ægypt are devour'd:
From christall ewers is Niles water powr'd

Vpon

Vpon their hands: studded with gemms that shine
Their bowles conteine no Mareotike wine,
But strong, and sparkling wines of Meroë,
To whom few yeeres giue full maturity.
VVith fragrant Nard, and never-fading rose
Their heads are crown'd: their haire anointed flowes
VVith sweetest cinnamon, that has not spent
His savour in the aire, nor lost his sent
In forreine climes: and fresh Amomum brought
From harvests neere at hand, there *Cæsar's* taught
The riches of the spoiled world to take;
And is asham'd that he a war did make
VVith his poore sonne in law, desiring now
Some quarrell would twixt him, and Ægypt grow.
VVhen wine, and cares had tir'd their glutted pleasure,
Cæsar begins with long discourse to measure
The howers of night, bespeaking gently thus
The linnen vested graue *Acharem*:
Old man devoted to religion,
And, (which thine age confirmes) despis'd by none
Of all the gods, to longing eares relate
Ægypts originall, her sire, and state,
VVorship of gods, and what doth ere remaine
In your old temples character'd, explaine.
The gods, that would be known, to vs vnfold,
If your forefathers their religion told
T' Athenian *Plato* once, when had you ere
A guest more worthy, or more fit to heare?
Rumor of *Pompey* drew our march thus far,
And fame of you, for still in mid'st of war
Pleasure had of heaven, and gods to heare,
And the stars course: nor shall *Eudoxus* yeare
Excell my Consulship. But though so much
My venue be, my loue of truth be such,
There's nought I more desire to know at all
Then Niles hid head, and strange originall

So many yeares vnknowne: grant but to me
A certaine hope the head of Nile to see,
Ile leaue off civill war. *Cæsar* had done,
When thus divine *Achoreus* begun:
Let it be lawfull, *Cæsar* to vnfold
Our great forefathers secrets hid of old
From the lay people. Let who ere suppose
It piety to keepe these wonders close:
I thinke the gods are pleas'd to be made knowne;
And haue their sacred lawes to people showne: (course,
Planets, which crosse, and slacke the tenth sphæres
Had from the worlds first law their different powers.
The Sun divides the yeares, makes nights, and dayes,
Dimmes other stars with his resplendent rayes.
And their wilde courses moderates; the tides
Of Thetis *Phæbes* grouth, and waning guides.
Saturne cold ire, and frozen zones obtaines;
Mars ore the windes, and winged lightning reignes;
Quiet well temper'd aire doth *Ioue* possesse;
The seedes of all things *Venus* cherishes;
Cyllenius rules ore waters which are great;
He when he enters, where the dog-stars heat,
And burning fire's display'd, there where the signe
Of *Cancer* hot doth with the Lyon joyne,
And where the Zodiacke holds his *Capricorne*,
And *Cancer*, vnder which Niles head is borne:
Ore which when *Mercuryes* proud fires doe stand,
And in a line direct, (as by command
Of Phæbe the obeying Ocean growes)
So from his open'd fountaine Nilus flowes;
Nor ebbs againe till night haue from the Sun
Those howers recover'd, which the summer won.
Vaine was the old opinion, that Niles flow
Was caus'd, or help'd by Æthiopian snow.
For on those hills cold Boreas never blowes,
As there the natiues Sunburnt visage showes,

And

And moist hot Southerne windes. Besides the head
Of every streame, that from thaw'd ice is bred,
Swells then, when first the spring dissolues the snowes.
But Nile before the dog-dayes never flowes,
Nor is confin'd within his bankes againe
Till the Autumnal æquinoctian:
Thence tis he knowes no lawes of other streames,
Nor swells in winter, when *Sols* scorching beames
Are far remote, his waters want their end:
But Nile comes forth in summer time to lend
A cooler temper to the sweltring aire,
Vnder the torrid zone, least fire impaire
The earth, vnto her succour Nilus drawes,
And swells against the Lyons burning jawes.
And when hot *Cancer* his *Sceane* burnes,
Vnto her aide implored Nilus turnes:
Nor till the Sun to Autumne doe descend,
And that hot Meroë her shades extend,
Doth he restore againe the drowned field.
Who can the causes of this flowing yeild?
Even so our mother nature hath decreed
That Nile should flow, and so the world hath neede.
As vainely doth antiquity declare
The West windes cause of this increases are,
Which keepe their seasons strictly, and long stay,
And beare within the aire continued sway.
These from the Westerne parts all clouds exile
Beyond the South, and hang them over Nile:
Or else their blasts the rivers current meete,
And will not let it to the Ocean get;
Prevented so from falling to the maine
The streame swells backe, and overflowes the plaine.
Some through the caverones of earths hollow wombe
In secret channells thinke these waters come
Attracted forth' æquator from the cold
North clime, when *Sol* his Mercë doth hold,

The scorched earth attracting water, thither
Ganges, and Padus flow vnseene together:
Venting all rivers at one fountaine so
VVithin one channell Nilus cannot goe.
From th' Ocean swelling, which beguirts about
All lands, some thinke, encreased Nile breakes out;
The waters loose, ere they so far haue ran,
Their saltnesse quite. Besides the Ocean
Is the stars food, we thinke, which *Phœbus* drawes,
VVhen he possesseth fiery *Cancers* claws.
More then the aire digests attracted so
Falls backe by night, and causes Nilus flow.
I thinke if I may judge so great a case,
Some waters since the world created was,
In after ages from some broken vaine
Of earth haue growne; some god did then ordaine,
VVhen he created all the world, whose tires
By certaine lawes the great Creator guides.
Cæsar's desire to know our Nilus spring
Possest th' Ægyptian, Persian, Græcian King;
No age, but striv'd to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Philipp's great son, *Memphis* most honourd King
Sent to th' earths vtmost bounds to finde Niles spring
Choise Æthiops; they trode the sun burnt ground
Of the hot zone, and there warme Nilus found.
The farthest VVest our great *Sesostris* saw,
VVhilest cat tiue Kings, did his proud chariot draw:
Yet there your Rhodanus, and Padus spy'd
Before our Niles hid fountaine he descry'd.
The mad Cambises to the Easterne lands,
And long-liv'd people came. His famisht bands
Quite spent, and with each others (a) slaughter fed
Return'd thou, Nile, yet vndiscovered.
No tale darts mention thine originall,
Th' art sought, wherever seene. No land at all

Can boast that Nile is hers. Yet Ile reveale,
As far as that fame god, that doth conceale
Thy spring, inspires me. From th' Antarticke pole
Vnder hot Cancer doe thy surges rowle
Directly North, winding to East and VVest,
Sometimes th' Arabians, sometimes Libyans blest
VVith fruitfullneſſe thou mak'ſt, the Seres spy
Thee firſt, and seeke thee too, thy channell by
The Æthiopians, as a stranger flowes.
And the world knowes not to what land it owes
Thy sacred head, which nature hid from all,
Leſt any land should see thee, Nylus, small.
She turn'd away thy spring, and did desire
No land should know it, but all lands admire.
Thou in the summer Solſtice art ouerflowne
Bringing with thee a winter of thine owne,
VVhen winter is not ours: nature alone
Suffers thy streames to both the poles to run.
Not there thy mouth, not heere thy spring is found.
Thy parted channell doth encompaſſe round
Meroë fruitfull to blacke husband men,
And rich in Eben wood: whoſe leaues, though greene,
Can with no shade asswage the summers heat,
Vnder the Lion ſo directly set.
From thence thy current with no waters loſſe
Ore the hot zone, and barren deserts goes,
Sometimes collected in one channell going,
Sometimes dis'pers'd and veilding bankes ouerflowing.
His parted armes againe collected slide
In one slow streame, where *Phile* doth divide
Arabia from Ægypt. Ore the sand,
VVhere the red sea by one ſmall necke of land
From ours is kept, thou Nile, doeſt gently flow.
Oh who would thinke thou ere ſo rough couldſt grow
That ſees thee gentle heere, but when thy way
Stops Cataracts, and craggy rockes would stay,

Thy

Thy never-curbed waues with scorne despise
Those petty lets, and foaming laue the skyes:
Thy waters sound, with noise the neighbouring hills
Thy conquering streame with froath grown hoary fils.
Hence he with fury first assaults that Ile,
Which our forefathers did *Abatos* stile,
And those neare rockes, which they were pleas'd to call
The rivers veines, because they first of all
His swelling growth did show. Hence nature did
His straglíng waues within high mountaines hide,
Which part thee, Nile, from Affricke; betwixt those
As in a vale thy pent vp water flowes.
At *Memphis* first thou runn'st in fields, and plaines,
VVhere thy proud streame all bankes, and bounds disdaines.
Thus they secure, as if in peace, apart
Of night discours'd. But base *Photinus* heart
Once stain'd with sacred blood, could nere be free
From horrid thoughts. Since *Pompey's* murder he
Counts nought a crime? great *Pompey's Manes* bide
Within his breast, and vengefull furyes guide
His thoughts to monsters new, hoping to staine
Base hands with *Cæsars* blood, which fates ordaine
Great Senators shall shed. Fate to a slaue
That dar almost the Senates vengeance gaue,
The mulct of civill war. Oh gods defend,
Let none that life in *Brutus* absence end.
Shall th'execution of Romes tirant be
Base Ægypts crime, and that exampl'e dy?
Bold man, he makes attempt against fates course,
Nor at close murder aimes, by open force
A most vnconquer'd Captaine he assaults;
So much are mindes emboldén'd by their faults.
He durst the death of *Cæsar* now command,
As *Pompey's* once, and by a faithfull hand
To sterne *Achillas* this dire message send,
VVho shar'd with him in murder'd *Pompey's* end,

VVhom

Whom the weake King against himselfe, and all
Trusts with a strength, his forces generall.
Thou on thy downy bed securely snort,
Whilest *Cleopatra* hath surpris'd the court.
Pharos is not betray'd, but given away.
Hast thou (though all alone) this match to slay.
Th'incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
Cæsar already has enjoy'd her bed:
Twixt those two husbands Ægypt is her owne,
And Rome her hire for prostitution.
Base *Cleopatra's* sorceryes beguild
Old *Cæsars* breast, and shall we trust a childe?
Who, if one night incestuously embrac'd
The beastly pleasures of her bed he tast
Cloath'd with the name of marriage, twixt each kisse
He giues my head, and thine, the gibbet is
Our fortune, if he finde his sister sweete.
Hope we no aide from any side to meete:
The King her husband, her adulterer
Cæsar, and we (I grant) both guilty are
In *Cleopatras* sight, where twill appeare
Crime great enough that we are chast from her.
Now by that crime, which we together did,
And left: and by the league we ratifi'd
In *Pompey's* blood, I pray, be speedy here,
Fill on the suddaine all with war, and feare:
Let blood breake off the marriage night, and kill
Our cruell Queene, whose armes so ere she fill
In bed to night. Nor feare we *Cæsars* fate:
That which advanc'd him to this height of state,
The fall of *Pompey*, was our glory too:
Behold the shore, and learne what we can doe,
Our mischeifes hope: behold the bloody'd waue,
And in the dust great *Pompey's* little graue
Scarse covering all his limms. Hee, whom we feare,
Was but his peere. But we ignoble are

an

In blood: all one: we stir no forreine state,
Nor King to aide, but our owne prosperous fate
To mischeife bring; and still into our hands
Fortune delivers them; see ready stands
Another nobler sacrifice then he;
This second blood appeases Italy.
The blood of *Cæsar* will those staines remoue,
Which *Pompey's* murder stocke, and make Rome loue
Those hands she once thought guilty. Feare not than
His fame, and strength, hee's but a private man
His army absent. This one night shall end
The civill war, and to whole nations send
A sacrifice t' appease their ghosts bestow,
And pay the world that head, which fates doe ow.
Goe confidently then 'gainst *Cæsars* throat:
For *Ptolomey* let Ægypts souldiers doo't,
The Romans for themselues. But stay not thou;
He's high with wine, and fit for *Venus* now.
Doe but attempt, the gods on thee bestow
Th' effect of *Brutus*, and graue *Catoes* vow.
Achillas prone to follow such advise
Drawes out his army straight in secret wise,
Without loud signalls given, or trumpets noise
Their armed strength he suddainely imployes.
The greatest part were Romane souldiers there,
But (*b*) degenerate, and (*b*) chang'd they were
With forreine discipline; that voide of shame
Vnder a barbarous slaue command they came,
Who should disdaine to serue proud Ægypts King.
No faith, nor piety those hirelings bring
That follow campes: where greatest pay is had,
There's greatest right; for money they invade,
Not for their owne just quarrell, *Cæsars* throat.
Oh wickednesse, within what land has not
Our Empires wretched fate found civill warre?
Those troopes remoov'd from Thessaly so far

Rage

Rage Roman-like heere vpon Nilus shore.
What durst the house of *Lagus* venture more
Had they receiv'd great *Pompey?* but each hand
Vsurpes that office, which the gods command:
Such Roman hand helpe to this war must lend.
The gods were so dispos'd Romes state to rend.
Nor now doth *Cæsar*, or great *Pompey's* loue
Diuide the people, or their factions moue.
This civill war *Achillas* vndertaker,
A barbarous slaue a Roman faction makes.
And had not fates protected *Cæsars* blood,
This strife had won, in time both ready stood;
The court in feasting drown'd did openly
To any treason; and then easily
Might they haue tane at table, *Cæsars* head,
His blood amid'st the feasting gobblets shed.
But in the night tumultuous war they feare,
Remissious slaughter rul'd by chance, lest there
Their King might fall; so confident they are
Of their owne strength, they hasten not, but spare
So great an actions opportunity.
Some thinke differring *Cæsars* death to be
Irreparable losse. Till day breake light
The execution is put off. One night
To *Cæsars* life *Protinous* power could giue,
Till *Titan* shew his rising face to liue.
Now on mount Casius *Lucifer* appear'd
With hot, though infant day, had Ægypt cheer'd;
When from the wall they veiw'd those troopes afar
March on well ranck'd, and marshall'd for a war,
Nor in loose maniples, but ready all
To stand, or giue a charge. The city wall
Cæsar distrusts, and shuts the pallace too,
To poore a seidge enforc'd to vndergoe.
So all the house can his small strength maintaine,
One little part great *Cæsar* can containe:

Whilest

Whileſt his great thoughts both feare, and anger beare,
He feares aſſaults, and yet diſdaines to feare,
So in ſmall traps a noble Lyon caught
Rages, and bites his ſcorned goale with wrath;
So would fierce *Vulcane* rage, could any ſtop
Sicilian *Ætnas* fiery cavernes top.
He that in dire Pharſalian fields of late
In a bad cauſe preſum'd on proſperous fate,
And feared not the Senates hoaſt, nor all
The Roman Lords, nor *Pompey* generall,
Fear'd a ſlaues war: he heere aſſaulted tooke
A houſe, whom Sythians bold duſt neere provoke,
Th' *Alans* fierce, nor Mauritanians hot,
Which faſt-bound ſtrangers barbarouſly ſhoote.
He whom the Roman world could not ſuffice,
Nor all that twixt the Gades, and India lyes,
Like a weake boy ſeekes lurking holes alone.
Or woman in a late ſurpriſed towne:
Nor hopes for ſafety but in keeping cloſe,
And through each roome with ſteps uncertaine goes,
But not without the King; him he retaines
About his perſon ſtill: his life he meanes
Shall the revenge, and expiation be
Of his owne fate; thy head, ô *Ptolomey*,
He meanes to throw for want of darts, or fire
Againſt thy ſervants; as *Medea* dire,
VVhen her purſuing Sires revenge ſhe fled,
Stood arm'd againſt her little brothers head
To ſtay her Sire. But deſperate fate ſo nigh
Enforced *Cæſar* tearmes of peace to try.
A courtier from the abſent King is ſent
To checke his men, and know this wars entent.
But there the law of Nations could obtaine
No power: their Kings Embaſſadour is ſlaine
Treating of peace, to adde one horrid crime
O monſtrous Ægypt, to thy impious clime.

Impious

Impious *Pharnaces Pontus* Theſſaly,
Nor Spaine, nor *Iubaes* far-ſpread monarchy,
No barbarous *Syrtis* durſt attempt to doe,
What heere effeminate Ægypt reaches too.
The war on every ſide growes dangerous,
And ſhowres of falling darts even ſhake the houſe.
No batt'ring ram had they, to force the wall,
Nor any engine fit for war at all:
Nor vs'd they fire: the skilleſſe people ran
Through the vaſt pallace ſcatter'd vp, and downe,
And vſe their joyned ſtrength no where at all:
The fates forbid, and fortune's *Cæſars* wall.
But where the gorgeous pallace proudly ſtands
Into the ſea, from ſhips the Navall bands
Aſſault the houſe; but *Cæſar* every where
Is for defence at hand, and weapons here,
There wild-fire vſes. Though beſiedg'd he be,
Doth the beſiedgers worke (ſuch ſtrength had he
Of conſtant ſpirit) wild fire balls he threw
Among the joyned ſhips; nor ſlowly flew
The flame on pitchy ſhrowds, and boords, that drop
With melted waxe: at once the ſaileyards top,
And loweſt hatches burne. An halfe burnt boate
Here drownes in ſeas, their foes and weapons floate,
Not ore the ſhips alone doe flames prevaile;
But all the houſes neere the ſhore aſſaile:
The South windes feed the flame, and drive it on
Along the houſes with ſuch motion,
As through the VVelkin fiery meteors run,
That wanting fuell feed on aire alone,
This fire a while the courts beſiedging ſtay'd,
And drew the people to the cityes aide.
Cæſar that time would not in ſleepe beſtow,
VVho well could vſe occaſions, and knew how
In war to take the greateſt benefit
Of ſuddaine chances, ſhips his men by night,

Surpriſes

Surpriſes Pharos: Pharos heretofore
An Iland was, when prophet *Proteus* wore
That crowne: but joyn'd to Alexandria now.
Two helpes on *Cæſar* doth that fort beſtow:
Commands the ſea, the foes incurſions ſtay'd,
And made a paſſage ſafe for *Cæſars* aide.
He now intends no longer to differ
Proteus (c) death, though not enough ſevere.
Nor fire, nor beaſts, nor gibbets reaue his breath,
Slaine with a ſword he dyes great *Pompey's* death.
Arſinoe (d) from court eſcaped goes
By *Ganymede* helpe to *Cæſars* foes,
The crowne (as *Lagus* daughter) to obtaine,
By whoſe juſt ſword was ſterne *Achillas* ſlaine.
Another to thy ghoſt is ſacrific'd
Pompey, but fortune is not yet ſuffic'd,
Far be it, gods, that theſe two deaths ſhould be
His full revenge; the fall of *Ptolomey*,
And Ægypts ruine not enough is thought:
Nor ere can his revenge be fully wrought,
Till *Cæſar* by the Senates ſwords be ſlaine.
But though the author's dead, theſe broiles remaine:
For *Ganymede* now commander moov'd
A ſecond war, which full of danger proov'd.
So great the peril was, that day alone
Might *Cæſars* name to future times renowne.
While *Cæſar* ſtrives pent vp ſo cloſely there
To ſhip his men from thence, a ſuddaine feare
Of war did his entended paſſage meete:
Before his face the foes well-rigged fleete,
Behinde their foote from ſhore againſt him fight:
No way of ſafety's left, valour, nor flight,
Nor ſcarſe doth hope of noble death remaine.
No heapes of bodyes, no whole armyes ſlaine
Are now requir'd to conquer *Cæſar* there:
A little blood will ſerue. Whether to feare,

Or

Or wish for death he knowes not. In this same
Sad straite, he thinkes of noble Scæva's fame,
VVho at Dyrrachium, when his workes were downe,
Beseidg'd all Pompey's strength himselfe alone:

Th' example rai'd his thoughts, resolv'd to doe
What Scæva *did; but straight a scorne to owe*
His valour to examples, check'd againe (restraine.
That high resolue: great thoughts, great thoughts
Yet thus at last, Scæva *was mine, 'twas I*
Nurtur'd that spirit: if like him I ay,
I doe not imitate, but Cæsars *feate*
Rather confirmes that Scævas *act was great.*
In this resolue had Cæsar *charg'd them all*
Him else alone, and so a glorious fall
(Slaine by a thousand hands at once) had met,
Or else enobled by a death so great
Those thousand hands; but fortune was afraid
To venture Cæsar *further then her aide*
Could lend a famous rescue, and endeare
The danger to him; she discovers neare
Ships of his owne; thither when Cæsar *makes,*
He findes no safety there but straight forsakes
Those ships againe, and leapes into the maine.
The trembling billowes fear'd to entertaine
So great a pledge of fortune, one to whom
Fate ow'd so many victoryes to come
And loue (whilst he on Cæsars *danger lookes)*
Suspects the truth of th'adamantine bookes.
Who could haue thought, but that the gods aboue
Had now begun to favour Rome, and loue

Her liberty againe? and that the fate
Of Pompey's *sons, of* Cato, *and the state*
'Gainſt Cæſars *fortune had prevailed now?*
Why doe the powers Celeſtiall labour ſo
To be vnjuſt againe? againe take care
To ſaue that life they had expos'd ſo fair
That now the danger euen in Cæſars *eye,*
Might cleare their doome of partiality?
But he muſt liue vntill his fall may procure
Brutus *and* Caſſius *were more juſt then* Ioue.
Now all alone on ſeas doth Cæſar *floate;*
Himſelfe the oares, the Pylot, and the boate;
Yet could not all theſe offices employ
One mans whole ſtrength, for his left hand on high
Raiſed, holds vp his papers, and preſerues
The fame of his paſt deedes, his right hand ſerues
To cut the waues, and guard his life alone
'Gainſt th' Oceans perills, and all darts, which (throwne
From every ſide doe darken all the ſky,
And make a cloud, though heauen it ſelfe deny.
Two hundred paces thus alone he ſwam
Till to the body of his fleete he came,
His ore-ioy'd ſouldiers ſhouting to the ſkies
Take ſure preſage of future victoryes.

FINIS.

Annotations on the tenth Booke.

(a) Cambyſes *the ſon of* Cyrus, *and king of Perſia added to his monarchy the kingdome of Ægypt; he intended a farther war againſt the Æthiopians, which are called* Macrobij *by reaſon of the extraordinary length of their naturall lines. But by reaſon of the tediouſneſſe of the march, and want of proviſion, there was in his army a great famine, that they killed by lot every tenth ſouldier, and fed upon them.*

(b) Achillas *comming to aſſault* Cæſar *had an army of twenty thouſand; they were many of them Roman ſouldiers, which had ſerved before under* Gabinius, *but had changed their maanner of life and corrupted with the vice of Ægypt, had quite forgotten the Roman diſcipline*

(c) Photinus *the Kings tutor remaining with* Cæſar *ſent ſecret encouragements to* Achillas *to goe forward with his ſiedge, which being diſcovered by interception of his meſſengers he was ſlaine by* Cæſar.

(d) Ganymedes *an Eunuch, and tutor to* Arſinoe *the yonger ſiſter of the King of Ægypt, aſſaulted* Achillas *by treachery, and ſlew him, and being himſelfe made Generall of the army he continued the ſiedge againſt* Cæſar.

FINIS.